



# Q-Program

Supported by Wyndham City Council  
presents Q Art Project

## Acknowledgement of Country

Q Program and Wyndham City Council recognises Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples as the first Peoples of Australia. We acknowledge the Bunurong and Wadawurrung Peoples as Traditional Owners of the lands on which Wyndham City operates. The Wadawurrung and Bunurong Peoples have and always will belong to the Werribee Yalook (river), creeks, stars, hills and red clay of this Country. We pay respect to their Ancestors and Elders who always have, and always will, care for Country and community today and for future generations.





**Q Program** is a support and recreation program for young people 12-25 who identify as part of the LGBTQIA+ community. Q Program proudly welcomes all cultures, faiths, backgrounds and our First Nations Sistersgirls and Brotherboys.

**Q Art Project** is a youth led production achieved through the community of Q program and it's supporters. This work would not have been possible without the long-term connections, change making, creativity and advocacy Q Program is built on, with partnerships such as Headspace Werribee.

Q Art Project responds to rainbow youth identifying the power in being seen and visible, with little

representation in the western region to connect with. Q Art project brings the creative works together of rainbow youth to share voice, story, pride, strength and experience.

Q program young producers approached the work with three aims:

- To be a welcoming space of creative submissions for rainbow youth through art in as many forms as possible; including drawings, paintings, digital art, poetry, short stories, comic make up and clothing
- To achieve a powerful, diverse and intersectional collection of art forms created by and for Queer youth 12-25 across all identities, faith, and abilities
- To be able to share the beauty, power and rich identify of being who we are in our loved communities.

We wanted full representation to show the diversity within the rainbow. This is our first collection, we hope there will be many more.

*A note to the reader from Q program's young producers:*

‘We hope that you enjoy this art book, that you feel seen, heard and the art supports yours and our collective belonging and understanding. There are many opportunities for you. So let your voice be heard where you feel safe to do so and advocate, that’s how this book and project happened; through a conversation.’

**We wish to pay respect to our Rainbow elders and leaders who paved the way for all of us as a community.**

Publication is printed and designed by Little Rocket

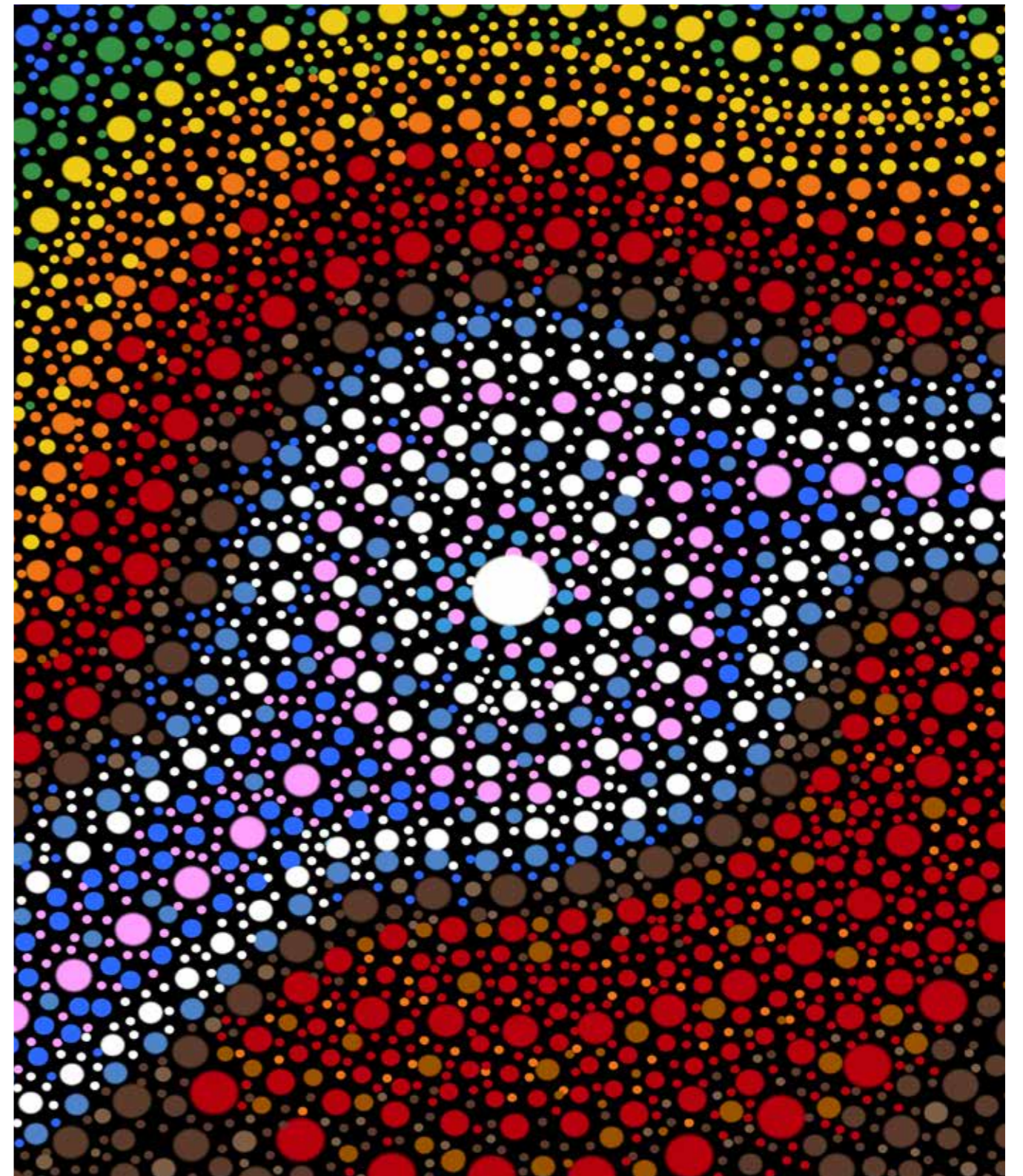
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# Alexavier Taiga

## **Tchingal's Eye**

Looking at gender and sexuality as an Indigenous person from the Jardwadjali nation. Named after the emu from the Gariwerd (Grampians) creation story.





