

A collaborative documentation by trans individuals



مستند دامج من أفراد ترانس

Compassion

Elde

ENBODY

# Why this zine:

#### Written by Wissam and Zakaria

In September 2022, Qorras's team organized a writing workshop focusing on trans joy in an attempt to present an alternative to the ongoing discourse addressing trans issues from the perspective of violations and victimization to the joy in collectiveness and shared pain. The writing workshop was facilitated by a team from Perspectivity, based in the Netherlands, who follow a unique methodology of writing guided by facilitators over a 2-day process.

The workshop brought together 22 trans individuals from different gender expressions for a weekend of writing and creativity during which many issues were brought to the surface, including the lack of preparation from the organizing team to handle such a gathering, which was the first of its kind t. For this very reason, we all had to take a step back and re-evaluate the process of the workshop in a way that gives justice and space to the participants. It was an unspoken but also a very vocal agreement that as a community, we all needed different mediums of creativity, mediums that spark belonging, openness and unexpected connectedness, which was felt from the honesty and adaptability of the participants.

As organizers, we also needed to reflect on the situation as it arose, and despite the trust our community and peers placed in us, and their acknowledgement to our adaptability and responsiveness towards their concerns, it was paramount that we address accountability from our position of power and the responsibility attached to it. Working on identities is never easy and there is no one-size-fits-all in how we approach our work with peers and just because we are trans ourselves it is not enough of a reason to bring in a group of trans individuals together and assume their trust in a space that wants to talk about joy.

The writing workshop was an eye opening experience that highlighted our shortcomings in preparing for this gathering and it placed our capacity in question. Questioning our capacity doesn't come from a place of shortage in skills, expertise or care for the community, it comes from a place of realization that workshops

such as this, require full time dedication and employment, when in reality, all of Qorras's team work on a volunteering basis and are minimally compensated due to constraints of project-based funding. Taking on a project-based funding means that it will be labor intensive and does not factor in human efforts with all the donor requirements, meeting deadlines and targets without giving due value for the process and the efforts put along the way.

Another shortcoming worth mentioning is the way we accounted for the language barrier amongst participants and between the facilitators and participants. Seeking a creative space where people can write and express freely should not be disrupted by instantaneous translation and rigidity of structures. Inclusivity in language goes beyond preparing documents and paperwork and using correct pronouns, it transcends to the attitudes, comfort and momentary state of being that individuals should feel in a certain space and time.

characters and sense of solidarity that can truly help us build a community together. Which leads to the tre-evaluation of Qorras' values when it comes to opening such spaces for people.

When conceptualizing the writing workshop and establishing the process, the excitement of the team was evident in having a weekend spent with a group of trans folks where we can connect, bond and be creative. In our excitement, we underestimated the enthusiasm of other peers in sharing a similar space, the need for community support and connectedness exceeded the needs of the writing workshop's outcome itself. People wanted to get to know each other and us. Our peers were curious about us, as Qorras, but also as older trans individuals who have been in the Queer movement for over a decade now. They were also curious as to why we chose the writing workshop when the most needed conversation to have is a conversation across gender, generation and movements, therefore it was important for us to adapt and respond to this rather than entertain the project itself.

Our shortcomings as organizers prompted Qorras's team to conduct a post-workshop evaluation session in the form of a group after taking some distance from the workshop. It also allowed for Qorras's team to do the necessary reflection to voice some of the problems and how to move forward in the future. Furthermore, it made us acknowledge that if we had the knowledge then of what we know and learned now, we will still have

shortcomings and something will somehow go wrong. This is not to say that we are unable to prepare and organize, this is to say that we recognize the particularity of the trans experience and how it reacts in certain spaces.

With this being said, we also wanted to give our peers and ourselves some credit for the mutual trust. The workshop was a one-of-a-kind gathering, and as trans individuals, we acknowledge the scarcity of spaces where we can bond and connect in an enabling setting. Despite the mishaps, the constant communication and responsiveness between us as organizers and our peers created a foundation of collectiveness and willingness to collaborate and organize together in the upcoming period. It also brought to fruition this very zine that encompasses the drawings, writings, the art and emotions captured and developed throughout the process. This zine serves as an alternative form of documentation as well as a symbol of extended trust that Qorras values, knowing that there is no legitimacy for our work without the trust and support of our peers.

While 2022 is now wrapping up, all the events that took place throughout the year, and the constant demands on trans visibility while also dealing with an economic and security crisis, it is safe to say that we are an exhausted bunch. 2022 further demonstrated the fact that trans efforts are taken for granted and the price of accessibility provided to us in spaces is the extraction of labor that leads to our burn out. Nonetheless, we are aware that the work should not be halted as the need for these spaces is vital for the community. We want to ensure that we are creating and providing access in ways that answer to the community's demands and are rooted in the connection that we create together and not for the sake of grants or funds.

# لِمَ هذه المجلّة:

### بقلم وسام و زکریّا

نظّم فريق كرّاس في شهر أيلول/سبتمبر من عام 2022 ورشة كتابةٍ تتمركز حول "فرحة العبور" في محاولةٍ لتقديم بديلٍ للنقاشات الحاليّة الّتي تتناول المسائل المعنيّة بالعبور من منظور الانتهاكات وخطاب الضحيّة ولإعادة توجيهها إلى الفرحة القابعة في الجماعة والألم المشترك. نظّم فريقٌ من منظّمة "بيرسبكتيفتي" الكائنة في النرويج الورشة. واتّبع هذا الفريق نهجًا كتابيًّ ا تولّى المنظّمون إدارته خلال العمليّة الّتي دامت ليومين.

