

TRANZINE

✂ THE INTERNET! ✂

issue 2



illustrated by Aiden Rodriguez



my mother's hair is turning grey
my cousin's taller than before
it snowed four inches yesterday
(i hope we get some more)

our polish chips to paint again
as buds begin to bloom
rejuvenate and leave the den
(they love the thunder's boom)

to say the sunset's beautiful
would be no small reduction
boxelders swarm so dutiful
(in time for road construction)

the mallard's plumage fades
the horns of deer are shed
the leaves will fall in coming days
(since now they've all turned red)

consistent inconsistency
time flows forward, changes abound
you ask what transition means to me?
(open your eyes and look around)

the real + true

JAE+ARI

issue 2

only 5¢!

aiden
rodriguez

hey y'all!
it's the end
of december!
you know what
that means!



that's RIGHT! finals! quit
the holiday cheer!
we're going to
be studying today!

bring your
books! girl!



later.. stupid
studying! why
cant we run
into the woods
together!!!



you know what!!!
screw this!!!
lets go run away
and bird-watch!

same
girl



you
go girl!



later again..

so much better
than studying

agreed



GREAT TITS!



oh... thank
you....



nooo
silly!
they're tit birds,
a part of the
paridae family.
a family of
small passerine
birds which occur
in north america

oh hehe... seems
like i have not been
studying...

did you skip
studying for bird
school or
smth?



umm... birdology!!

yea

fr?

fr

broh

well at
least you know
about tits now



yay





The View from Halfway Down *by Alison Tafel*

The weak breeze whispers nothing
The water screams sublime
His feet shift, teeter-totter
Deep breath, stand back, it's time

Toes untouch the overpass
Soon he's water bound
Eyes locked shut but peek to see
The view from halfway down

A little wind, a summer sun
A river rich and regal
A flood of fond endorphins
Brings a calm that knows no equal

You're flying now
You see things much more clear
than from the ground
It's all okay, it would be
Were you not now halfway down

Thrash to break from gravity
What now could slow the drop
All I'd give for toes to touch
The safety back at top

But this is it, the deed is done
Silence drowns the sound
Before I leaped I should've seen
The view from halfway down

I really should've thought about
The view from halfway down
I wish I could've known about
The view from halfway down

In The Dark

Sun around the Moon around the Earth.
Out of bed again. Turning under my feet,
We're in tomorrow.

I wish it was the day after -
"You'll spend half your life waiting"-
Nothing happens all at once.

The best time to plant a tree
Was twenty years ago.
The second best time is now.

Days are brighter now,
Mirrors shine more light,
It's hard to say what changed.

Someplace You'd Rather Live

Stirring an unease that sits uneasily,
A broth like tapa cloth
Lies with grace in a book of stories
And worlds you'd rather live.

Perhaps Lewis' bridge between planes
And its unending wonder,
Or Tolkien's great adventure,
Leading to honour and splendour,
Maybe yet a spark, new or old,
That lights a song where none
Has been so bold.



Transitioning is a little bit of a Jeremy Bearimy.

Jeremy Bearimy

You've just got to be ✨you!✨.

By and By

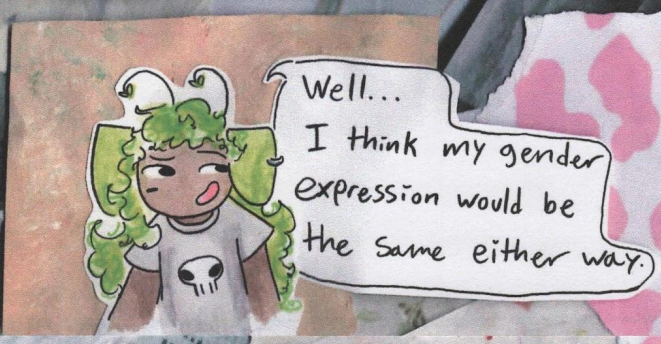
By the stream, high, I'd sit in branches,
And read, like some fairy tale,
By an orchard of apple and pear,
By the rustle of kikuyu, low, I'd sit by rocks,
And watch, like some fairy tale,
By an old bridge, rusting through,
By the light of the eclipse moon, I'd look up,
And, in the frost, like some fairy tale,
By that number plate in the sand,
By the start of a gold rush, I'd stay,
And I'd never go home,
Like some fairy tale.



fem|dot|nz

Yazmin & tv rni

"TRANSITION"



me now:

me, post-gender affirming care:



