

# loosely based on gender

by  
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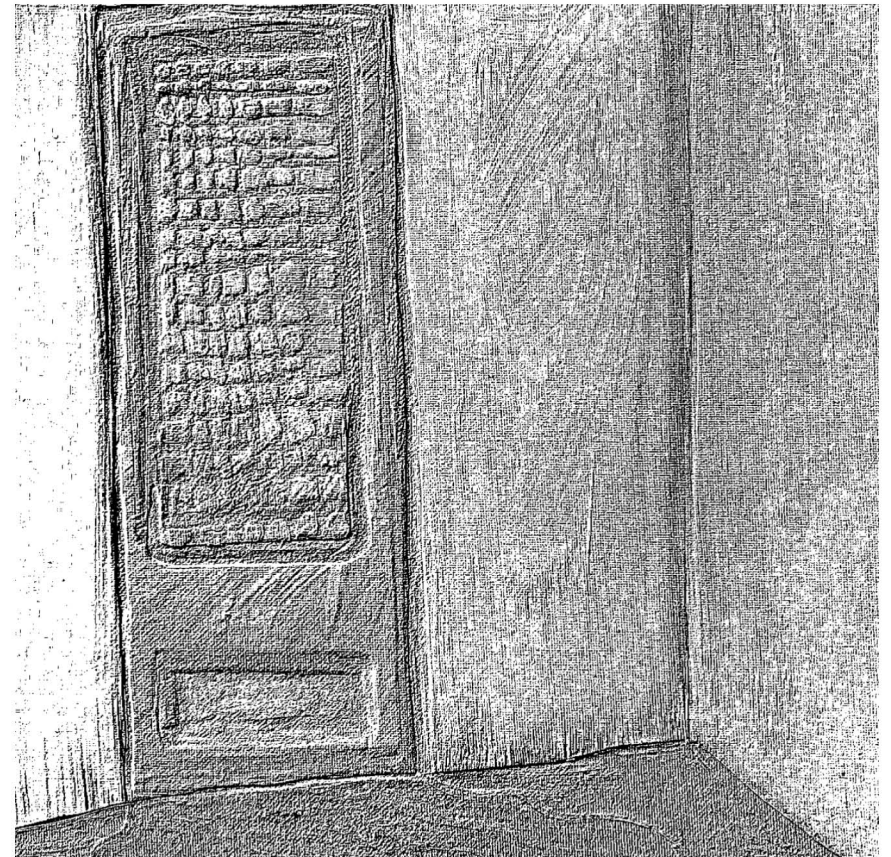
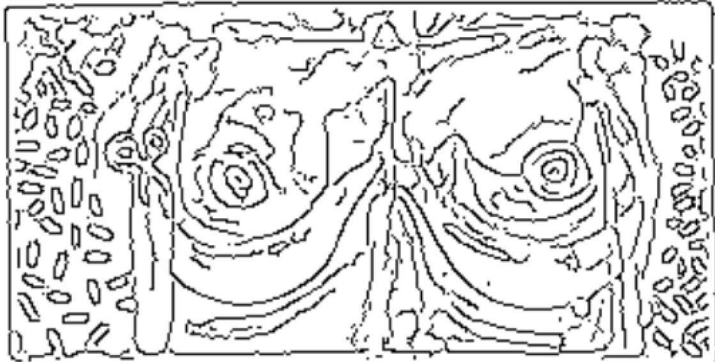
## a vestigial organ