جمعت الورشة 22 من الأفراد الترانس ذوي/ات مختلف طرق التعبير الجندرية في عطلة نهاية الأسبوع مليئة بالكتابة والإبداع تخلّلها الاصطدام بعدّة مشاكل، منها قلّة تحضير الفريق المنظّم الّتي منعته من التعامل كما يجب مع مثل هذا الاجتماع الفريد من نوعه. واضطررنا لهذا السبب إلى التراجع وإعادة تقييم عمليّة الورشة بما يعطي مساحةً للمشاركين/ات وينصفهم/ن. وبدا من الواضح للجميع، مع أنّنا لم نتحدّث عن الموضوع، أنّنا بصفتنا جماعة نحتاج إلى وسائط تعبير مختلفة، وسائط تشعل شرارةً من الانتماء والانفتاح والترابط غير المتوقّع. وبدا هذا جليًّ ا في صراحة المشاركين/ات وقدرتهم/ن على التأقلم.

شعرنا أيضًا بصفتنا منظّمين بالحاجة إلى التفكير بالوضع بينما حصل. وكان من المهم لنا أن نتطرّق إلى مساءلة ومحاسبة أنفسنا من موقع القوّة الّذي نشغله وما يصحبه من مسؤوليّة، بغض النظر عمّا أعطانا إيّاه أقراننا وجماعتنا من ثقةٍ واعترافٍ بقدرتنا على التأقلم مع مخاوفهم والتفاعل معها. يصعب العمل على موضوع الهويّات، فنحن لا نعتمد منهجًا واحدًا يلائم الجميع في عملنا مع أقراننا، وكوننا عابرين/ات ليس سببًا كافيًا لجمع أفراد ترانس وافتراض ثقتهم بمساحةٍ تهدف إلى الحديث عن الفرحة.

كانت ورشة الكتابة هذه تجربة منيرة سلطت الضوء على مشكلاتنا في تحضير هذا الاجتماع ووضعت قدراتنا في محل التشكيك. لا يأتي تشكيكنا من قلّة مهاراتنا وخبراتنا أو اهتمامنا بالجماعة، بل من إدراكنا أنّ مثل هذه الورشات تتطلّب وظيفةً دائمة وبذل وقت كامل، في حين أنّ عمل فريق كراس يقوم على أساس تطوّعي بأجرٍ زهيد بسبب القيود التّي يفرضها التمويل على أساس كل مشروع بمشروعه. فأخذ التمويل على أساس المشروع يعني أنّ العمل سيكون مكثفًا ولا يأخذ بعين الاعتبار المجهود البشري المبذول لتحقيق متطلبات المتبرّعين وإيفاء المواعيد والأهداف، ولا يقدّم ما تتطلبه مستحقات العملية وما بذل فيها من جهود.

خلال فترة التخطيط لورشة الكتابة وبدء العمليّة، بدا الفريق متحمسًا لقضاء الوقت مع مجموعةٍ من الأفراد الترانس في عطلة نهاية الأسبوع يملؤها التواصل والإبداع. إلّا أن حماسنا حال بيننا وبين تقييم مدى حماس أقراننا لمشاركة مساحة مشابهة، فالحاجة إلى الدعم والترابط المجتمعي فاق الحاجة إلى نتائج الورشة الكتابيّة. أراد/ت المشاركون/ات التعرّف علينا وعلى بعضهم/ن البعض. واعترى الفضول أقراننا حولنا بصفتنا مجموعة كرّاس، وكذلك لكوننا أفراد ترانس نكبرهم/ن عمرًا وأمضينا في الحراك الكويري ما يفوق العقد من العمر. ودفعهم الفضول للسؤال عمّا دفعنا لاختيار عقد ورشة كتابة في حين أنّ الحاجة الأكبر تكمن في خوض حوارٍ يتعدّى الجندر والأجيال والتحرّكات، لذا .كان من المهم لنا أن نتأقلم مع هذا ونتجاوب معه عوضًا عن الالتزام بالمشروع.

دفعت عيوب عملنا التنظيمي فريقنا إلى إجراء جلسة تقييمٍ لما بعد الورشة اتّخذت هيئة نقاشٍ جماعي. كان النقاش صريحًا ومباشرًا وبنّاءً وسمح للمشاركين/ات بالتعبير عن مخاوفهم/ن وملاحظاتهم/ن بعد الابتعاد عن الورشة. وسمحت لفريق كرّاس بالتفكير الضروري للتعبير عن بعض المشكلات وكيفيّة المضي قدمًا في المستقبل. أمّا بعد، فقد دفعتنا إلى الإقرار بأنّنا حتّى وإن كنّا ندري حينها بما ندريه وما تعلّمناه الآن، فما كان عملنا ليخلو من العيوب، وكنّا سنواجه المشكلات على أيّ حال. ولا ينبع إقرارنا هذا من عدم قدرتنا على التحضير والتنظيم، بل من اعترافنا بخصوصيّة تجربة العبور وكيفيّة تفاعلها في بعض المساحات.

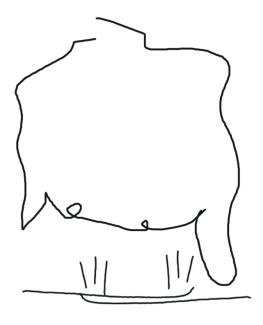
مع ذكر ما سبق، نودّ أيضًا أن نثني على أقراننا وأنفسنا على الثقة المتبادلة. فهذه الورشة اجتماعٌ فريدٌ من نوعه وبما أنّنا أفراد ترانس، فنحن نقر بندرة المساحات الّتي تمثّل بيئةً تمكننا من التواصل وتعزيز العلاقات. وبرغم العثرات، خلق التواصل والتجاوب المستمرّان بيننا بصفتنا منظمين/ات وبين أقراننا أساسًا للروح الجماعية والاستعداد للتعاون والتنظيم معًا خلال الفترة المقبلة. كما وقد أثمر هذه المجلّة الّتي تتضمّن ما التقطت وتطوّر خلال العمليّة من رسوماتٍ وكتاباتٍ وفنً ومشاعرٍ. تمثّل هذا المجلّة شكلًا بديلًا للتوثيق ورمزًا للثقة الممتدّة الّتي تقدّرها كرّاس، علمًا أنّ مصداقيّة عملنا مبنيّةٌ على ثقة أقراننا ودعمهم لنا.