# Young Gods

A LITTLE QUEER COMIC

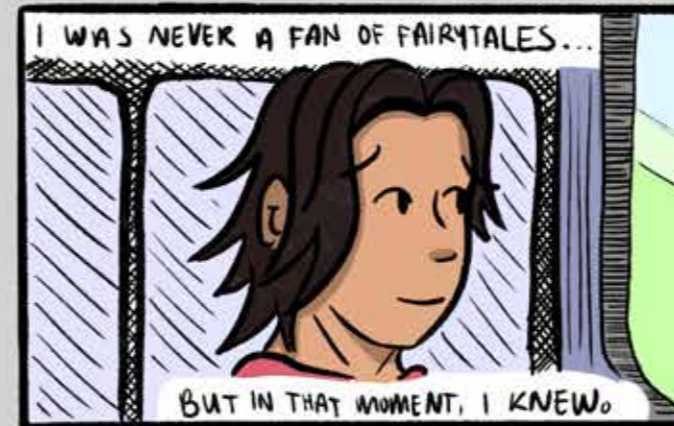


TWO BEAUTIFUL BOYS,  
WHOSE SMILES ROARED  
LIKE THE SUN.

THEY LOOKED LIKE *YOUNG GODS*



AND WHEN THEY KISSED,  
VIOLENT STREAKS OF COLOUR  
FLOODED THE CARRIAGE



Jin 2022

## Josh Jinu

### Young Gods

A short comic illustrating my queer awakening, and my subsequent coming-to-terms with the magnitude of my desire to be romantically involved with boys.

# Kendall

Kendall has always felt as if she was manufactured in the wrong body, and since life is your creation, I used plastic from her plastic world so she can slay all day.







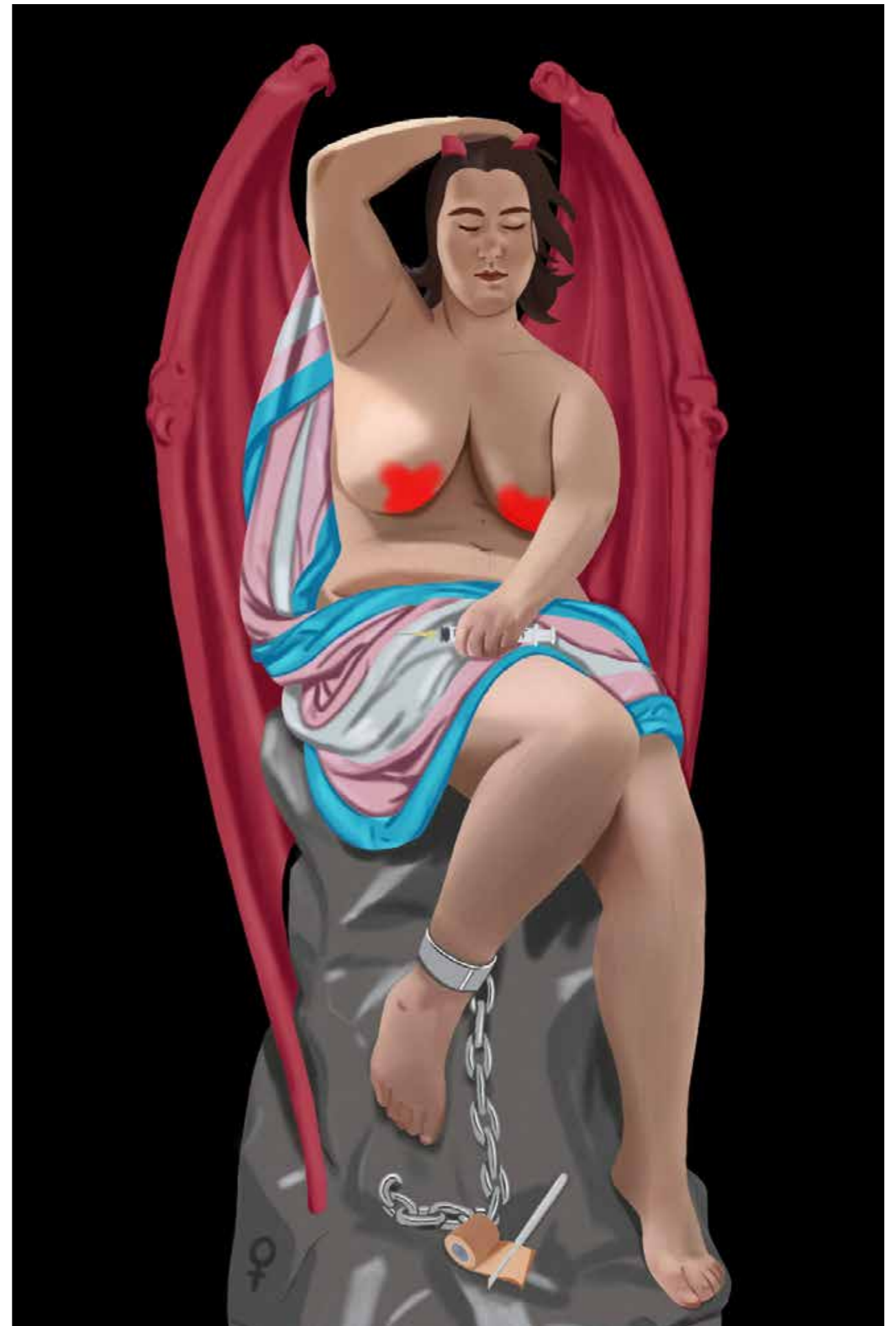
## Rainbow Crossroads

Rainbow crossroads to me, means all the different paths the LGBTIQ+ community can take to be themselves. It represents the many ways that the LGBTIQ+ community are held back from or oppressed when accessing services, such as healthcare and legal issues.