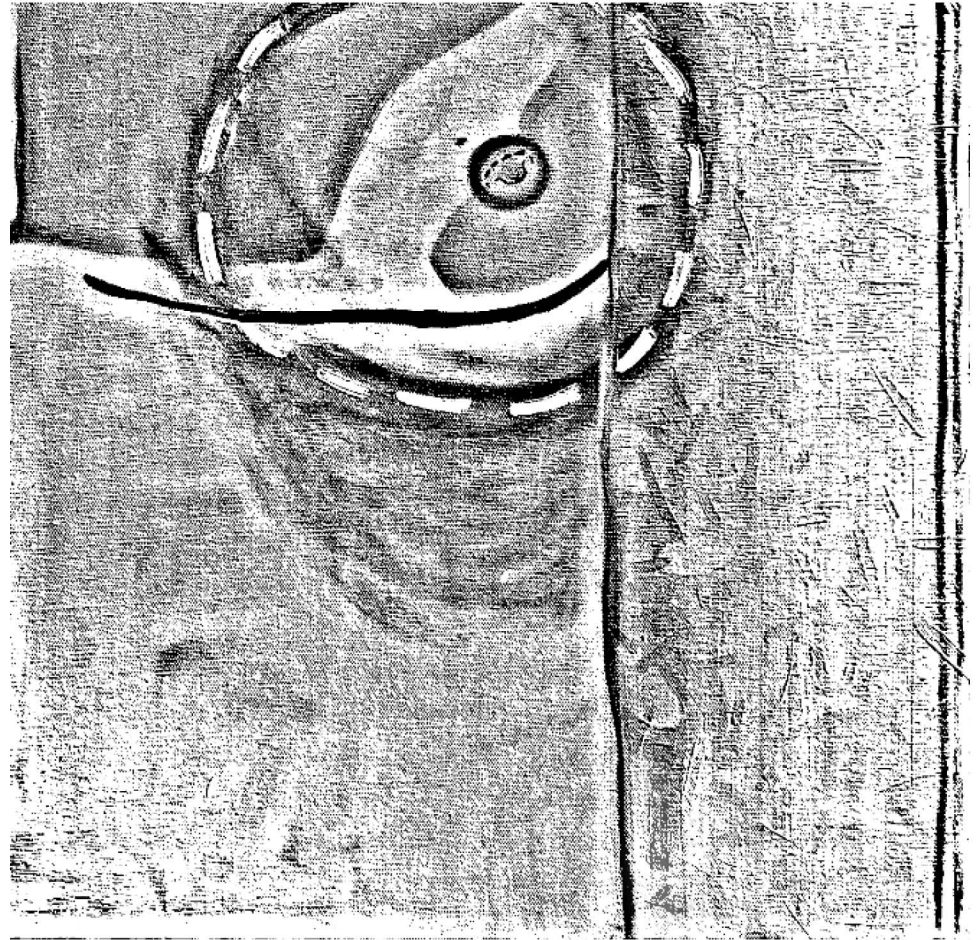


images found in this zine are  
glitches of original works  
found at [www.carmeldor.com](http://www.carmeldor.com)

