

GOOD TIMES

SNIPPETS & STORIES OF JOY FROM MARGINALIZED VOICES



**MUJER MANIFESTO
ZINE VOL. 3**



VOLUME 3 “GOOD TIMES” aims to create a celebratory, collaborative project that visualizes intersectional community and positive media representations in support of the creative expression of marginalized populations.

MUJER MANIFESTO is a Texas-based feminist zine committed to celebrating the voices of women and nonbinary creatives. In highlighting varied narratives, we attempt to challenge the conventional binaries through critical social inquiry while striving to be an inclusive space to all. Mujer Manifesto is powered by The Gallery ATX.

THE GALLERY is a woman-powered Austin, Texas based fine art collective devoted to exhibiting original and profound works of art from a carefully curated group of artists. Our mission is to impact new audiences through creative collaborations, pop-up exhibitions, and brand partnerships. By providing a platform to display our artists' message, we connect a community of diverse creators and collectors.



Pride in Israel (2015) by Sasha Silberman-Hanks. "I identify as Jewish and a part of the LGBT+ community. I'm a 35mm film photographer who is keen to showcase LGBT and religion representation internationally. My image shows a drag street performer outside the popular Carmel Market in Israel. She is confident, beautiful and serene. There is so much power to be authentically yourself, especially in a country that oppresses."



Good times are
a state of mind.

“

GOOD TIMES, to me, represents unforgettable and irreplaceable moments where our breaths come easy. Where we take a break from the ebb, and open our arms to flow. Where those tiny instances of joy, feel like every star we've ever seen. Moments we get to keep.

- B. ELAE

”

JOY BE FINDING ME

BY B. ELAE

Joy be finding me...
On the balcony to my apartment
you thought I couldn't afford

And when my heart and my
mind
bind to gain divine accord

Through the butterfly
who landed on my rail
to remind me I've wings of
my own

And at the base of my solitude
and finding peace in being alone

Joy be finding me...
in the bed I put together by myself
that I comfortably sleep in alone
In this newfound safety I feel
in the comfort of my own home

In the deep belly laughs I shared
with other Black women
during girl's night in
In the fact that I have women
I can finally call my friends

Joy be finding me...
when I show my versatility/
duality
by twerkin' in the mirror
before my 8-hour shift
Kissing every curve and
every extra bit of jiggle
Taking my hand down a little bit more so I
don't hide my smile when I giggle

Joy be finding me...
A Black girl becoming the sanctuary she used
to beg for
Having waved the white flag from a crippling
self-hatred war



And in between seconds and hours where I feel
the prayers of protection from my guides and
my Mama who fought so hard to keep me alive
In between the times I look back where I
shouldn't have survived
Joy be finding me...
When I play "Free Mind" by Tems
and I cry 'cause I remember when
my mind was running faster than my feet

I said I was coming home
and I claimed it this year
...Like, I said... joy be finding me.

And 'cause ain't nobody's
dusty ass son
or daughter keeping me away from my sleep

Joy be finding me...
In this Black girl skin that's
been
scarred, pulled at, assaulted,
and abused
To know you'd hope I die by
your choices,
but I refused

Joy be finding me...
In the jeans I gotta jump in
a few times pull up above
my hips
and the dresses that cling to
my skin like band-aids

Knowing the depth of my
existence
outstands your insecure and
under-impressive shade

Joy be finding me...
And I pleaded for it,
shouted for it, wept for it,
but most of all, I fought for it
even on the days I wasn't
sure
if my wishes, prayers, or
hopes fell on deaf ears

“

Children laughing and basking in childhood joy inspires me to strive for a form of unrestricted joy in my work. To dream for the children who are dressed in adult bodies. To encourage them to emerge forth and play. To affirm them in doubts.

Although I desire joy, life is far more painful than it is pleasurable. In a sense the things that inspire me, are also the things that anchor me, persuading me to keep my eyes open to the reality behind the idealism.

-ALUOCH OJODE”



Embrace the
female rage!

I'M ON MY WAY

BY ALANNAH BENAË

Raised by and within a juxtaposition,
Grandfather doing the cooking and the cleaning,
Mom wearin' baggy t-shirts and jeans,
Beaten sneakers always scattered on the floor.

Raised with a tightened maternal fist-
"Cryin' is for bitches."
Back rubbed gently by a weathered hand,
"Do what you gotta do, it's okay to cry."

Taught early on that the men that dressed like women were gay,
Women dressed like men were lesbians,
While I was dragged along aisles of the grocery store,
I always stared in awe of them both.

Given bratz and barbies alongside
the swords and the superhero gadgets —
Everything in between
and all at once.

Never at home
playing house,
Always assigned the
mom or the animal
rather than the father.

School spent realizing
silently I liked them all —
I wouldn't mind
kissing anybody,
Just be sweet onto me
and I'm yours.

Hardly feeling home
in my own room-

Always peeking
my head into the
classroom where GSA
was always held,
Always pale —
Never brown or
darker.