Still Trans

Still Valid

<https://tvkid.online/>

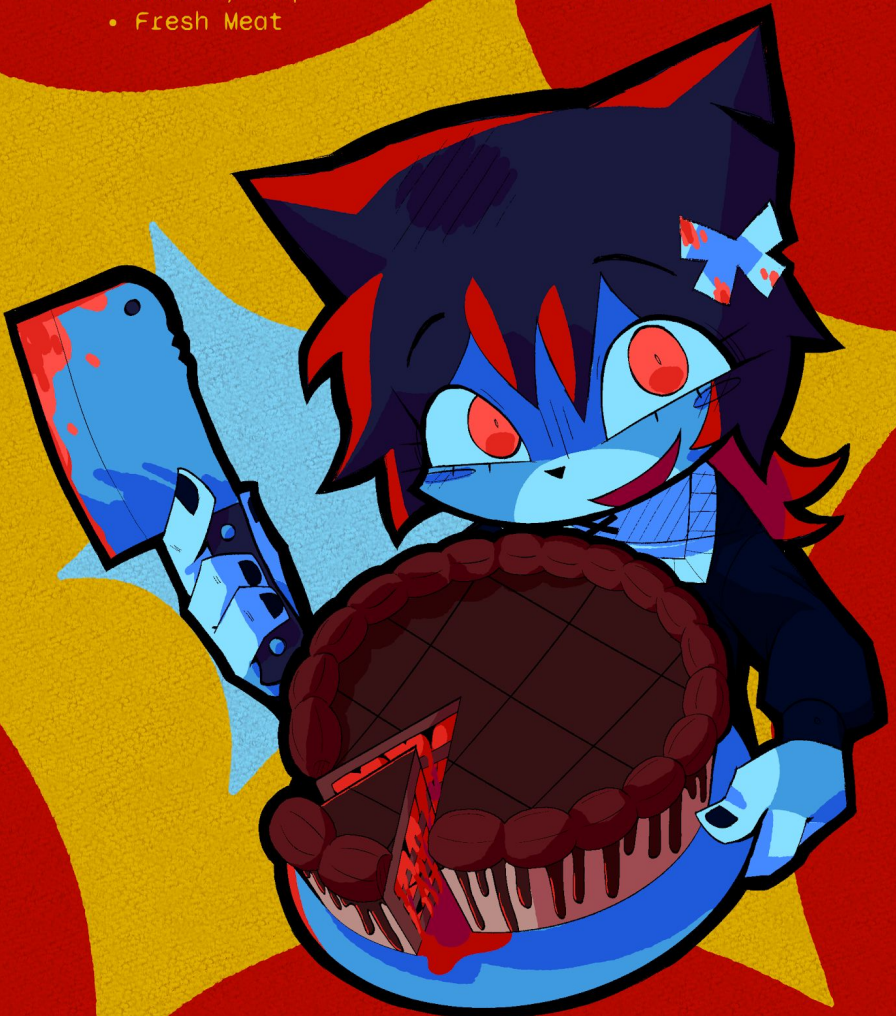


SONGS TO EAT YOUR FRIENDS TO

"Fuck vegan, go cannibal"

tinyurl.com/songs2eat

- Eat Your Friends
 - People Eater
 - Twist The Knife
- Yes, to Err is Human, So Don't Be One!
 - Butcher Vanity
- Big Town Banky Blaine's Rockabilly Bbq
 - Fresh Meat
- ROT FOR CLOUT
- LOVESICK, CANNIBAL!
- 64 Little White Things
 - Dinner Is Not Over
 - Misery Meat
 - DINNER!
 - Cannibal
 - Eat You





(UN)

TIMEZONE

LABELS FOR PEOPLE WHO WON'T REMEMBER THEM

after sg huerta's "trans poetica"

signs you might be atemporal:

- what happened yesterday is still happening. what happens tomorrow doesn't exist. what happens now is all eternity
- and what's happening now is that you feel awkward as hell.
- you binge-read emma goldman's completed works when you're stressed, but only the ones about family abolition. her prime feels like yesterday and forever.
- if a liminal space had pronouns, that would be you
- when you were six someone said "what do you need, little girl" and you responded with "the annihilation of all order" and then everyone got worried
- when you were infinite, tomorrow and gone already, you were still worried
- you have three planners. you're compensating for many things, mostly the forgotten
- feral anarchy is a goal, feral anxiety is a reality.
- you have a calendar. most of what's on it is aspirational. and you have a pinterest board, where you do your actual planning.
- texting makes you wonder what it's like to be incomprehensible
- you wish you were a void creature, but the genderfucked kind
- nothing feels real, except what does.

signs everyone has noticed you're atemporal:

- well, you don't notice, because that was last year
- which means, of course, it's happening right now.