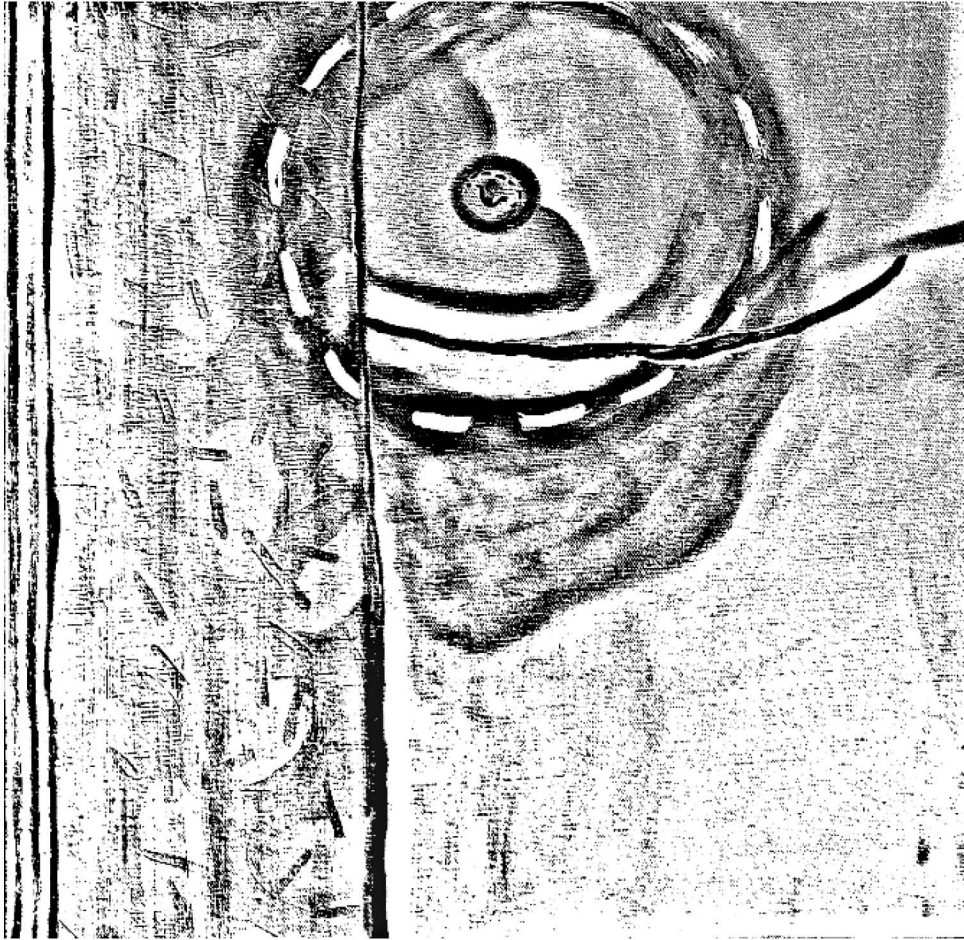


the breasts as





A rosy scab, misshapen, not yet peeled but lifting at the edges.  
Satisfaction close coming. A pleasure to wait at.



## De – velop – ment

“the unfolding”  
ongoing throughout lifetime

I am revealing myself to myself

Paraphrased from  
“Transitions: Making Sense of Life’s Changes”  
by Dr. William Bridges

Okay so, you’re crossing a river

~ c h a n g e ~

and you leave a dock on one side headed for a dock on the other side

{These Are Two Distinct Sides}

As you are crossing, you realize

the dock you thought would be on the other side is not there

oh.

☞ You turn around to return to the first dock but now that’s also gone

oh no.