Peeking my head into rooms still,
I'm ready to go home.

Yet I found them all by chance —
Sharing silly hobbies

"Hey, wanna come join this DND campaign? I'm gonna start soon—"
"Howdy bitch, wanna go to the park and have a picnic and paint while
we talk shit on dog owners against leashes?"
"TELETUBBIES HAS PRIDE MERCH"
"You MUST bring fries to movie night. Or no dino nuggets."
"Wanna go to a charades party tonight?"
"We're GOING TO YOGA and POPPING OUR BODIES and GETTING BOBA—"
"I'm genuinely grateful you came into my life"
"You do NOT look like an Axel"



My skin is sticky with
how many bodies fold
into mine,
Arms tight, soft, gentle,
playful around my
back or neck.

Kisses on my
shoulders or cheeks,
Home is in these
collective hands of
these,
These pieces of home
all together,
Randomly switching
she and they in a casual
conversation,

I never expected to be
soft again like this.

I am in my skin again,
Held together by
home again.

I'm back home.
I'm back.
I'm home and on my
way to more homes.



“

GOOD TIMES IS AS SIMPLE AS THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER.

It develops like a light in the corner of a room and spreads even in its creation of a shadow. In this piece, I highlight a past ritual that I'd consider a 'good time'. Every morning before class in high school, because I did not have time for breakfast at home, I found myself at the school 'tuck shop' with what little money I was spared for the day. I would purchase a meal: a cup ramen and maybe a drink, that would carry me through the nine hour school day. I knew that if I spent money on food in the morning I would only have enough for the bus fare home so I'd often skip lunch. Being a hungry child at school does not sound like a good time, but because of laughter and a shared understanding by the community of students around me I still managed to have a 'good time'. My friends would share their food with me in the same way that laughter shares with us a comfort, a smile that welcomes warmth.

- SACUGAR ”

JOY COMETH

BY B. ELAE

I watched my joy tumble from the pocket
of my shadow and fall to its fate,
leaving it to dry on the ground of a hot summer
And when I went to claim it as my own again,
I heard the voice of my mother:
“My sweet girl, always so affected by
the weight of the world and what it brings...”
Tugged back and forth across the lines
and left knotted like those in strings...
I’ve prayed many days, and hoped you’d find your way through...”

And, for me, I’d begged that I’d find my way, too

Next to my joy was a little Black girl
sitting with her legs crossed, and her arms outstretched
I’d mistaken her reaching to my heart, as her reaching for my neck
I tried to carry them both -my joy and the girl-
but my hands were still holding the weight of my aches
I’d nowhere to place it all this time, so it tied itself to my fate

That was when I learned I had to choose between
what surrounded me, and what I craved
I fought to open my hands, and then I dug a grave
I scrubbed my palms and watched my pain fall from me,
and into the hole, and therein, I also found my soul
Picked up my joy and grabbed the little girl,
and I showed my Mama what I found, as if I was again the age of 9
Said, “I’m still figurin’ out how to let it back in Ma...but I won’t stop tryin’





I can't tell the difference between home and escape and scarring and radiant flesh and sterile needles and flowers right before they wilt and delicate fingertips and the glue mixture for paper mache that uses cornstarch, not flour and pebble beaches and dawn and a slightly too firm grip and library of congress call numbers and the softness of their/your/my stomach and the clicking of pen of a pen of a pen and the humming of power lines and a startled hiss and green gatorade and middle school dreams and adult dreams and what I dream right now and now, this lavender reality I never thought I'd live brave enough to breathe.

What a blessing to not know the difference.

**TO BE TRANS IS AN EXPERIENCE OF
CREATION AND TO CREATE WITH/
OF/FOR/AROUND YOU IS MORE
THAN I DESERVE**

BY CLAU ROCHA



DEAR

BY YUNQING ZHENG

Do you ever take the long road home?

The one that circles around the ballyhoo and the gunsmoke. The one where children still play on the streets with bruised knees, band-aid fingertips, and berry-stained smiles. The one where you're still tangible, where the rain falls down over and over again just to kiss mortal skin. Where we can finally lay down our knives and pull the stitches from our wounds.

Here, we are the renegades, we are the first creatures to walk the earth, we are one man's nightmare and another man's reverie. We hold communion in the scaffolding of our chest because the holiest place we know is under our own skin. Here, scars are kissed with a foreign fondness that reaches past the ribs. Here, your name is your scripture. Your story will be filled with ballads, and your pages will turn and fall feather-light. You are loved as much

as you love, and you'll spend the rest of your life trying to translate this devotion only to discover that it's not as novel as it seems.