## Nathan Waters

### **The Devil in the Church: the Lucifer of LGBT**

Homage to Le Genie du Mal by Guillaume Geefs. Testosterone syringe symbolising hrt's within reach but bandages and scalpel (surgery) by his feet aren't. He's chained to a rock with the female symbol showing how I am chained to my assigned sex.





# Nathan Waters

## Conviction

An exploration of how religion and queerness conflict and coincide.

How can I read a book with such vile words?

*Abomination*

*Unnatural Immoral*

*Shameful*

*Degrading*

*Perversion*

*Sodomy*

*Sickness*

*Sin*

Words that have scarred me  
And yet I still believe in a god who  
supposedly breathed those hateful words

My faith is no longer uncomplicated, as it was when  
I was a child  
Before I knew that those words were about me  
That my existence itself is a sin to be punished  
That not being what I was told to be is wrong  
I have made peace with it in some ways  
I no longer reject my identity  
But in embracing myself I have been  
disconnected from the Word, from the Church  
and from the Lord Himself

But I cannot fully sever myself  
I don't think I ever can  
I still say gosh instead of God  
I still capitalise the G in God  
I still feel discomfort when Christianity is  
mocked just for being Christianity  
Though there's a catharsis in hearing it be  
ripped apart for the things I hate For the things that  
hate me  
The sexism, the homophobia, the transphobia  
that permeates the Church like a poison  
But I cannot stand within His house, breathing  
poison that seems only hurts me

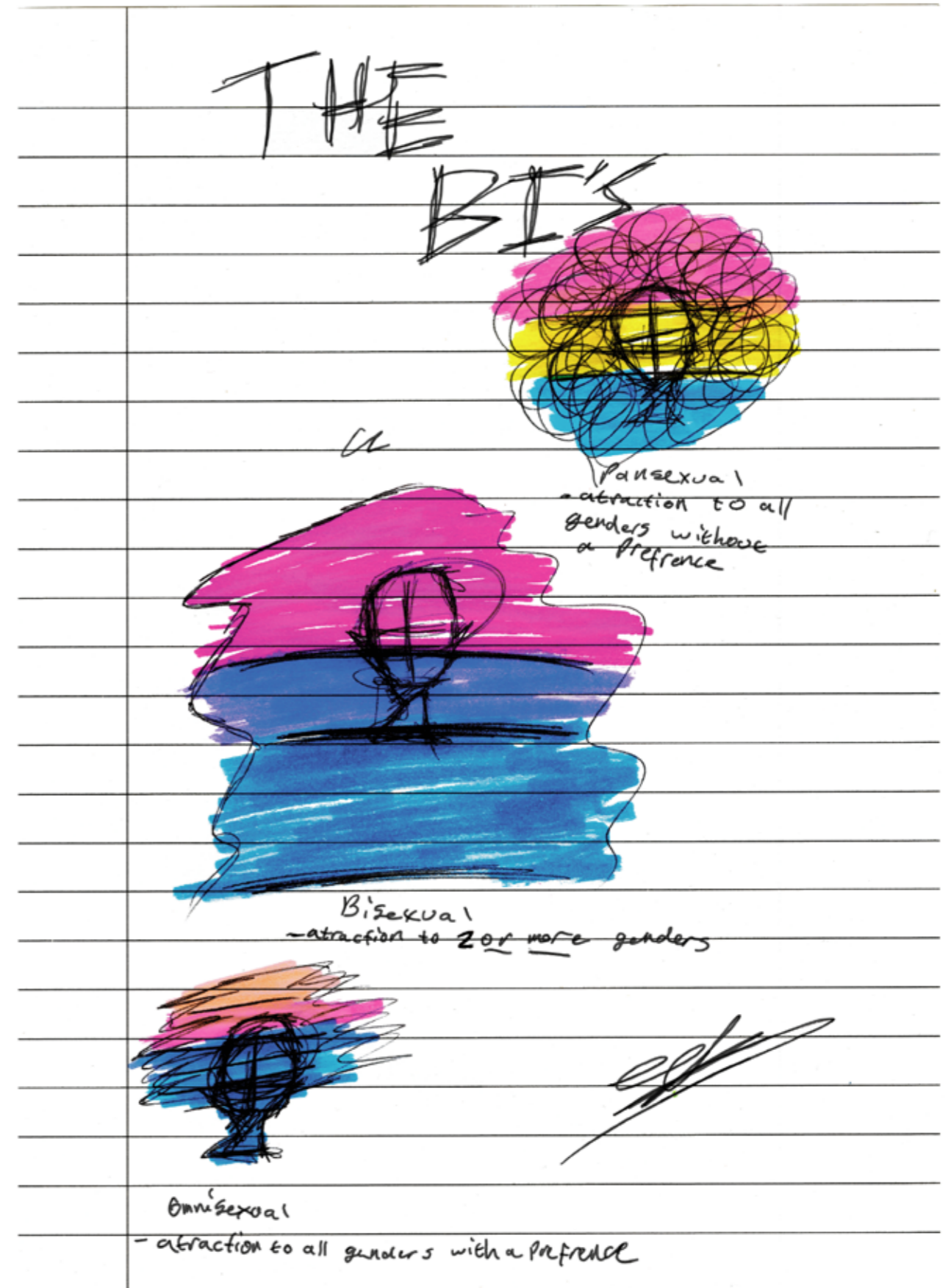
I cannot bring myself to the stand of His house  
to be judged by others  
Where I am then cast out, not with stones and  
hatred but with smiles and love  
Cast out because I can feel that their smiles are  
fakes and that they do not love me  
I am only a tolerated presence  
They're in conflict, for they cannot in good  
conscience turn me away  
But they also cannot in good conscience  
condone my lifestyle choice  
When it is not a choice  
How can it be a choice?  
When the options are be myself fully and  
honestly or death  
There is no choice

Do I believe that it's okay for me to be  
because truly it is?  
Or because I must  
Because believing it isn't, has led me into such  
turmoil  
I truly believed that when I asked God to  
answer my cry  
"Is it okay for me to be?"  
And I felt wave after wave of just  
YES  
That was Him  
I still believe that  
But...  
Those words still cast doubt in my heart  
So how can I read a book with such vile words?