مع اقتراب نهاية عام 2022 وكل ما أنجزناه خلاله من عملٍ ومع المطالبة المستمرّة بتمثيل العابرين/ات والتعامل مع أزمة اقتصاديّة وأمنيّة في الوقت عينه، يصحّ القول أنّنا جماعةٌ منهكةٌ. زاد عام 2022 من وضوح كيف أنّ جهود الأفراد الترانس تعامل على أنّها مسلّمةٌ وأنّنا ندفع ثمن الوصول المقدم لنا في المساحات عبر استخلاص العمل الّذي يؤدّي إلى إنهاكنا. مع ذلك، إنّنا على علم بأنّ العمل لا يجب إيقافه، فالمجتمع بحاجةٍ شديدةٍ إلى هذه المساحات. ونودّ أن نضمن أنّنا نخلق الوصول ونوفّره بما يتجاوب مع مطالب المجتمع وأنّنا متجذّرون في التواصل الّذي نخلقه معًا وليس بهدف الحصول على المنح والتمويل.





## Trans Joy



A state of emotion, or conflict, that is conceptualized from the already recurring existence of a greater emotion, Trans Pain.

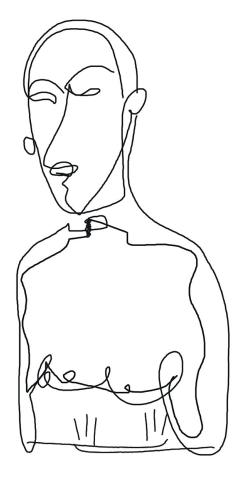
So, is it possible that Trans Joy is as genuine of a concept as Trans Pain? Or is it just a response, a mere breather, from Trans Pain?

Through the Zine, we (trans folk) aim to navigate through these emotions, and break the barriers that of which keep us away from honesty and self expression.

حالة من العاطفة، أو الصراع، يتم تصورها من الوجود المتكرر لعاطفة أكبر، ألم العبور

ُ إِذًا، هل يمكن أن تكون سعادة العبور مفهومًا أصيلًا كما ألم العبور؟

من خلال المطوية، نحن (الأجساد العابرة) نهدف الى الإبحار عبر هذه المشاعر، وكسر الحواجز التي تبقينا بعيدين عن الصدق والتعبير عن الذات



أكتب لنفسي، ولكل من يهمه-تهمها-همن، سماع قصتي؛لا شيء على وجه الخصوص، ربّما، ربما هي قائمةٌ بمشاعري، أو حاجاتي ورغباتي، إن لم يكن هناك أي استشعار للأمل؟ ربما هناك ما أراد أحدهم سماعه؟ ربما هناك ما احتجتُ لقوله؟

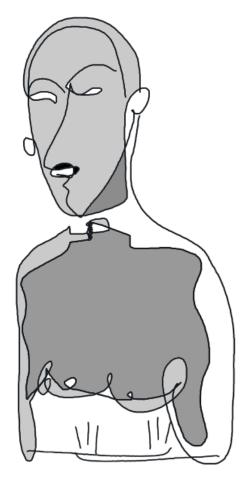
ربما علي الانصات لنفسي، دون ذريعة لاسقاط الأحكام، دون ذريعة لتدمير الذات، فقط لإساغة ما يريدك الجميع أن تكون-ي-وا-ن في حيواتهم اليومية.

ماذا أحتاج في حياتي؟ وهل سأقدر أبدًا على الوصول الى الذرائع؟ I am writing this for myself, and for whoever could be interested in hearing my story; maybe there's nothing too specific, maybe it's just a list of my emotions, or my wants and desires, if there's ever any sense of hoe?

Maybe there is something that someone else wanted to hear?

Maybe there is something that I needed to say?
Maybe I should listen to myself, with no means of judgement, with no means of self destruction, just to put up with what everyone wants you to be in their everyday life.

What do I need in my life? And could I ever have the means?





Everyone is a reflection of my own sense of being; every comparison that I make, is the mirror for which is how I see myself everyday; the feelings of admiration that I have for every person that I see, is a reflection for the possibilities for such emotions to be perceived onto me.

But why should I count on how I should e perceived? Why should I ever compare myself to anyone other than me? why can't I have my own identity? Why should my identity have to depend on what others see of me?

How could I ever consider myself? Who am I? And what do I really need?

الجميع انعكاس لاحساسي بالوجود، كل مقارنة أجريها، هي المرآة التي عبرها أرى نفسي كل يوم؛ مشاعر التقدير التي أحملها لكل من أرى، هي انعكاس لإمكانية رؤيتي بمشاعر مماثلة.