Dear, this road is long. You are as much a temple as you are a home. There is no rush to grow up, to grow old. There is always a kettle on the stove and sliced fruits on the table. There is no finish line no matter how fast you travel. This road is safe. This road is all your own. Here, you'll find the pieces of yourself that

you thought you lost. One day, you'll see your childhood peering from behind the willow leaves, band-aid fingertips laid gently upon sturdy bark and glimmering beetle-shell eyes just shy of recognition. You don't remember them, but I am certain you know them, this timid untamed creature — unaware that even the dulllest blades can draw blood. Unaware that the heart hardens just trying to endure the day.

Dear, this journey is everlasting, but you'll know the destination when you reach it the



first time and the second and the third. On the days when rain washes up the names you left behind — the ones that no longer fit quite right, the ones lying underneath the daisies — let it be a reminder that the earth is for the living and the dead and the ones who are still wandering. When the clouds part, that's when you'll see that the soil wasn't always this red.

Dear, this body, this temple, is no newfangled frivolity. It's dead, it's alive, it's older than time.

It's insurrection, it's art. It's the way you laugh at 1 am despite having spent the day bearing the weight of the world. It's been plastered over with so many versions of yourself, and each one is entirely you.

Dear, this is the long road home. The one where wounds heal and every body is divine. There will be music when the body moves, and honeyed words will flow from our mouths to the oceans. And when it rains, it will pour, but your body will always rise above the waters.

When the willow tree falls, you'll count the rings and recount your life — the choosing, the making, the living. Life will be measured not by its absence, but by its simple existence. At the end of the long road when the body falls, it'll fall gently into the arms of the earth, as soft-hearted as the day you were born.

Dear, someday, someone will come along and count your rings and know that you have existed, and you will continue

existing. You will be a temple, a god, a body, a berry-stained smile. You will be human.

Dear, on this long road home, you can simply be you.



9 ZINE CONTRIBUTORS CHOSE SONGS THAT REMIND THEM OF GOOD TIMES

SIMON HAUWAERTS

Physical - Dua Lipa

BRO.

Weightless - Arlo Parks

ICÍA VÁZQUEZ

Quen Teña Viño - Quempallou

MITCH E. VICIEUX

FUN! - Vince Staples

DENISE MASIEL

Pocketful of Sunshine
- Natasha Bedingfield

LAUREN E. ALLEN

Lone Digger - Caravan Palace

ALANNAH BENAË

Pure Pleasure Seeker
- Moloko

YUNQING ZHENG

Ultralife - Oh Wonder

SACUGAR

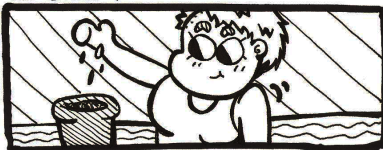
Hi - Vybzs Kartel

SEVEN TRANSGENDERS WALK INTO THE POOL AND ONE SAYS:

BY SIMON HAUWAERTS

When I jump in the water I know that I am swimming
in other people's piss. Not everybody showers
and they could mark this pool with the same signs
they use for nuclear waste sites. And yet,
nothing is better for my health than going swimming with a bunch of other sickos.
My skin has been happily rearranged so much already
that it is easy to make it transform
into feathers again, sliding through the water
like a swan trying to get away from the shore
with all its deserts and its fishing hooks.
When my head hits the pillow at night
the rest of my body becomes part of the mattress, my brilliant mass
of light turning heavy, all at once. I dream
of swimming through the sky,
which in my dreams looks remarkably finite
and not unlike a certain swimming pool.
The next day taps its feet at the edge and waits
for me to get out so it can jump in and begin
the heavy work of drinking every last drop
of energy from my mind. But today, my body floats
peacefully in a pool with six other people
who can all see the line on my chest
peacefully struggling like a string of buoys,
directing my old and new selves to swim past each other.
They see my scars and nod, but do not stare.
They are not here to judge.
They are here to swim.

I Bloom, I Grow



LATE AUGUST

BY SIMON HAUWAERTS

I wish you loved yourself the way I love you, like a sun
loves the splashing of the waves that shimmer and quiver in its light,
refracting a thousand different ways until it hits
the one person who needs it, the one person who has been waiting for it
all winter. They've been huddled up
in layers of sweaters, dust, and dead skin cells,
the weight of the world accumulating slowly on their shoulders
like plaque on your teeth. Now, let me
lick it all off. Let me polish you until you shine,
like a glittery sticker of the moon, found on a postcard sent to my mother: hello,
I love you too, sorry
I've been busy
with a lot of different things. You made me — once upon a time
you too must have understood. Allow me
this time. This joy. This love.

"I use my art to give a visual design to the experiences and sensations I have in my meditation practice and everyday life, especially as it pertains to self, queerness, and disability. This piece shows the experience of embracing the self in self-love. During my meditations, I practice loving kindness, which fosters the feeling of love for both the self and others. Despite the world at large looking down on queer and disabled people, I can still find the love and comfort I need in myself." - Nullself, Artist





Beauty is
not found in
a mirror. It is
found in experiencing
life as you are, not
as they made you
believe you are!