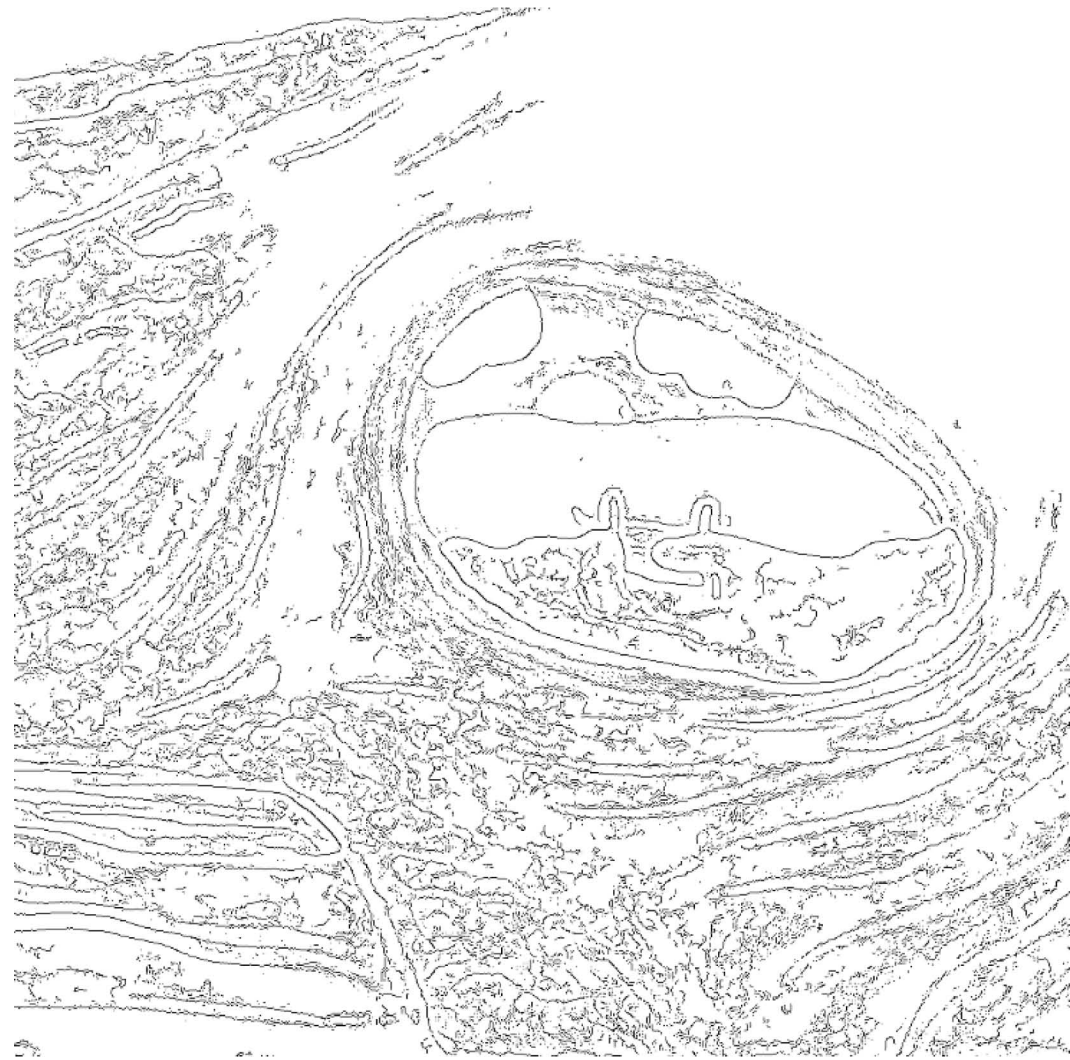
You’re stuck

drifting on the river

you’re in the void.



Can I get access to my content algorithms and change them so I can become the person I want to be?





Sometimes I feel so far away from my hands.

Like there are three lifetimes between us

and they belong to some other person out

there who knows what to do with them.

Other times they feel too close and I feel so

small.

But right now they feel long like spider legs,

like they should be dancer's arms or some-

thing elegant but they are mine – clumsy on

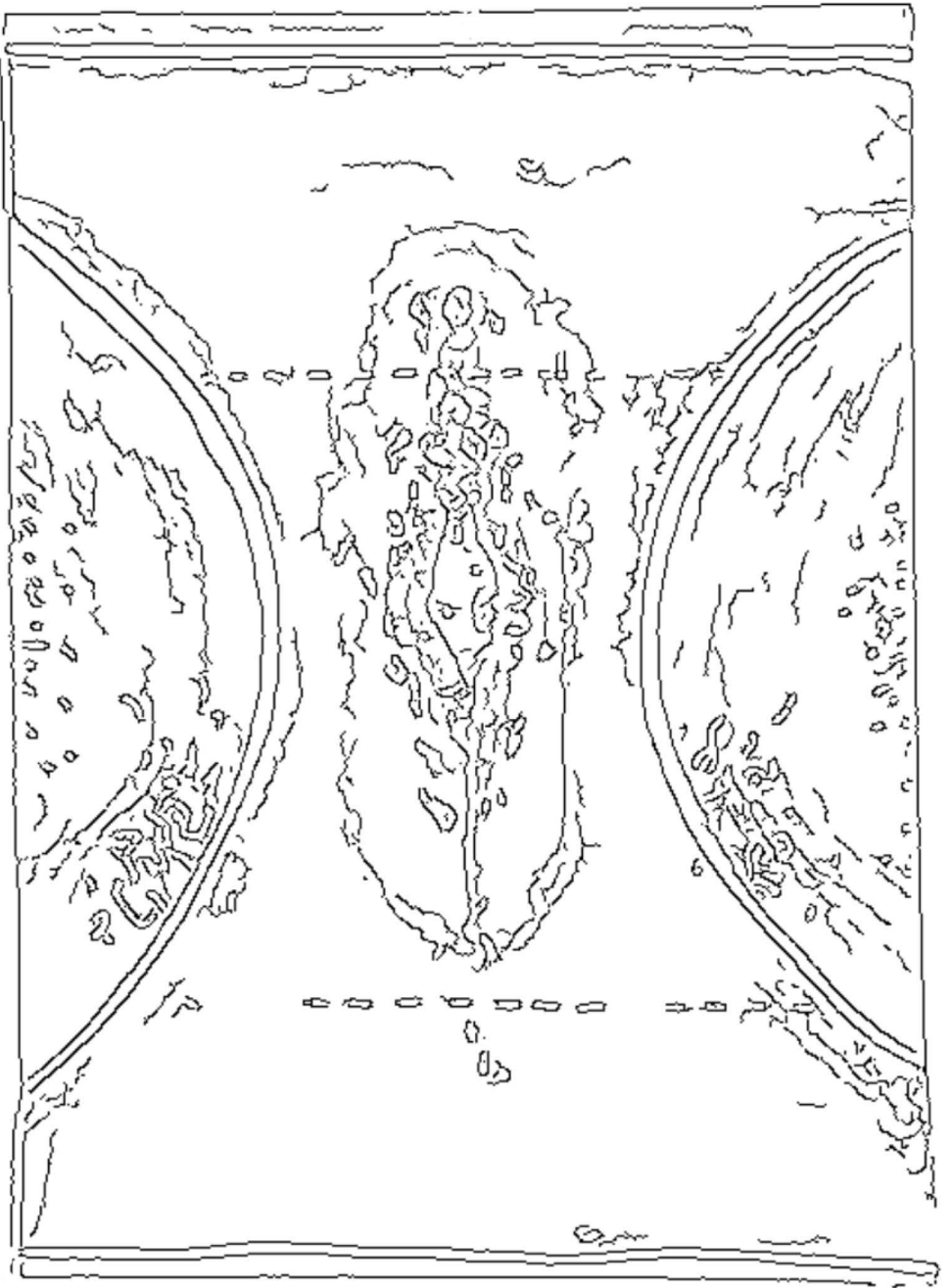
my body. Jutting out and crumbling down by