Eloise

**The bi's**

This piece shows 3 heads with big hair. The colours represent the colours of the different sexuality's that are under the bisexual umbrella. Pansexual, omnisexual and bisexual are the flags and colours included in this piece.







## Matilda Morley

### **Paradise by the canteen light**

This image of lovers caught up in a moment takes hold of the outsider's gaze and flips the spectacle, empowering the subjects and alienating the voyeur.

# Shreya Tekumalla

## Corporeal

A short story that represents the social dysphoria and euphoria I experience as a trans man.

## Phase One - Creation

A gust of fresh oxygen swirls around his lungs and he awakens to find himself in the middle of a city street.

One foot in front of the other. It's muscle memory - he weaves through the lanes with a practised gait.

He can feel the sun on the top of his head, softened by the cool breeze tumbling across the sidewalk. His shoelace gets caught on a crack in the pavement and he's yanked backwards, nearly losing his balance before he catches himself. Sliding the strap of his backpack back onto his shoulder, he feels the edge of it dig into his skin through his jacket and he feels warm.

He feels every single one of his footfalls against the pavement. Step-by-step. It's a rhythm. A heartbeat. He's here. He's alive.

As he passes by shop-fronts with their glaring glass windows, he catches glimpses of himself in the reflective surfaces. A round face peers back at him every so often. Small glimpses, small shards of awareness stitch themselves back together to reveal a person - here to remind him that every second of this existence here is stolen from someone else.

He forces his gaze away from the makeshift mirror and tucks his hands into his pockets. The inside of his denim jacket is worn and rough.

*Rough.*

He grips his fists and feels the edge of his knuckles bite into the coarse fabric. His hands are rough.

Analysing the pavement, he side-steps a lamppost and skids against a spot of wet mud. He begins to wrench back control and slowly, steadily, he can feel the weight of his feet in his shoes again. As the sun begins to set over the edge of a skyscraper, bathed in its beam of light, feeling begins to return to his limbs.

Another side-street. Another pedestrian crossing. Another shop-front and he's swept up into a crowd without any warning - he's reached the heart of the city. Surrounded by a sea of strangers, he lets the buzzing fill his skull and breathes a sigh of relief.

Passing through the business district, looking out onto the street and carefully avoiding the glass store-fronts, he feels the hackles raise on the back of his neck as he becomes aware of a pair of eyes that keep looking at him.

He eventually realises that they belong to a young lady walking just a few paces ahead of him. For a moment, he sees himself in her eyes. Mop of short hair. A silhouette covered by a large coat. Heavy footfalls. Her wary eyes discreetly flicker back and forth.

Quickly, he ducks his head and lengthens his stride for long enough to pass in front of her, giving her some breathing room. It's what a decent man should do to assuage her worry - make her feel safer.

People continue to pass by him on the street, their eyes sliding over him and onto the next thing. He steals those gazes for himself. As he walks, he retreats into his mind where he slows those moments down and replays them. The middle-aged man who he nearly bumped into saw flashes of a denim jacket. The business-person talking on the phone got a glimpse of his muddy black sneakers. The woman who walked out of the shop reflexively turned in his direction when he raised his hand to push his glasses further up on his nose.

Person to person. Moment to moment. Tossed between them like a boat on rough seas.

Their worlds dance together for moments and then separate. His existence in their life is so fleeting that, for all they know, he's always been here.

Stars are born over millions of years but he's found a way to create and destroy universes within seconds - and his place in every single one of them belongs to him.



## Phase Two - Preservation

The train doors pry themselves open with a screech and he tilts his head towards them just in time to watch a man with impressive facial hair walk into the carriage.

Perched in a window-seat a few rows away, his eyes follow the stranger as he paces towards an empty seat and settles himself into it.

Does he even feel lucky? he wonders.

He detaches his nails from the inside of his palm and runs a finger along the underside of his chin. The hairs there are soft. Delicate. Like spun-sugar - they would dissolve with the smallest drop of water. For a second, he allows himself to imagine them as longer, coarser, rough against his hand when he strokes his jaw. Then, without opening his eyes, he closes his fist around that reality and feels it shatter.

With a beleaguered groan, the train heaves slightly before beginning to pull away from the station. As the clinking of the wheels on the track speed up and become a pervasive humming, he lets his palm fall open and feels the embers grip onto his skin for a moment before being pulled away by the wind.

Eyes still closed, his penance is aided by the sounds thrown out by the gears of life churning around him. Suddenly, the trains banks left and he's shocked awake when his head is thrown against the window. It takes a moment for his vision to adjust to the overhead lights and he blearily notices a face peering at him.

A kid. Well... maybe. She looks about his age. Her gaze had snapped towards him at the sound of his skull thudding against the glass but her movement follows through into her taking a glance at the rolling landscapes. Then, just as quickly as she looked up, she crosses one leg over the other and returns her attention back to her phone.

He averts his eyes as well. Turning to the window, he lets his vision go unfocused and replays her gaze over and over again. Reverses it. Slows it down. He breaks down the moments, splits them from each other and weaves them together again.

In the film that plays back, he observes himself from her perspective. Just a stranger. A random kid about her age. Slightly dishevelled. Shoulders slouched, braced against the seat to keep his head from lolling forward. Legs spread, feet pointing outwards. Hands buried somewhere in the massive expanse of a denim jacket. He was already here when she had sat down. To her, he's always been here. He'll always be here.

He allows himself to stay here - frozen in her gaze - just a little bit longer.

When the train rolls past some supermarkets, he shakes himself out of his stupor and realises the rest of the carriage is empty. Makes sense - his stop is one of the last on the line.