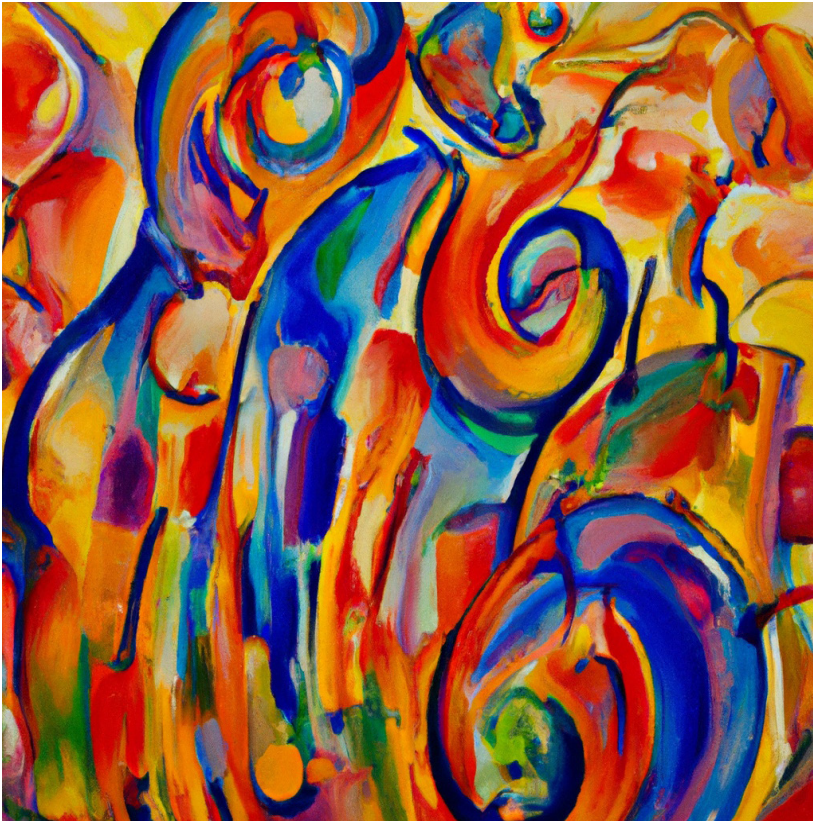


There are various stereotypes women are subjected to, especially regarding the undervalued perception of homemakers and domesticated women in our society. I chose to perceive 'good times' as appreciating how a woman can take a space and turn it into a home. To showcase that behind a home is a strong woman doing most of the internal work who does not get a lot of credit most of the time.

Highlighting 'good times' through the breaking of tasks and allowing ourselves to **STOP AND JUST BE**. We are constantly trying to do more, especially in the world of hustle culture. But I see true beauty and good times within our down time, the space we go to when we want to breathe. I think there is not enough celebration in rest because we truly never acknowledge the work we put in until it's too late.

- BRIDIE JOYCE

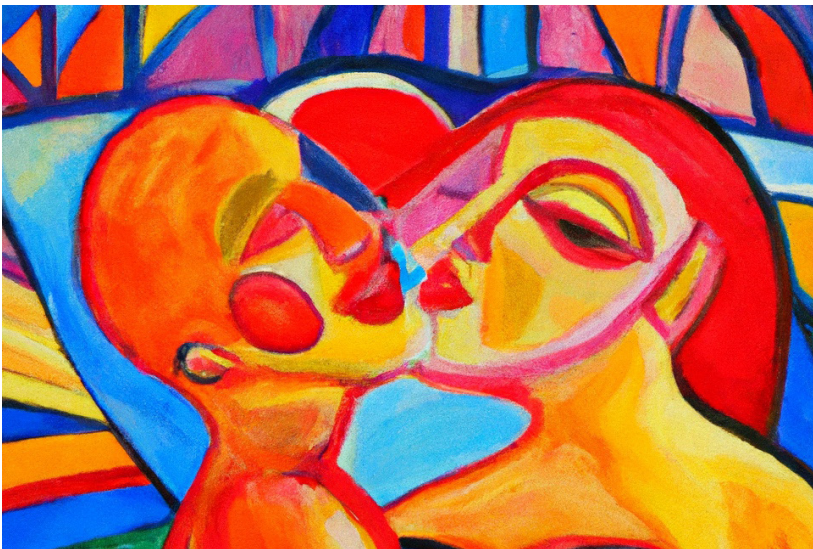




PERFECT CURVE

You are learning now ...
taking heed to the signs
Having taken back your courage,
and pushed pain to the sidelines
Much more in tune with how you feel,
and knowing more of what you deserve
You've a bit of a smile these days
... and it's the perfect curve.