لكن لمَ علي الاعتماد على الصورة التي يجب أن أُرى ضمنها؟ لمَ علي مقارنة نفسي بأي أحد غيري؟ لم لا يمكنني أن أحمل هويتي الخاصة؟ لمَ يجب أن تعتمد هويتي على ما يراه الآخرون فيّ؟

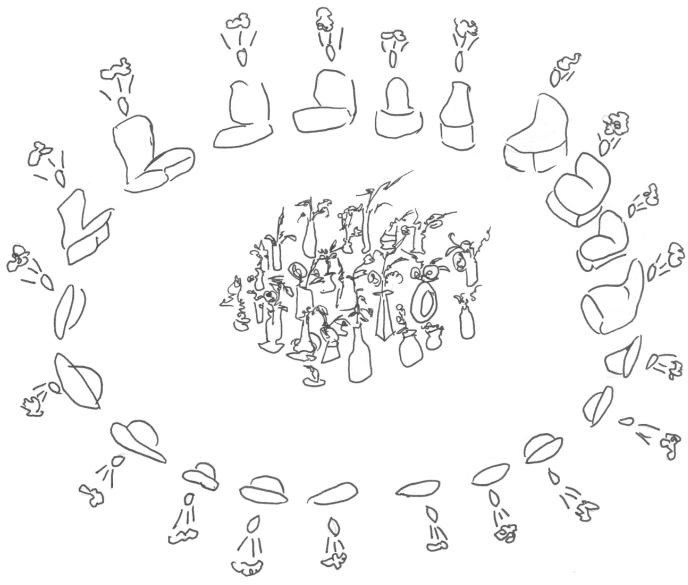
كيف يمكن لي أن أراعي نفسي؟ من أنا حقًا؟ وماذا أحتاج بالفعل؟





Am I writing this for you?
Or me? What do you want from me?
I am here to learn, I am tired of needing to answer questions..

هل أكتب هذا من أجلك؟ أو من أجلي؟ اش بدك مني؟ أنا هنا لأتعلم ، لقد سئمت من الحاجة للإجابة على الأسئلة ..



"But who are you though? Really?"



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- to the story grantative, surrendaing for getting influences

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- trust that this a truth of someone or something

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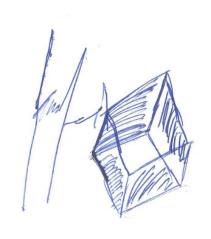
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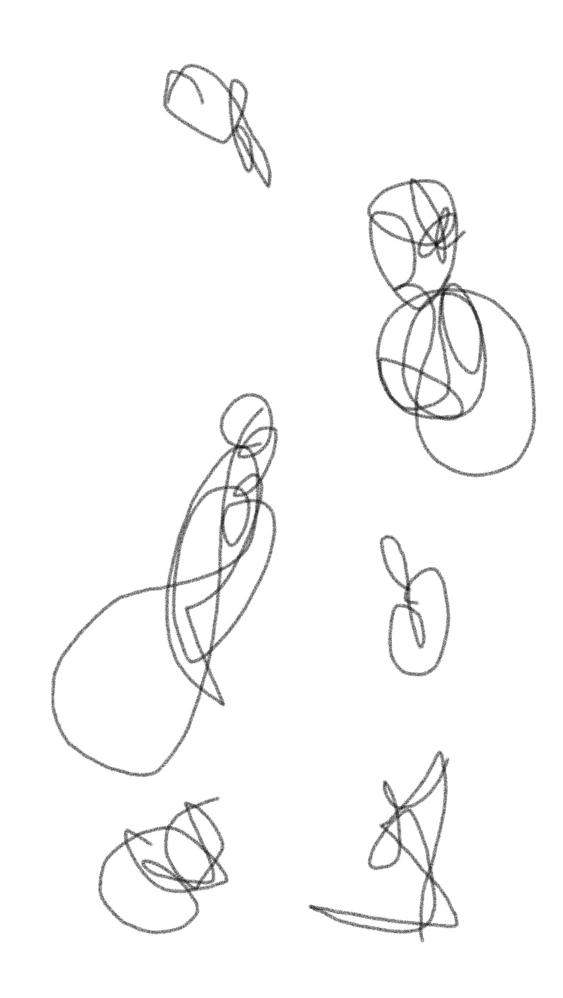
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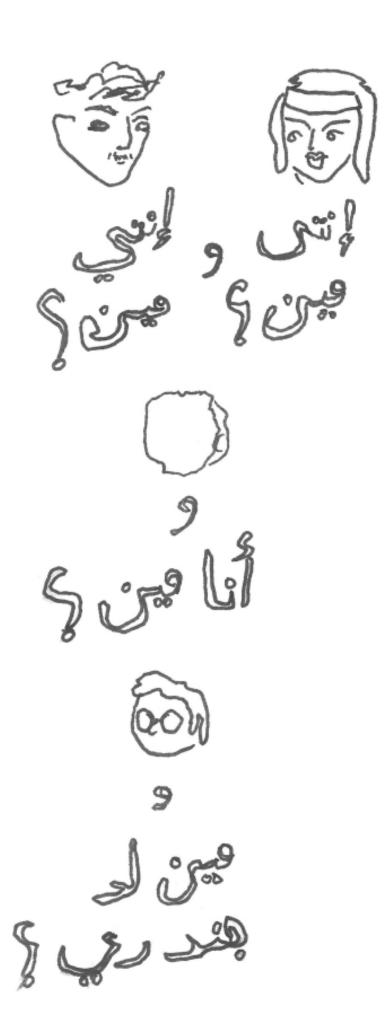
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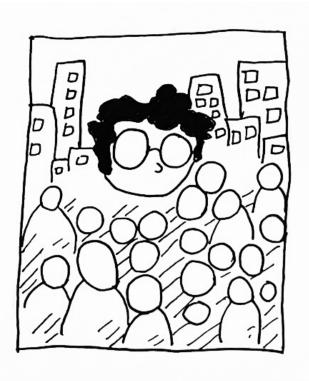


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When I write about trans joy, my own experience somehow is also expected to gentrified, where the average cis joe anticipates me to write about how I "transitioned"; how wearing a binder was such a eureka moment, or how in reality a lot of our joy stems from tiny happenings between each other... a funny coincidence... finding a new job... not getting evicted... in other words, a lot of our joy comes from a place of

being able to claim basic

human rights.