He fishes his phone out of his pocket and goes to check the time but he's distracted by the pair of eyes that are reflected back at him in the black screen. A beat passes and they blink once. Twice. Completely expressionless.

He tries to unravel what they see, find himself in them, but it's not a face that wants to know him. They just want him to relinquish his place in their world.

The sparks - embers from a broken universe - dance in the sliver of moonlight that has stolen its way into the carriage before they fade away, taking the heat from his fingertips with them.

## Phase Three - Destruction

The sole of his shoe disappears under the surface of the puddle and the water is quick to creep up into his sock before he manages to yank his foot back. With a sigh, he steps around the puddle and squelches off into the car park.

A light drizzle has descended. The streams of water sneak through slivers into the ever-slight depression in the worn concrete and he can see them wind their way down car windshields. They refract the light thrown out by the streetlamp and it feels like blinking, glassy eyes surround him.

He pulls his collar more firmly up onto his neck.

Towards the back of the car park, near the gate by the supermarket, lurks a small, blue car almost completely disguised by the shadows. Without the two blinding headlights puncturing the darkness, there is nothing to betray that there is anything there at all.

By the time he makes it to driver's side door, he had noticed the silhouette of his mother behind the rain-splattered window. She's facing the other direction, gesticulating wildly - probably on the phone - and doesn't see him standing right next to her.

He sharply taps on the glass and his mother startles so violently that she drops her phone. When she notices him laughing at her, she rolls down the window and rolls her eyes good-naturedly.

"How was your day?" she mouths, reaching for the phone down where it had fallen.

He gives her two thumbs up in response and waves in the direction of car floor. Finish your call.

By the time he's walked around to the other side of the car, she's hurriedly wrapping up the conversation with the person on the other end.

"Yeah, I'm at the train station right now. Mmmhm. No, it's okay. It was my daughter - I'm picking her up. Okay. Okay, no problem, I'll get those papers to you by tomorrow and call you back—"

The rain has begun to pick up now. As the droplets hit his skin and roll off, they take pieces of him with them.

He doesn't realise that he had turned around to face the train platform until he hears a whirring behind him. He turns around to see his mother patiently gazing at him over the top of the lowered window.

He looks into her eyes. Eyes that he's all too familiar with - the ones she gave him. He doesn't know why he's hoping for anything different but he just confirms what he already knows: she's looking at her beloved daughter.

"Ready to go?" she asks.

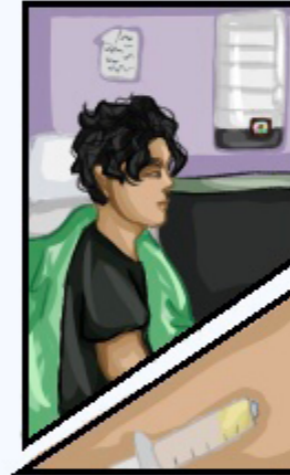
He lifts his head towards the sky, inhales deeply, and exhales. "Yeah."

He watches the mist formed by his breath swirl through the air for a moment before the droplets are carried away by the cool breeze that sweeps through the car park.

Smiling to himself, he lets his eyes fall shut and the last thing he feels are the raindrops on the back of his eyelids before he disappears into the darkness.

# He is Me

MADE BY:  
**JAY WONG**



The thing about being trans is,

it will take time



and a whole lot of effort

and sure, it won't be perfect

but if there's one thing that i've learnt, it's that it will all be worth sticking around for.

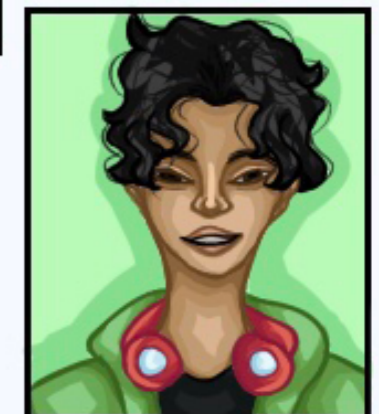


Nothing could ever explain how much it all means to me but,

I'm gonna be me.

It's so worth it.

I'm going to be okay.



Jay

## He is Me

A short comic based on my relationship with being transgender that i have written and drawn.