BY B. ELAE





DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

BY DENISE MASIEL

Here I stand again
in the city that birthed me from its canal
growing up in Austin's warm and nurturing belly
I developed thicker skin
and a softer heart

I didn't know who I was
before I saw the way hill country winds
or felt the hysteria that is conjured
as a result of the blistering summers

I learned how to square dance
with the smothering Texas heat delivered by the reckoning hands
of God herself
she reminded us to stay cool
by cracking open another Shiner Bock

Electricity pulsed through me when I dipped my virgin toe
into the glacial Barton Springs
instantly I was born anew
baptized by the algae

Surrounded by an aura of acceptance
and lots and lots of Tito's
my inhibitions released
immobile walls relaxed
I finally began to understand
that I could be whoever I want to be

I can be somebody with brightly colored hair
decorated with an arm full of tattoos
it doesn't have to mean that I'm a criminal
or that I worship the devil

I can be somebody with a septum piercing
not yet knowing if it means I'm gay
or if I just really like bulls

I can be somebody
who loves somebody even if I don't love myself
I left the bluebonnet state a babbling toddler
bursting with the urge to walk
frustrated at the fact that I could only crawl

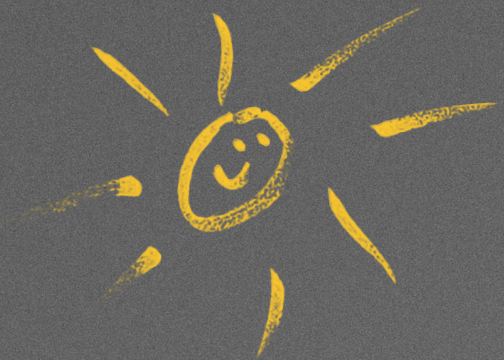
Here I stand again
a grown woman
filled with childlike wonder
protected by a thicker skin
and fueled from a softer heart
supported by two firm legs
that have taught me how to run wild



"In this [photograph], we are introduced to a stillness. Within this stillness, we find our sense of self: what we like, what we don't like, what brings us joy, what fills us with rage, what excites us, what scares us. The self-reflection we have in girlhood is full of love and compassion. We view the world through curious and excited eyes, noticing what brings us happiness and satisfaction. We allow the sun on our skin and the wind to hit our faces, all with gratitude and appreciation."

- Cat Iler, Photographer

GOOD TIMES
ARE ALWAYS ON
THEIR WAY





"In this third piece, we see movement. We move so freely in girlhood because we are comfortable and safe. By embracing ourselves and connections with others, we move blissfully through the world. When we harness this movement, we allow it to propel us through the rest of our lives." - *Cat Iler, Photographer*

“ **BEING QUEER IS STILL**

CRIMINALIZED in 69 countries around the world. The list includes places like Afghanistan, Barbados, Jamaica, Morocco and Tunisia. Even in Spain, which was the third country in the world to legalize homosexual marriage in 2005, LGBTQ+ people are still murdered and beaten because they are queer.

When I look at my community, I see strong and brave individuals; people who had to face violence, even before realizing who they are. People forced to hide their personality in order to survive. With their help I have recontextualized historical traditional costumes, reappropriating our cultures and translating them for the modern world.

My intention with this project was to revindicate the presence and the beauty of LGBTQ+ individuals and our contribution to culture by recontextualizing historical traditional costumes and reappropriating their cultures for the modern world.

This reflects the theme of 'GOOD TIMES' by demonstrating that marginalized groups can still find joy and beauty in their traditions and culture, despite the oppression they face.



- ICÍA VÁZQUEZ



“

GOOD TIMES FOR ME

are not periods of time conditioned by circumstances. Good times for me are a state of mind, brief moments in which my internal setup and external influences are in balance.

My Nights Are More Beautiful Than Your Days is a hand embroidery with textile applications. The design is based on a real photo from a friend's Instagram. A bunch of friends are sleeping on the lawn in front of a summer house, where they have previously applied duvets and pillows. It is this subtle moment between sleep and reality that for me is the true expression of good times concentrated into one harmonious moment.

- BRO. ”





Genuinely, friendship
and laughter is a
amazing combo for
a good time, even if
nobody goes to a
special event.

APPENDIX & ARTIST BIOS

Front Cover + Inside Pages

Ojode, Aluoch. *Talking to God*. 2023. Photograph.

Ojode, Aluoch. *My Last Love*. 2023. Photograph.

Page 1

Silberman-Hanks, Sasha. *Pride in Israel*. 2015. Photograph.

Page 2

BRO. Handwritten quote.

Page 3

Elae, B. *Joy Be Finding Me*. 2023. Poetry.

Sacugar. *wherekidsplay*. 2023. Digital drawing.

Page 4

Ojode, Aluoch. *If I Were A Bird*. 2023. Photograph.

Iler, Cat. Handwritten quote.

Page 5

Benae, Alannah. *I'm On My Way*. 2022. Poetry.

Sacugar. *workfidelity*. 2023. Digital drawing.

Page 6

Sacugar. *sumneatb4class*. 2022. Digital drawing.

Page 7

Elae, B. *Joy Cometh*. 2022. Poetry.

Allen, Lauren E. *Transistus*. 2023. Photograph.