TRANPHIBIAN

i walk through the pinks and greys of desire
never fully belonging to either—
i could have been your sister in arms or
one of the only men you trust yet instead
i am thin air and soft night skies and forgetting
refer to me as your apparition—your rolling thunder

that vanishes in a second. one foot in the cleansing ocean and one on
amorphous verdant
and yet i will always set fire to your prairie grasses—will always be
extinguished

or else negate—i swim through acidified seas called womanhood

and wonder why i'm
the only one whose skin
burns and cannot survive—
call me your tranphibian
watch me destroy every shred
of patriarchy i touch only to
crawl back am i normal enough to breathe
underwater?

i don't want to know what you assume

when you look upon my body, don't want to know
what a gender is—i will never be anything more than
the parasitic plants that linger between sea and sky
the algae that is unnoticed yet ignored—

i don't want to know

what being gay is because if i did you would have gendered me
in the first place
—am i normal enough to drown?

(DOOM) SCROLLS

you dance amidst the pixelated glow of the algorithm
blue light like an interrogation room—you are the ones and zeros
of the algebra class our warehoused (un)gifted peers were forced
into

at age seven. i can't help but see you creeping through the screen
anytime i log onto social media—my wannabe casanova who
somehow never leaves the house—my social experiment—
your what-if-i-was-gay-for-someone—and my what if i was gay

for life herself? you come out to me while i break open
text me while i learn that the mute button
is an even better invention than penelope scott and liminal spaces
text me that you're asleep, and i don't believe you but finally
feel myself jolting aware after months of radio silence
manufactured repression, the cold air of our respective suburbs
intermingling, carceral enough to contain you

restraint only makes me more feral, you said
trying to explain why you casually repressed me, why
you took the role of the statist when the mantle of the victim
was already taken, the black-and-white of what was once twitter
glowing on your skin—you are my X in more ways than one—
doomscroll to forget me while i make every attempt
to forget that we could only spell impending doom.

BUT... DO I COUNT?

BY OLLIE OLLIVEEN (they/them)

GIRL MODE
24/7

no interest
in HRT or
surgery

still use
my birth
name &
consider
both it and
Ollie to be
my "real"
names

don't correct
people who get
the pronouns
wrong



this is me

i've always felt like a bit of an impostor in the trans community. i am trans in pronouns only: i look cis, i dress like my agab, i don't ever plan on transitioning, & i don't have dysphoria. up until recently, i did not identify as trans because i did not feel "trans enough".

i feel like the stereotype of what transphobes think a nonbinary person is: a "woman lite" who just wants to be quirky without actually committing to transness. i was so afraid of rejection from the trans community for not fitting an image, for being cis passing, for not having to deal with the same hardships that other trans people do.

but i recently had an experience where my friend, who is also nonbinary and presents very similar to me, referred to us both as "trans people" in a conversation, and it really shook something awake in me. i have been so afraid to claim the trans label because i'm not "trans enough", but seeing someone who looks like me unabashedly say "yeah, i'm trans and so are you" completely changed my perspective.

it made me realize that i DO belong here. i deserve to have my gender identity respected regardless of how i present. it's unfair and anti-thetical to every value i've learned from the queer community to box people's identities in based on how they perform gender for others.

**FUCK IT!! IT'S
MY GENDER AND I'LL DO
WHAT I WANT!!**

transness doesn't "look" like anything, the trans and queer communities are so vast and diverse full of beauty, and we are stronger together <3



SONG OF THE ~~WEEK~~ ZINE

at my beloved website

olliveen.neocities.org we feature a new song of the week every single week. welcome to song of the zine where i will be yapping about one of my fav songs ever:

I/ME/MYSELF by WILL WOOD

(ollie's song of the week #60, may 20 2024)

i feel as though i relate to this song in a backwards way: i am a non-androgynous, fem-presenting nonbinary person and will wood wrote this about his experience as a cis gender-nonconforming man. he sings about his desire to present femininely while still having his identity as a man respected, and I desire to present feminiely without having my nonbinary indentity erased.



this song's message about how gender presentation and identity do not fit into boxes resonates with me deeply. by creating definitions of what someone's gender identity "should be", we are just creating a whole new binary that defeats the point of gender fuckery in the first place. it is nobody's place but yours to say who you are. also: song fucking good. the doo wop?? are you kiiidding me?? please listen to it right meow.

the end!! want more sick nasty music content? visit olliveen.neocities.org today

thanks for reading i love you

Transition



What it means to me

Let's look at some definitions first:

transition ^{1 of 2} noun

tran-si-tion [tran\(t\)-si-shən](#) [tran-zi-](#) chiefly British [tran\(t\)-si-zhən](#)

plural transitions

Synonyms of *transition* >

- 1 a : a change or shift from one state, subject, place, etc. to another

(Source: www.merriam-webster.com)

transition

[[tran-zish-uhn](#), -sish-]

Phonetic (Standard) IPA

noun

- 1 movement, passage, or change from one position, state, stage, subject, concept, etc., to another; change:
The transition from adolescence to adulthood can be difficult.