عندما أكتب عن سعادة العبور، يصبح من المرتقب أن تكون تجربتي بطريقة ما مستطبقة، يحثني الشكل النمطي المماثل للسعادة على الكتابة حول تجربة "عبوري" ؛ كيف كان ارتداء المشد لحظة من الفرح العارم، أو كيف أن الكثير من سعادتنا ينبع في الواقع من الأحداث الصغيرة بين بعضنا البعض، صدفة طريفة، إيجاد وظيفة جديدة...

أن لا يتم إخلائنا... بكلمات أخرى، كيف أن الكثير من سعادتنا تأتي من القدرة على تحصيل حقوقنا الأساسية كبشر. حقوق الانسان الأساسية كان النسيم البارد يتطاير عبر ستائري التي أخفت طقوس حبٍ كنا نقوم بها كل يوم جمعة ، أتتبع الجبال والتلال على جانب ذراعك ؛ كما أنني ، مرة أخرى ، أتناول ملامح وجهك.

"هل هذه وحمة جديدة؟" سألتَ، مؤكدًا الفكرة التي كانت لدي ، أنتَ أيضًا درستَ كل وصمة وعلامة على بشرتي.

لم أتمكن أبدًا من تحمل الشمس حتى رأيت بشرتك تلمع تحتها.

وشعرت بالنعيم ، في تلك اللحظة ، لم أكن أفكر إن كان من بين ذراعيك رجل أو امرأة ؛ أعتقد أنني شعرت بالأمان بمعرفة ذلك ، أن أحدًا ما على هذا الكوكب عرفني ، ورآني على ما أنا عليه ، وصادف أن شاركني حبي له.



The cool breeze rustled through my curtains that concealed the love rituals that we did each friday, I trace mountains and hills on the side of your arm; as I, once again, take in the features of your face.

"Is that a new birthmark?" you asked, affirming the idea I had that, you, too, studied each blemish and mark on my skin.

I never really could stand the sun until i witnessed your skin bask in it.

And I felt bliss, for that moment, I wasn't thinking about whether a man or a woman was in your arms; I think I just felt secure in knowing that, someone on this planet knew me, and saw me for who I am, and happened to also share my love with them.

للطالما وجدت العلاقات كابوسًا مُعاشًا ، وفقط من خلالك أدركت أنني لا أستطيع تحمل ذلك من خلال عدسة وردية معيارية مغايرة.

في النهاية ، وجدت الترابط مع الأشحاص العابرين-ات أسهل علي بكثير ، حيث تلاشى حاجز اللغة الحاضرُ خلال التحدث مع أشخاص معياريين.

المضحك في العبور هو أننا بصراحة سنواجه نفس المعضلات ، في مجتمع يهمشنا ، يصنفنا على أننا منبوذون-ات ، وهو ما يدفعنا، نحن العابرون-ات، على الاتحاد معًا ، وإيجاد القوة في تضامننا ...

لا أرمي للدوس على العلاقات المعيارية الغيرية، لكنني أجد ذلك ، عندما تكون في أحدها ، يتلخص دائمًا ب "هدف نهائي" ...الجنس بين رجل و إمرأة متوافقين الجنس... يعني عال العال، إلا أنه يشكل عبئا، ويضع وحدودًا لاواعية ، وأن علاقات وصداقات العابرين-ات هي شكل حر وصداقات العابرين-ات هي شكل حر امما يجعلنا أكثر ارتياحًا لفكرة الحميمة الأفلاطونية ،ويدفعنا إلى تكوين روابط أعمق مع بعضنا البعض

I always found relationships a living nightmare, and only through you did I realize I only couldn't stand it thru a cis-heteronormative rose tinted lens.

eventually, I found bonding with trans folk much easier on myself, as the language barrier I once had while conversing with cis people simply faded.

The funny thing about transitioning is that, we honestly will face the same nuances, in a society that shuns us, classifies us as outcasts, which only motivates us trans folk to band together, finding strength in our solidarity... I don't mean to tread on cistypical relationships, but i do find that, when you're in one, in always boils down to an "end goal"... good ole' piv cisintercourse; and while that's rosy and dandy, it does put a strain, an unconscious boundary, that trans relationships and friendships are free form, making us more comfortable with idea of platonic intimacy, driving us to have deeper connections with each other.



I came to a realization, I don't like sitting with Cis people aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

وصلت الى استنتاج، لا يعجبني الجلوس مع مماثلي الجندر





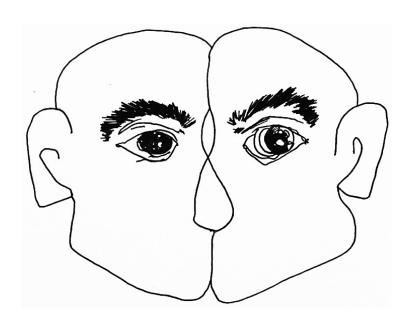






one condiciona un les in inter jes و دان عندی أ ما سسس و مستا عرجد بده لم أستعربها من عبل وي هذه المرحلة لنة بحاحة عاسة لا حد نعمى ولغم يها دُاسَعِ فلم اجد سَجُعَناً قعمَى وسياى كا افعَل ساعي ولكن سياء العدر ان أكون وحسة واخوص. حياى بمفردي إذ توقيت والدى و بدئة رجلي الطويلة مع المعناة مروج والدي والحيد ولما "ذكرا ولم يكن لي أع من عبل كنت ان و ١ احوات من افي وعندقا كراحي العفر بدأوالدي بعنفني لانني لاأثنيه اعى وكان تعرفاي ا قريه إلى اعواي لم عالي ان أُ جسى مفريي ويطردي من البية محمة أنه بريد معلمة ويرسومني أن أصع رجل المائلة وهاول معي كل اللوبه من النفسف اللفطي ألى الفري إلى الرّ هيب وكن ألمي ألى ألى قبروالدي في كل عرة لاسكولها ألئ أن ا جبع عجرى ablish de me is del lines in 5 gilles IV وكن فد نقرفت على جسريق السمه محمد فأعرف له بمبولي و ا جبرته بها نائي مع ا هاي فا نعتليٰ و وي ك new she is we will be surely service service is en it