Page 8

Rocha, Clau. *to be trans is an experience of creation and to create with/ of/for/around you is more than I deserve*. 2023. Poetry.

Herrington, Reese. *A Child is Born Jemimah*. 2023. Photograph.

Herrington, Reese. *A Child is Born Cece*. 2023. Photograph.

Page 9

Zheng, Yunqing. *Dear*. 2023. Prose.

Herrington, Reese. *A Child is Born Jerilynn*. 2023. Photograph.

Page 10

Allen, Lauren E. *Lucerna*. 2023. Photograph.

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Hauwaerts, Simon. *Seven Transgenders Walk Into the Pool And One*

Says. 2023. Poetry.

Vicieux, Mitch E. *I Bloom, I Grow*. 2020. Comic art.

Page 12

Hauwaerts, Simon. *Late August*. 2022. Poetry.

Nullself. *Meditative Self-Love*. 2022. Ink drawing.

Page 13

Joyce, Bridie. *The Messy Figure: Modernise me*. 2022. Acrylic on canvas.

Joyce, Bridie. *The Messy Figure: Cheers*. 2022. Acrylic on canvas.

Joyce, Bridie. Handwritten quote.

Page 14

Tribe, Babatunde. *Queer Magic*. 2022. Crayon and oil.

Tribe, Babatunde. *Pride and Joy*. 2022. Crayon and oil.

Tribe, Babatunde. *Love is Love*. 2022. Crayon and oil.

Elae, B. *Perfect Curve*. 2023. Poetry.

Page 15

Romano, Michael J. *Remembering Joy*. 2022. 35mm film.

Page 16

Masiel, Denise. *Deep in the Heart of Texas*. 2023. Poetry.

Romano, Michael J. *Tailgayting - Hot Feet Pic*. 2022. 35mm film.

Page 17

Iler, Cat. *Stillness*. 2022. Photograph.

Hauwaerts, Simon. Handwritten quote.

Page 18

Vázquez, Icíá. *Traditions 2. Queer*. 2021. Photograph.

Iler, Cat. *Movement*. 2022. Photograph.

Page 19

BRO. *My Nights Are More Beautiful Than Your Days*. 2022. Hand embroidery, textile appliqués.

Page 20

BRO. *My Nights Are More Beautiful Than Your Days*. 2022. Hand embroidery, textile appliqués.

Benae, Alannah. Handwritten quote.

Back Cover

Ojode, Aluoch. *My Last Love*. 2023. Photograph.

SASHA SILBERMAN-HANKS

PAGE 1.



Sasha Silbermann-Hanks

I have been shooting and experimenting with 35mm film photography for the past 10 years. I originally studied at the Glasgow School of Art, then retrained and currently work full time as a nurse in London. I identify as Jewish and a part of the LGBT+ community (pansexual). I'm keen to showcase representation in my photography.

BRO.

PAGES 2, 10, 20.

My name is Ivana Kocmanová, but I work under the name BRO., a brand I founded in 2018. I am a



self-taught textile artist focusing primarily on hand embroidery. My current body of work is concerned with urban people's body language and nonverbal expression of inner freedom in everyday situations. My work explores photography

and the different ways we store our photos. I keep my photo memories "in fabric" instead of on a mobile phone or on my computer memory. I work exclusively with natural materials such as silk, cotton and linen. My work is represented in the permanent collection of the Moravian Gallery, the second largest museum of applied art in the Czech Republic. I regularly exhibit in the Czech Republic and last year my work was selected for the 14th International Biennial of Textile and Fiber Art "Scythia," Ukraine. I live and work in Prague, Czech Republic.

BRO.

B. ELAE

PAGES 2, 7.



B. Elae is an author, poet, performer, and small business owner from a small town in Indiana whose carried out her long existing passion to serve youth and survivors of crime while writing poetry. Longing to create a safe space for the seemingly unseen and overlooked, B. started sharing and performing her poetry over 9 years ago with hopes her work would offer comfort, support, honesty, and connection.

Currently residing in Texas, B. is working on her third poetry book while pursuing hosting small wellness retreats. You can read more of B. Elae's work on Facebook (@B. Elae), and/or Instagram (@b.elae).

SACUGAR

PAGES 3, 5, 6, 10.

As digital artist 'Sacugar', I focus on creating a paradise that understands our presence in the future, where we are alive and wide-eyed. An ode to my school days in Jamaica, my inspiration often begins at memories on the streets in the sun. As Isah Edwards, the (they/them) behind the iPad, I tackle the strenuous stares of anxiety that come with our ever present radical fight for freedom along with a passion for tech, our environments and afro-surrealism. Each piece from beginning to end is an attempt at conjuring the big black smile in a place where the big black smile is wholly welcome. I've been published in magazines such as Ink n Stitch Student Art Mag Issue 5, Babbles Magazine Issue 2 and the Beacon Literary and Arts Journal Fall 22 issue as well as had my art on exhibition at The First Hiatus Showcase and The Underground Natives showcase.