Synonyms: [conversion](#), [passing](#), [changeover](#)

(Source: www.dictionary.com)

1. transitive. To cause to undergo a transition; to bring from one state or place to another.
[Show quotations](#)

“Cite”  Historical thesaurus ▾

2. intransitive. To make or undergo a transition from one place, state, or system (to or into another); to change over or switch.
[Show quotations](#)

“Cite”  Historical thesaurus ▾

(Source: www.oed.com/dictionary)

transition

 Add to list  Share
Other forms: **transitions**; **transitioning**; **transitioned**
[IPA guide](#)

A *transition* is a change from one thing to the next, either in action or state of being—as in a job transition or as in the much more dramatic example of a caterpillar making a transition into a butterfly.

(Source: www.vocabulary.com)

So what does that mean to **ME?**

*You might have noticed a trend
when reading all of those definitions...*

A lot of them describe transition as:

“The act of going from one place to another.”

or

“To physically change states of matter ie; from Solid to liquid etc.”

But to me? I kinda think transitioning is more like the opposite.

*I know it sounds crazy,
but really I mean it.*

**From my own lived experience of being trans
the term itself only describes
the external actions that one takes
or**

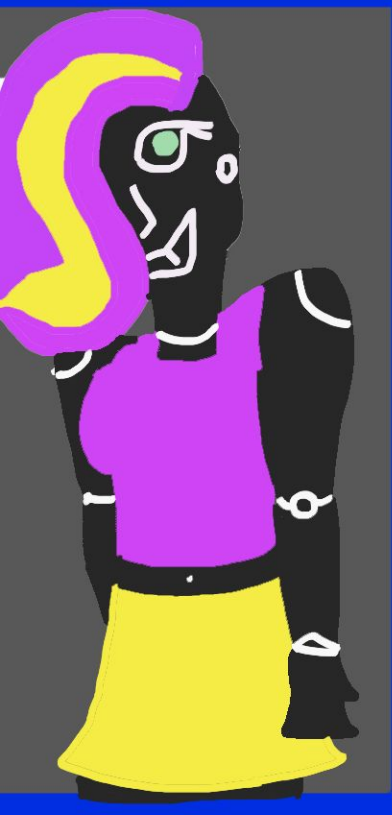
**observations of changes that occur,
it does not describe the feeling of existing.**

**I've put off finishing this because frankly I find this
feeling more magical and intagible than the boring scientific
language often ascribed to transgender people.**

**A foot knows that it's a foot when it hits the ground,
but what about feet floating in the void?**

**The mystical and fascinating thing about being trans is that
we know we exist even in the void,
infact many of us exist that way**

**it's my hope for the future
that things do not have to continue this way.**



Hey, it's Jay!

It's me! Jay of thejay-ester.
neocities.org! I'm also known for my YouTube channel Jay-ToH. Anyway, I'm rushing this page to meet the deadline so I'd like to say, some of my favorite trans YouTubers are

Leadhead
FairyPrincessLucy
RickiHirsch
Lady Emily
Melody Nosurname
ari melody
IvoryTV

...and me!

Anyway, just want to wish everyone well this holiday season and also to stay safe for the love of god. It would make me feel better to see you happy so please, ignore all the bigotry and stand strong. Am I a hypocrite? Yes but whatever.

Anyway soon I'll release a website for my YouTube channel which is cool, I'll also release the fourth Jay Quiz which will be very fun for you! So be sure to stay tuned. I even have a discord server if you want to come, along with a BlueSky and DeviantArt. Anyways!

GREAT JOB TRANSING THE INTERNET!

MERRY GREGSMAS!

[HTTPS://MURUMART.ITCH.IO/GREG-RPG](https://murumart.itch.io/greg-rpg)

THE GIFT SMELLS
OF SHAMPOO





(winter 2024 issue)

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thank you all for
contributing :-)

more @

transring.neocities.org/zine