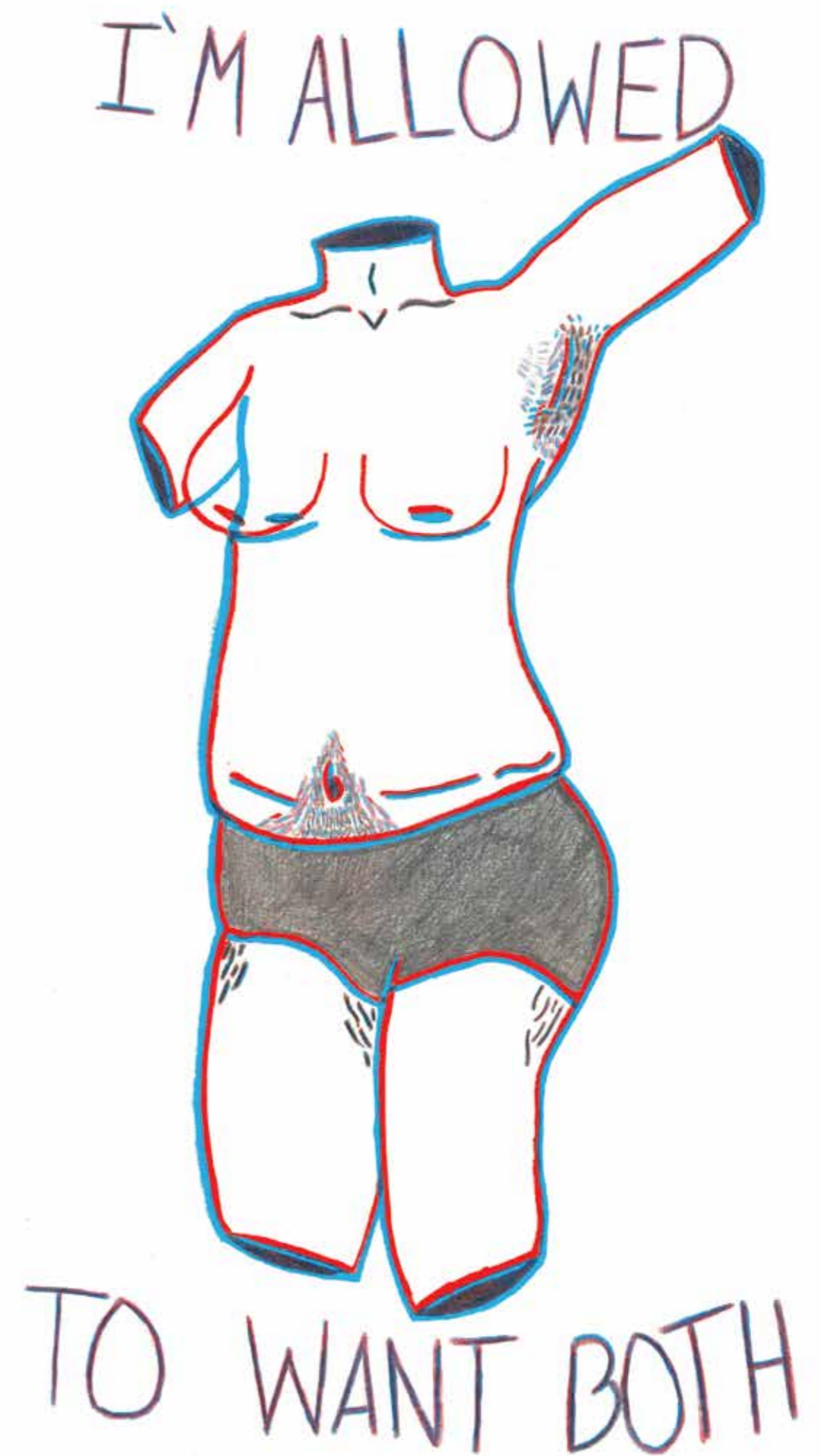




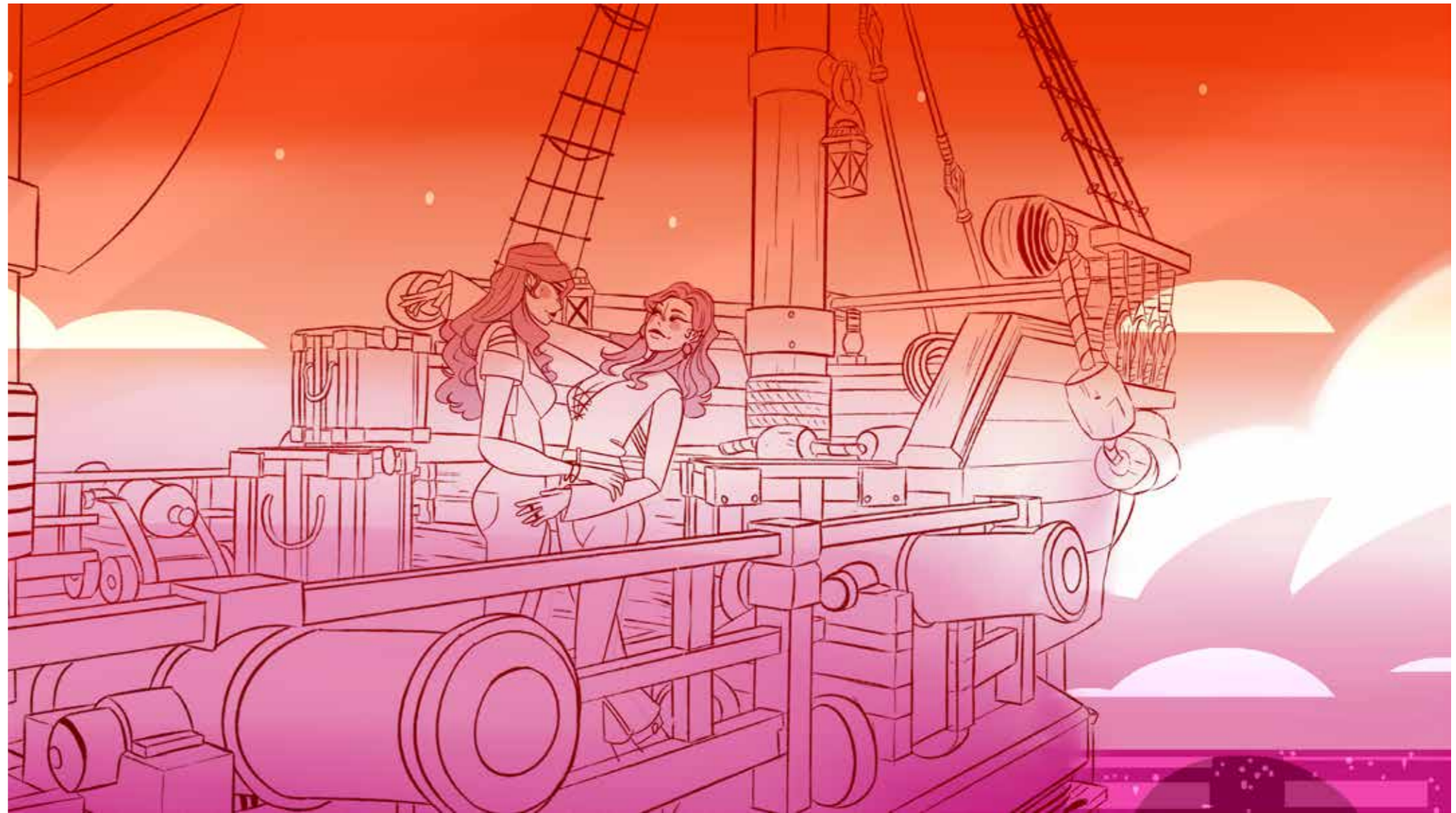
Pidge

**Both**

The artist chose to use a 3D effect to symbolise both the body he has and wants, in red and blue respectively. The artist expresses how he is happy with both sides of himself, and how he is allowed to want both of those aspects of himself.