SACUGAR

ALUOCH OJODE

FRONT COVER, OPENING PAGES, PAGE 4, BACK COVER.

I am a model, writer and a fledgling visual storyteller located in Austin, Texas. My art often explores the complexities of modern romance removed from sex — the story behind and the emotions within.

CAT ILER

PAGES 4, 17.



My name is Cat and I'm a DFW-based portrait photographer! I studied Film in college and have always been inspired by cinema. I picked up photography 4 years ago and have been focusing on portraits for the last 2 years. Within the last year, I have found myself exploring

conceptual portraits and entering the DFW photography scene. I occasionally sell my work at art markets and I've been fortunate enough to have my work published in local zines. I've enjoyed the process so much I am currently curating a zine with a fellow artist!

ALANNAH BENAË

PAGES 5, 10, 20.

Alannah Benaë is a 2-Spirit Indigenous poet located within Oklahoma City, Oklahoma and is currently the new Director of Outreach for Red Dirt Poetry. They're often "seen" showing vulnerability at open mics while having the audience close their eyes. She also hosts a local monthly BIPOC Writing Group. She is currently working on upcoming projects and events for local Queer and BIPOC groups of the Oklahoma City metro area.



LAUREN E. ALLEN

PAGES 7, 10.

Currently residing in Denton Texas, Lauren E. Allen graduated Cum Laude from Texas Woman's University in 2014 with a concentration in photography before enrolling in the University of North Texas in pursuit of a master's degree in 2021. Lauren's work focuses on translating and reconstructing memories of their experiences as a neuro-divergent person also facing mental health concerns. Utilizing abstracted photographic imagery and fiber, viewers are forced to confront ideas of weakness, fragility and disposability while still experiencing familiarity. Their work has been shown in multiple group shows in Texas venues including the MAC Gallery and 500X gallery. Their first solo show was at The Alcove, shown in Fall 2021.



CLAU ROCHA

PAGE 8.

Clau Rocha is an interdisciplinary artist, writer, and practitioner located in Chicago, IL currently working as the Access Services Assistant at John M. Flaxman Library. Their hybrid research-studio practice centers on reimagining archival spaces by examining Latinx narratives as layered truths through storytelling and divination, often merging together materials and aesthetics from both academic library spaces and familial archives such as folk spiritual altars.

They received both a BA in Studio Art and a BA in Interdisciplinary Studies titled "Latinx Narratives Through Creative Writing and Community Arts" from Western Washington University in 2020. Clau also received their MA in Visual and Critical Studies from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago completing their thesis titled "Do Ghosts Cast Shadows? An Exploration of Select Archives through Ritual Practice and Intuitive Work" in 2022. Past projects include coordinating a collaborative altar with The LGBTQ+ Intergenerational Dialogue Project, the Tanda Program with Chuquimarca Art Library, hosting a situation for Biblioderive with the Flaxman Library, and involvement with Chicago-based Diana Solis archive. Notable awards include the 2017-2018 Adventure Learning Grant awarded through Fairhaven College, and the 2022 Visual and Critical Studies Fellowship awarded through SAIC.



REESE HERRINGTON

PAGES 8, 9.

Reese Herrington (b.1999) is a photographer and artist living in New York City. She has exhibited in galleries and museums on both the east and west coast while also having work included in various online and print publications. Shooting in both digital and medium formats for several years, she is highly experienced in the photographic world. Reese currently explores femininity and the human experience within her work.

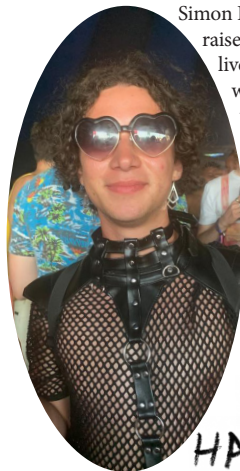
YUNQING ZHENG

PAGE 9, 10.



SIMON HAUWAERTS

PAGES 10, 11, 12, 17.



Simon Hauwaerts was born and raised in Belgium, but now lives in the UK. He is a poet who primarily writes for the page, but who has recently discovered that words can also be spoken, and that sometimes it is actually quite fun when they are. He can be found on Instagram at @simonhauwaerts.



MITCH E. VICIEUX

PAGE 10, 11.

Howdy!
I'm a queer cartoonist from Southern Maryland, currently based in Columbus, OH. My work focuses on the multi-modal potential of comic arts, and how caricaturized forms relate to the trans body. I've earned an MFA in Art & Technology from THE Ohio State University and a BA in Digital Media from St. Mary's College of Maryland. Investigating global cartooning practices, I completed an animation intensive at Accademia Italiana in Florence, Italy, and researched popular culture at the University of Tsukuba in Ibaraki, Japan. In Columbus, I co-founded the Columbus Cartoon Coalition and currently serve as a Navigator for the Greater Columbus Arts Council. In town you'll find me slingin' zines, painting murals, and hanging out in our fabulous Metropolitan Libraries!



