The Weiland Health Initiative presents

Body & Mind

A Trans Zine
A Letter from the Editor

Dear queer family and ally friends,

Sponsored by the Weiland Health Initiative, this winter/spring trans zine focuses on our relations to and feelings about our gendered/sexed bodies and social interactions, whether they be termed gender dysphoria, gender euphoria, somewhere in-between, or neither. Trans, NB, gender non-conforming, and other gender variant individuals who feel an incongruence between body and mind are often exposed to a particular narrative about what this mismatch looks like: you are “trapped” in your body, distressed by the parts you have, and the way you and society view them, wishing they might be something else.

Sometimes this is labelled gender dysphoria, a psychiatric diagnosis. While this diagnosis may be affirming for some, for others it can be alienating and pathologizing, taking power away from trans individuals and putting it in the hands of the medical system. This can often leave some asking, am I trans enough?

This zine aims to highlight the diversity of ways trans individuals experience this incongruence - whether that be through bodily sensations, social interactions, or both, in ways that range from debilitating distress to hopeful yearning. For some, these sensations may have been apparent from a young age, while for others they could have waxed and waned over time or come about more recently. Even others might feel distressed about a body part or a social experience that others sharing the same identity do not. Each individual’s experience of their gender, and that gender’s relation to the world, varies, and each is equally valid. We hope that, in this zine, the breadth of voices and ways of being are heard and seen, and that there is space for everyone who wants to tell their story. Am I trans enough? is a question for you, and no one else, to answer.

Lovingly,
Bobby Radecki (she/they)
Kristel Bugayong (she/her) is a Gaysian American illustrator, cartoonist and bard based in the Bay Area. Inspired by the chaotic good and radical love.
IG @kristelbugayong
Alejandro Poler (any pronouns) is a senior studying architecture. He loves music and making art and cooking with friends.
Eyup Eren Yurek (they/them or any, depends on the day you are asking)
I come from the Orient
Going nowhere
But I know that there will be books and poems under the rainbow I pass
To Be the Mist

last night, i dreamt i was a forest in a thunderstorm.
    wild, unknown
    charged with possibility.
i dreamt i was a basil plant,
    tended gently by transcendent hands.
i dreamt i was the last kiss of sun before dusk,
    the quiet drizzle of spring rain,
    the gentle clatter of a coffee shop.

i have wanted nothing more than to be the mist
    curling up
    in the early morning, pressingsweetly
    along God's original baptismal font.

i have been a meadowlark's song
    the gentle glow of a distant star
    the texture of creek water
    the smell of bread

i have been everything except this body,
    grasped by too many hands

Annabel Conger (they/them) wishes they were a sentient patch of haze
but also could still grow plants and pet their cat.
Mikel Daniel-Robinson (they/he/she) is an undergraduate student majoring in English with a Creative Writing emphasis, but would be a Creative Writing major if it were an option for Stanford undergrads. Mikel enjoys writing, photography, and spending time with loved ones. Mikel does not enjoy writing about themselves in the third person.
Cairo Mo (they/he) is a junior at Stanford University studying Symbolic Systems and Art Practice. In their work, Cairo is interested in exploring the separation between the self and the body, while bringing together self-horror and body-horror.
I have recurring nightmares my hair grows back
inverse cancer patient
at least I imagine
I suppose they’re braver:
their hair gone,
nightmare realized
time struck to live through
I end the dream
tossing my hair in front of a mirror
reconciling myself to my new-old face
though I suppose it’s not the face,
rather the frame
& seemingly inherent gendering
I see all the weight that was being
a girl reimposed
the crushing shame turned self-disgust
whenever someone told me to cover my body
that night dancing at fifteen
in short knit shorts
feeling simply, sweating too hard to think
you need to change
she told me
the kids are pointing and laughing
I disappear
the way having such a body felt
like playing chicken with a firecracker in your mouth
sweating, waiting, knowing
you were ultimately screwed unless you gave
up
sometimes that power hypnotized
but mostly it only hurt
shrill pain that reverberated
like an abscess
you could never be quite finished
draining it
so it’s easier to be some kind of boy
sexier, even
I can hold onto this form without destroying myself
I’m starting to see me in the mirror
& think it’s me that looks back

Anna Krakowsky (they/them) is from New York, New York. They enjoy the sound rain makes at nighttime when you’re inside, the absence of mosquitoes in California and drinking heavily.
Ari Pefley (they/them preferred, but okay with she/her) is an artist, a poet, a designer, and a million other things. They come from a low socioeconomic background (poor, and proud of it). They really want to become a part of a queer community and contribute to it in a profound way.
June Burkle (they/them) is an aspiring digital artist and game designer majoring in computer science at Stanford.
My mother the capitalist says
I am going to have to learn
with the times. The sky
buildings now much
to run them. My grand
shopping center where
there is no longer dust or
girl ruining her shoes
A shopping center is more
I think. The point is
that would stay yours,
Across a body of water
gentrification. Across this
to remember how I fit in
I wear purple satin pants
& across a body
of all the dresses I have
I know things are changing.
A new body arrives
bored. I have been asked
without grief, & I laugh
things are changing &
how to keep up
line tells me there are
larger than our capacities
mother tells me there is a
Tanforan used to be, meaning
horse stalls or a small
in the mud, & I don’t mind.
bearable than a concentration camp,
that you never owned anything
anyway, didn’t you know.
I am in the place that birthed
body, I draw new lines everyday
to different spaces. Today
because I am far from my family,
of water, they dream
hidden underneath my bed.
I change them every day.
& I send the last one back,
how a trans person can live
& ask how anyone can.

Syd Westley
(they/them) is a
sleepy boi and a
small poet.
Mike Solorio (he/they) is a Materials Science major just tryna feel the love and spread it as well. They’re a bi and non-binary dude from Santa Ana, Southern California. At school here he loves spending his time dancing and hanging out in queer spaces.
Resources

**Weiland Website:**
https://weiland.stanford.edu/

**Weiland Email:**
weilandhealth@stanford.edu

**QSR Website:**
https://queer.stanford.edu/

Scan for the Guide to Trans Resources at Stanford!