my sides motionless waiting for that other

person to come and take control.



**WE ARE GIFTED  
BODIES THAT  
WE NEVER ASKED FOR**



“What does your vagina do when it’s not bleeding?” He asked.



My tongue is atlas  
holding up a world of pressure  
by the roof of my mouth.

My mother taught me that.

She also taught me that I am the  
only thing keeping me alive.

“It thinks about bleeding.”

me and robert maplethorpe and f  
felix gonzalez-torres and keith h  
julien and yishay garbasz and rl  
grant wood and annie leibovitz a  
and caravaggio and jean-michel  
and hannah hoch and david hoc  
nan goldin and wu tsang and ju  
and tamara de lempicka and zach  
tuesday smillie and mark bradfc  
muholi and francis bacon and co  
okeeffe and micha cardenas an  
vivian bond and andy warhc  
wojnarowicz and berenice abbc  
harrod and laura aguilar and glu  
robert rauschenberg and mickale  
ellsworth kelly and simeon solor  
lankton and cassils and lauren s  
peter hujar and merce cunningh  
serrano and and and and and an



rida kahlo and kehinde wiley and  
aring and diane arbus and isaac  
rys ernst and candy darling and  
nd catherine opie and john cage  
basquiat and john singer sargent  
ckney and beauford delaney and  
iliana huxtable and jasper johns  
ary drucker and evan ifekoya and  
ord and vaginal davis and zanele  
oper lee bombardier and georgia  
d leonardo da vinci and justin  
ol and amos mac and david  
ott and claude cahun and jesse  
ck and richard bruce nugent and  
ne thomas and luis caballero and  
nan and sharon hayes and greer  
sandler and charles demuth and  
iam and patrick staff and andres  
d and and and and and and and

## Anxiety Mantras

*I have never been so sure in my life.*

(I'm terrified I'm not making a decision for my genuine self)  
when do I exist? am I now or am I later? how do long I exist?  
when does it cease to matter?

*I love myself now more than I ever have.*

(I hate that I am a difficult person to know)  
is it fun to abstract oneself? is this a phase? one that never  
ends and no one can prepare you for. Is it possible to be  
prepared?

*I am beautiful in my body*

(I feel like a monster)  
will anyone love me in my body? do I make you feel angry,  
defensive, confused? I feel like those should be my feelings.

What it means to accept being trans:

- googling reasons not to be
  - daydreaming of why it will be good
  - feeling pressure to not do it
- & to do it

risk reminds us life is short and we are our selves.

fear makes us think life is long and we will dwell on all our future selves



A lot of shaking:  
my head  
my nerves  
my breasts  
will I miss them?