NULLSELF

PAGE 12.

My name is Rowan, artist name Nullself, and I'm a 29 year old queer, trans, and disabled man living in Boston, MA. My predominant forms of artistic expression are surreal black and white ink illustrations and abstract acrylic paintings. I also create zine compilations of inkworks and poetry done during impactful times in my life. I use my art to give a visual design to the experiences and sensations I have in my meditation practice and everyday life, especially as it pertains to self, queerness, and disability.



BRIDIE JOYCE

PAGE 13.

I am 18 years old and a self-taught artist who works across mediums including oils and acrylics. Growing up on the central Coast of Australia, I have always been surrounded by the ocean, enthused by bright and warm colour palettes that can bring life and personality into a space. I have graduated from high school and I am pursuing a career in art. My work constantly questions the differing perspectives of the mundane and how we as humans tend to dismiss the beauty in it. By using bright and warm palettes, I hope to bring the beauty back into small moments.

BABATUNDE TRIBE

PAGE 14.

I'm Babatunde Tribe, a queer non-binary person who lives in Lagos, Nigeria, and goes by the pronouns They/Them. I am a self-taught Digital and Traditional abstract artist using different mediums



and recycling to save the earth. I also call myself a multimedia visual artist who adds a sense of emotion, feelings, and questions to their art, gathering inspirations from personal experience and trauma. I'm also an Editorial and Fashion outlaw model, Creative / Art Director for Ebird Motions. My passion is to raise mental awareness, impact society for good, and interpret every one of my emotions and feelings into a piece of art and make people understand the mood which I use in creating the piece while placing them in their precious time in history with the use of colors, texture, and strokes. I find harmony in color, texture, and strokes because they are more than what they are perceived to be. I have several collections of art which are the heat of frustration along the path to self-discovery; like void collection, break out, conflict, lost, etc. Colors, texture, and strokes become companions and instruments that aid my search and navigation of life because I feel my art and they communicate to me. Many times, I question things and art somehow seems to be the letters to my sentences.

MICHAEL J. ROMANO

PAGES 15, 16.



Michael is a self-taught photographer based in Philadelphia, PA. While much of his work is dedicated to abstract and emotional nature imagery, a more private segment of his portfolio is composed of photos of friends in leisure.

Recording

people casually and candidly in joyous moments permits the capture of a freely given honesty. When using film to photograph these moments, Michael uses the technique of multiple exposure to promote a sense of nostalgia and illustrate the vanishing nature of memories.

Michael J. Romano

DENISE MASIEL

PAGE 10, 16.



Denise Masiel is a Caribbean-American poet, essayist, and lover from Texas living in the Bay Area. Her work expresses cultural criticisms, analyses of interpersonal relationships, and explorations of the self. She publishes weekly on her Substack through another lens and highlights her poetry and prose on her instagram @denise.masiel. Denise spends a majority of her days in the west coast participating in the San Francisco arts community and drinking a warm cup of homemade tea.

ICÍA VÁZQUEZ

PAGE 10, 18.

Ícía Vázquez is a Spanish fashion designer and photographer from A Coruña who graduated from the University of Vigo. In 2020 she was awarded a



Fulbright scholarship to study Photography at the New York Film Academy, NY. Vázquez's background in fashion has a strong influence of social actions such as feminism, environmentalism, and the LGBTQ+ movement. The visual character of fashion and photography inspires her to use both disciplines as communication tools to address current issues affecting contemporary society. Her work is characterized by the importance of a visual narrative, turning discourse into political statement. Ícía seeks to make people question the social conventions imposed on issues related to the construction of gender and its roles.

REWON SHIMRAY

ZINE COORDINATOR & PAGE DESIGNER



Rewon is a multidisciplinary autobiographical artist from Austin, Texas. Her works' themes often relate to being a queer woman of color, a daughter of immigrants, and an evolving human. To Rewon, art's highest value is its potential for communal storytelling. Her debut solo show in May 2023, SPLIT, showcased 13 portraits centering and reclaiming the Asian American experience. Rewon is a gallery assistant at the Blanton Museum of Art, board member of The Gallery ATX, the Mujer Manifesto Zine coordinator, a Creative Futures Collective fellow, and a 2023 Soho House mentee. Her work can be found at rewonshimray.com and @artbyrewon on Instagram.



**THE STORIES TOLD
ABOUT MARGINALIZED
GROUPS (WOMEN, NONBINARY,
LGBTQIA+, BIPOC) ARE OFTEN
EXCLUDED TO STORIES
OF TRAUMA AND
TRAGEDY.**

**ALTERNATIVELY,
“GOOD TIMES” SEEKS TO
HIGHLIGHT THE BEAUTY
OF MARGINALIZED
GROUPS AND THEIR
EXPERIENCES AND
EXPRESSIONS OF JOY.**