## Emily Vernon

### **Bonny and Read**

A depiction of Anne Bonny and Mary Read, two real pirates from 1720 that were said to be involved in a romantic relationship. The lesbian flag is represented across the entire drawing.



# Alexander Dalton

## **Achilles and Patroclus**

A poem about love and the lack of it and the idealisation of a false narrative.

## Achilles and Patroclus

I used to think you were Achilles.  
Strong, steadfast, scintillating.

I used to think you were Achilles.  
A beacon of hope in trying times.  
The backbone, the saving grace.  
A pillar of strength when I was weak.

I used to think I was Patroclus.  
Shrewd, shy, sincere.

I used to think I was Patroclus.  
Your source of support.  
Your backbone, your saving grace.  
Your shoulder to lean on when you allowed yourself to be weak.

I used to think you were Achilles.  
Headstrong to the point of stubbornness.  
Selfish in the face of your own ambition.  
Proud of your achievements.

I used to think I was Patroclus.  
Living in your shadow to let you bask in the full glow of the sun.  
Unyielding only in my love for you.  
It clouded everything else.

But you are not Achilles, and I am not Patroclus.  
And though I would lay down my life for you,  
you will not charge into battle to avenge me.  
You do not demand justice; you do not seek vengeance.

You are not Achilles, and I am not Patroclus.  
And though I loved you with every fibre of my being,  
You were not the other half of my soul.  
Perhaps that is why you found it so easy to walk away.

You are not Achilles, and I am not Patroclus.  
So when I asked you to fight for me,  
you turned your back and explained that you did not know how to wield a sword.  
It didn't stop you from twisting the knife into my back, though.

You are not Achilles, and I am not Patroclus.  
And as you stand there shouting at me,  
Across this battlefield we call an apartment,  
I realise your anger has become something I fear rather than respect.

You are not Achilles, and I am not Patroclus.  
Perhaps that is why I lay here dying in my grief while you live on.  
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, but we shall never meet again.  
For you would rather live in fear than die in love.

## Cillian Botes

### **Ghost boy**

Growing up trans without the words to describe it was isolating, having these terms and being able to use them to describe my feelings and getting to know people who have similar experiences, it really helps to know that I'm not alone in this world.





## Tahlia Mifsud

### **My pride makeup!!**

Here's is some LGBTQ+ flag inspired makeup I've done within the last year!!! The top two are inspired by the regular rainbow flag and the bottom one is inspired by the trans flag! I use makeup to express my femininity while ignoring gender stereotypes!!



# Karl

## Looking in a mirror

Drawing of two half of a person the left hand side shows their true self while the right-hand side shows who others around them see them as and want them to be.