عوا جسيرًا سعم السعادة للول من عي جياي و عملا عديدًا أناو محمد وعسيًا عي عرفة واحدة في دعشق لم انتقلنا إلى برون ويست اجمل ايام حياى مع مديقي ولكن العدرساء بعد كل هذا السمادة والعبيمة الناكون و حدى قرة الحركا إذ عاد صريع إلى سورا وتركي وحيده و وعدى انه سوف لعود ولكنه لم لعد فيل في سوريا ويدائي رجلي الناسه ولكسى هذه المرة هرية الالاستسلم فرحا كان العومان والعام إلى الامام ولاالعنا إلى الما في مجلوه ومرة ولكن الحياه كان عاسية حدا "ولكس محمد الا أكون العوى من كل سائرة • فعلا" بعد جراع حويل وكانس في فسطف الم والاعواج سمنطئ اجزار سون إلى الر ويعلمت في الما في ان أكرن العولات وأسس عائلة وسنة سن وعست مع ساى اسعداوعان و بدأن الهجة والعادة من عديد ولكن السعادة مع اسرى لن يدوم لا سي سا مرك واسافر قرباً لا بدا و فصلاً حديدا في حياني Masolves of ast air US il by IV مركي لسبة حالقة ولما اخال وسأبعى أنا عنل واوكا مح لا جعن د ايي



# إلى والدي وعائلتي

اناان ان هم اختارا سی ولم اختار ان اکون ا بنتکم ولم اختار ان اکون ا بنتکم ولم اختار ان اکون مربیة رفتی و دمینی ولم اختار آن اکون من سوریا ولم اختار آن اکون مربیة و بالطبع لم اختار آن اکون آنثی و لاذکر ولکن الله والعدر هوالذی اختار آن من وعن اکون انگون الله والعدر هوالذی اختار آن من بعیش ولا دون من بعیش ولد از ان من بعیش الا متیاء ولا دون من بعیش ولد اقدار بونسی علی آشیاء لم مکن لی مینا ایا نوی وایا قرار وایا اختیار







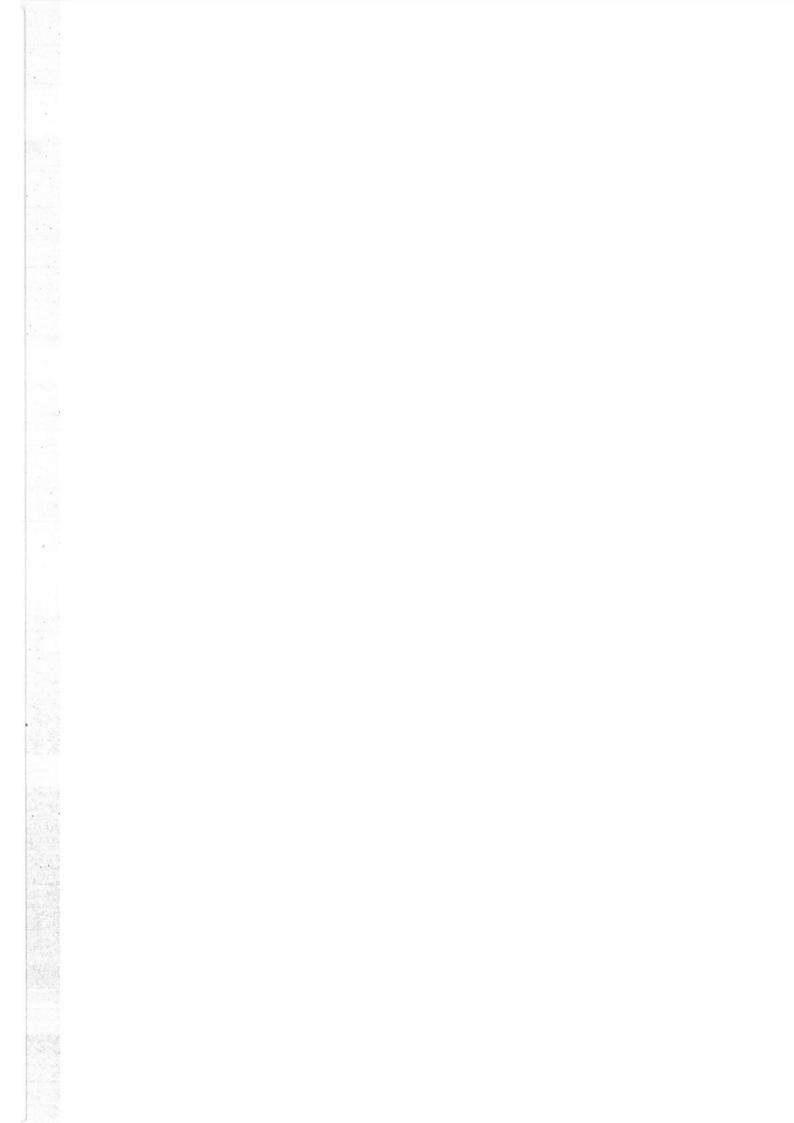
It's amazing how, only in a few days, it fet like we built a family

إنه لأمر مدهش كيف ، في غضون أيام قليلة ، أصبح الأمر كما لو كنا قد بنينا أسرة



I don't want to write anything!

لا أريد كتابة أي شيء!





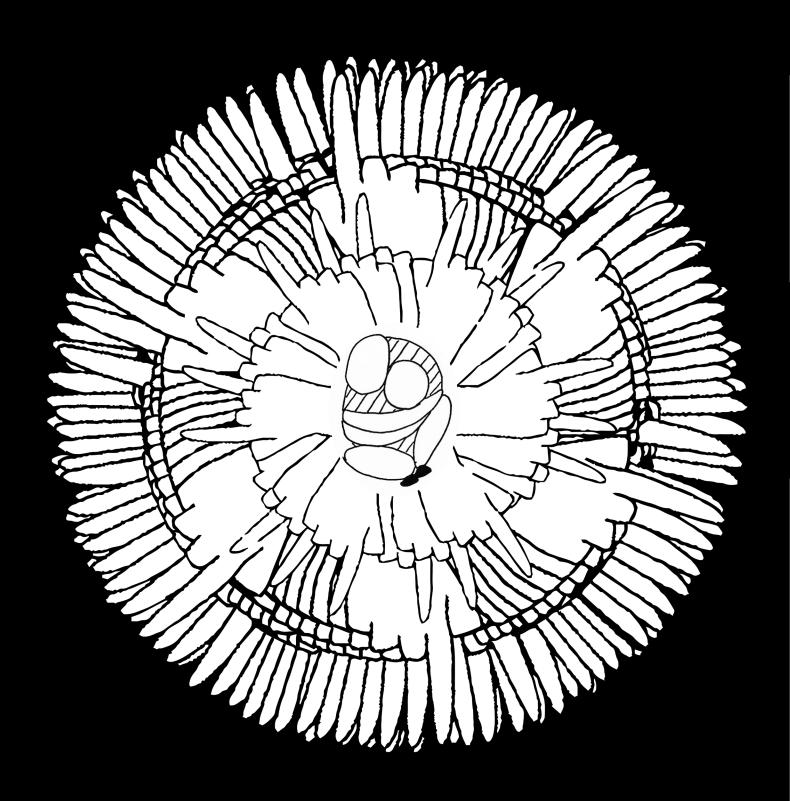
Be/ is

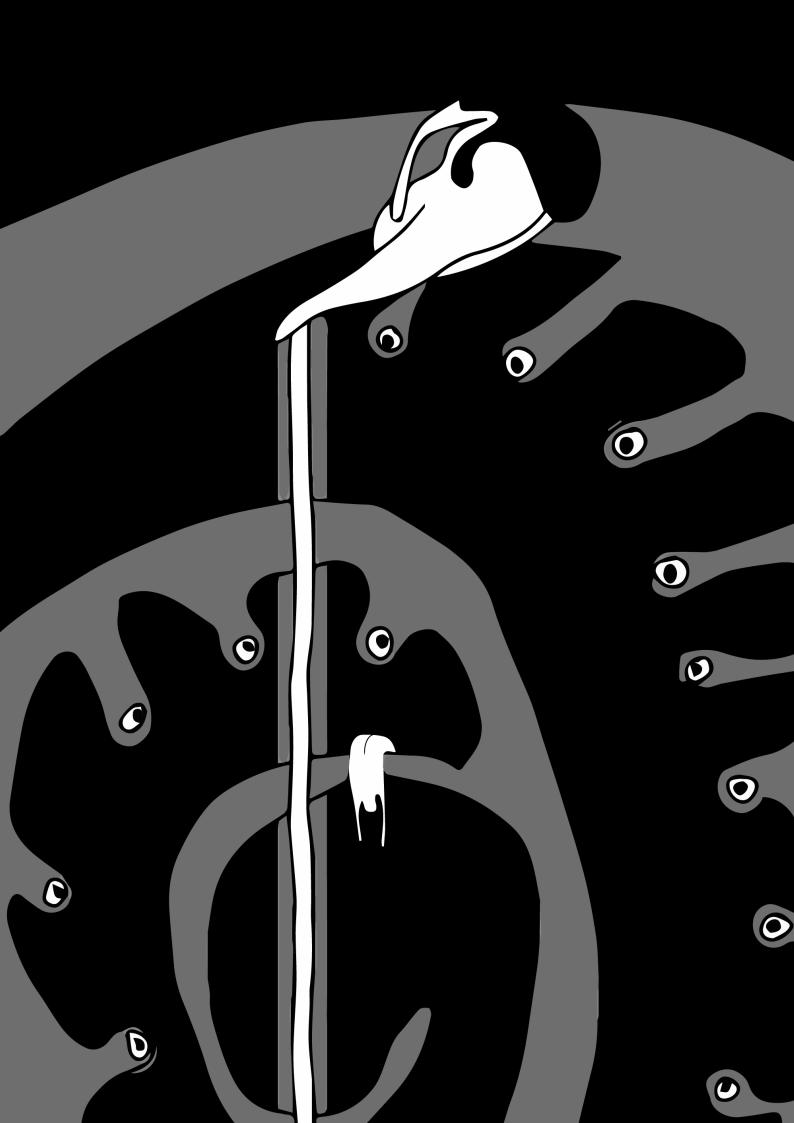
# MIRROR



FREEDOM

خريه







#### **Malicious Joy**

It is hard to describe joy in a seemingly objective manner, as the way joy is often times experienced cannot be a blanket expression nor a universal feeling that we apply to everyone.

For this reason, whenever I hear the term "trans joy" I cringe, and for something to make me cringe it means that it is deeply rooted in refusing the duality of feelings, "to be conditioned by happiness and joy is to like your conditions" as referred to by feminist theorist Sara Ahmad. How can we talk about trans joy in a system that polices feelings and enforces morality on everything that is considered different, and conditions "joy" as being the norm while pathologizing rage, unhappiness and sadness as being the non-typical standard, a standard specifically built to cater for the cis, white hetero man. Within this duality, one cannot help but coin the word joy to the word maliciousness, because what we are not told about joy is that it can be temporary, conditional and easily disrupted. In a movement molded with multiple layers of identities and complexities, as a trans masculine person I find myself having to answer for the joy of "New found privileges" of passing as a cis-person. In addition, it is expected to erase the relevance of my previous and current experience of an identity that will always be present and will always be influenced by spaces, struggles and triggers.