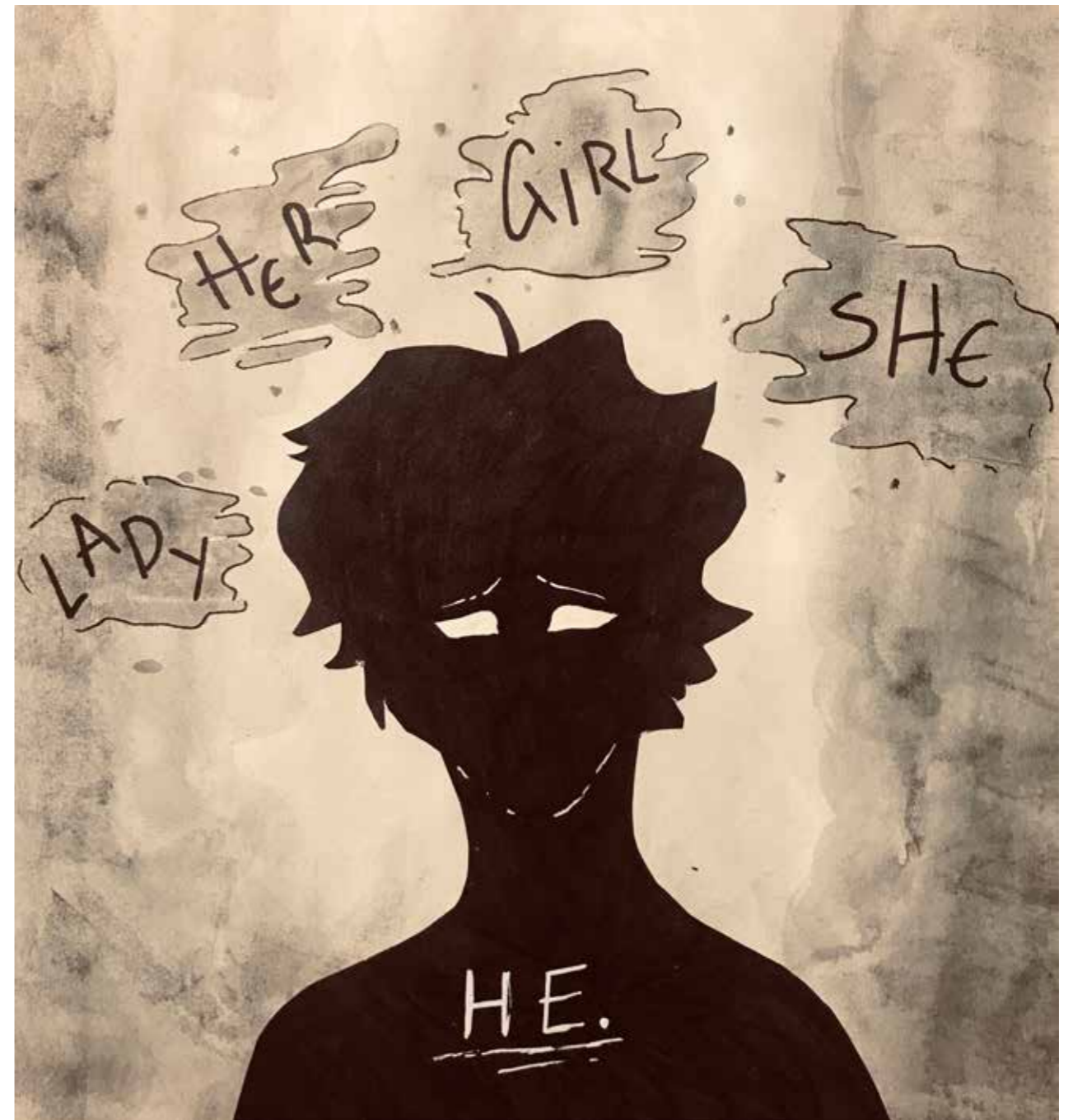
## A busy street

Shame ignited inside of me  
I let go of your hand  
until anger in me flowed  
a fury that wasn't mine  
but a fury that belonged to the people who came before us  
the people who had to hide and pretend  
and weren't allowed to love  
the people who fought for us to have the freedom to love  
this rage splashed a cleanness over the grime of my shame  
I held your hand with gratitude this time  
I wanted to show the whole world how much I cared about you  
I wanted to let the people who fought for us know  
that we're living in the future they imagined for us

Krish C

### **A busy street**

I wrote a poem about how different my experience of love is compared to older people. This poem is a message of gratitude and looks at history as a guide to how we can make the future for the next generations better.



## Tyler Dean

### **That big dark cloud**

Finding that silver lining seems impossible sometimes But that that shouldn't stop you looking for it.



## Sarah Waters

### **Lesbians to the Front**

This lovely beanie is something I created to show the world who I am. I love being able to pop it on and show my colours in a subtle way, which looks good regardless! I love working LGBTQ+ colours into my knitting, embroidery, painting, and sewing!



## Guitar to bass

I sit in my room  
 My bass on my lap,  
 Strumming it mindlessly,  
 Fiddling with the strap,  
 And I think to myself,  
 This bass is what I want to be.

I didn't start playing the bass  
 I started with guitar,  
 But bass was my dream,  
 I dream I wanted to chase.  
 A guitar is soft,  
 Its strums are quite high,  
 Much like the voice,  
 Of me a trans guy.  
 The bass is tall, just like man,  
 Guitar is short,  
 It has no plans.

The bass is like a guitar on T,  
 Not bound, not wound, only free,  
 And my guitar is like that of me,  
 High, high voice, that of a girl,  
 Short, very short, makes my toes curl,

My bass is all I wish to be,  
 But when I look in the mirror, my guitar is all I see.

Elliot

### Guitar to bass

A poem about a metaphor of a guitar being a transgender male before starting to transition, and the bass being a transgender male after starting to transition.

# Anamika

## Dream

Based on my experiences, I created this piece to portray a non-binary person as they are. Around the picture, I added things I liked and named it 'dream' because this was me in a safe place, free from anyone's expectations.







Amy Rose

**girls, gurlz, G1RL5**

A digital drawing featuring two young woman; one an Asian-Australian girl with short auburn hair in piggy-tails & bangs, wearing a blue jacket with a lesbian flag heart-shaped patch on the shoulder, a knee-length purple skirt, knee high socks and a lesbian.

### A note to the reader from Q program's young producers:

"We hope that you enjoy this art book, that you feel seen, heard and the art supports yours and our collective belonging and understanding. There are many opportunities for you. So let your voice be heard where you feel safe to do so and advocate, that's how this book and project happened; through our conversations and our desires for change."

### Connect with Q Program:

Q Program is a support and recreation program for young people 12-25 who identify as part of the LGBTQIA+ community. As a youth led space, we keep details of the space confidential.

For more information about Q Program or for referrals, dates, times and location please make contact.

Call us on 8734 1355 or email [youthinwyndham@wyndham.vic.gov.au](mailto:youthinwyndham@wyndham.vic.gov.au)

### Minus18

Minus18 is Australia's charity improving the lives of LGBTQIA+ youth via life-affirming youth events, digital resources, and education for the whole community.

Through a preventative model of mental health support, we tackle social isolation by creating fun-filled spaces where LGBTQIA+ young people belong and are celebrated.

Youth are at the forefront of our events – and through this we're equipping LGBTQIA+ young people with the skills they need to be the leaders of tomorrow.

Creating an Australia free from discrimination is a job for everyone, and we can't do it alone. For schools and workplaces all across Australia, we provide LGBTQIA+ inclusion training and free digital resources, along with high-impact campaigns to create a world where LGBTQIA+ young people are safe and belong.

Victorian Pride Centre, 79/81 Fitzroy Street, St Kilda 3182

<https://www.minus18.org.a>

[info@minus18.org.au](mailto:info@minus18.org.au)

### headspace - Weribee

headspace Werribee offers free health advice, support and information for young people aged 12-25. If you're looking for support around your mental health, your relationships, your coping skills, or you just want help figuring out what to do – headspace is the place to go!

You can call headspace Werribee on 8001 2366 to book in with one of our counsellors, our GP or employment workers or join in on one of our groups

If you want to chat with someone online, you can join eheadspace from 9AM-1AM every day at [www.eheadspace.org.au](http://www.eheadspace.org.au) or 1800 650 890.

eheadspace also offers online groups chats every Tuesday night to connect with other LGBTQIA+ young people – join qheadspace here: <https://headspace.org.au/online-and-phone-support/spaces/community/372936/>

### QLife

QLife provides anonymous, LGBTQIA+ peer support and referral for people in Australia wanting to talk about a range of issues including sexuality, identity, gender, bodies, feelings or relationships.

QLife services are free and include both telephone and webchat support, delivered by trained LGBTI community members across the country. Our services are for LGBTQIA+ individuals, their friends and families, and health professionals.