However, how do I really draw joy even if temporarily? How do I allow myself to feel joy even though I acknowledge its scarcity and the shortness that it may present?

Is it from my gender identity that I feel joyful, or is it from a small home cooked meal that I know that I can afford now? Do I derive joy from being perceived as a "man" or from being in a bed that I own after many nights of sleeping on people's couches with no stability in sight? I am in a constant state of trying to find my joy, and it is not in the preconceived notion that once you start socially passing that things become "great" and we can dissociate experiences and ourselves once we achieve conformity.

Maybe this is what malicious joy is to me, a collective societal celebration of toxic positivity that is also found in our movements. For me, malicious joy is not only a result of the system that imposes on us the definition of a boxed, wall-to-wall happiness, but also the rigid subtle transphobic positivity that goes wildly unnoticed as a common practice within our movements. Through talking about embracing bodies in all shapes and forms creating a distorted perception that we always have to accept our bodies while we ignore and shove our bodily struggles below the surface because somehow, we do not consider bodily struggles and hatred as a form of self-agency. This stems from the reveling on sexuality, sexual and reproductive health and bodily agencies in our movements in the form of a binary and a duality.

Malicious joy is the condescending celebration of the resilience and bravery of trans folks and evaluating the success of the "transness" of an individual based on survivability, achievements and the subtle expectation, whether intentional or nonintentional, in our movement and our entourage for trans folks to express gender in a certain non-hetero nonconforming way. Re-enforcing non-conformity of trans people as an act of bravery forces us to fall into duality all over again, and isn't trans people's "conformity" or "non-conformity" an active choice of joy? Or does rigid positivity only view choices of joy "acceptable" if they fall within the same lines of its performativity. Are we able to shift the narrative on malicious joy and actively celebrate ourselves while admitting that joy is conditional, temporary and brief? Can we equate the never changing layers of joy with our ongoing changing perception of ourselves? Or how malicious joy is exclusive of trans individuals who are refugees, undocumented and seeking asylum? How can we expect ongoing joy from individuals who have been uprooted from their lands and homes unable to create stability in a country where social conformity is mixed with racism, sexism and classism even within our movements that thrived over the victimization of trans refugees.

I find myself constantly wondering how we can frame our experiences and realities that include bits and pieces of joy, struggles and obstacles without celebrating it as an unexpected achievement. Even within the temporality of joy, how can we find joy for ourselves in our small successes without applauding it as a form of "exceeding expectations" on an individual and a collective level? As important as collectiveness is, finding joy in a collective manner can be triggering and dare I say scary. I found myself in a space I occupied 11 years ago, except this time from a different positionality. I am older, with more experience and definitely with more authority over people that I once considered myself in their shoes. Trying to find my truth, taking part of a collective that endorses me and somehow in this space from where I stand in this very moment I represent a source of comfort safety and trust for many people. However, regardless of the joyful moments that we shared within this space, it was hard to shake away the many triggers and disappointments linked to this setting and how it made me hyper vigilant to not let those around me in this moment fall through the cracks of a short lived joy. It is not often that we talk about trust and power dynamics within our movements. Yes we brush over it briefly, but we never got so far into deconstructing the illusion of trust that we have created among ourselves and how it re-enforced the power dynamics and the rigidity in co-learning and questioning our habits and internal reflections. Within this space, even if unspoken, trust is knowing that even if we spoke different languages and used different terminologies we will be acknowledged. It's knowing that trust is not only acquired and reciprocated; it is also learned and taught through observing with self and collective accountability.

It was perplexing but also understood that in this very space; we found solace in knowing that we struggle collectively. This revelation of a collective struggle brought temporary joy, because even if contradictive, eliminating the factor of loneliness within a struggle is a joyful act, for loneliness is a wild act of violence imposed on us by a system heavily dependent on individual gain and isolations and is constantly re-enforced through means of production and the perception of success.

If there is a lesson I can take away from this experience is that joy, malicious or not, is a language imposed on us, and just like all languages, it has its structure, vocabulary and rules. One can take it as face value and roll with it, or we can do what we do best, joyfully reconstruct its meaning and use.









الله مان الم النهاية

Gentelness

الا فوف



#### The story of self-reclamation

Andrej Nehme

Everything is tense. I could feel energy reflecting off of me to my surroundings.

I am Lebanese Bosnian. I was born and raised in the South of Lebanon, where it always felt grey and gloomy.

It was a place of struggle, I could see people suffering around me, though in my head it seemed so far away...

For me I wasn't sure I belonged. It felt cold and intrusive. All of that was reflected inside of as I was in the process of self-realization. It was me looking for clarity in the midst of what I was stuck in.

I was lost inside of my own mind. There were thoughts of who am I? I remember feeling very self-aware. I was thinking how dare I change from what society thinks of me. This society that gaslights us into believing that we are not who we are but what society wants us to be.

It felt like this clarity I'm seeking would break so many walls u had against my own self a d against society. This feeling stemed from the confusion

and absolute obscurity inside of my mind.

Who am I?
What am I going to be?
What makes "A" the person who he is
now?

It started with my birth gender. I never related to it, so I knew I had to find another one. It made sense to start looking for a name. In Grammar, everything has a name. To not have one means to not exist. I knew I had to look. I looked everywhere, baby name guides, videos, articles of what you can yourself. I looked in Arabic, I couldn't see myself there. I looked in English, it felt fake. It took so long to find my name because in fact I didn't know who I was.

I was hooked on letter "A", even though my legal name doesn't start with that letter. I used "A" as a temporary name for myself. It was the name of one of the characters in a story I read as a teen. The character was genderless. That was what I was feeling at that time. I couldn't comprehend the binary-ness of the world. I was rediscovering myself, my gender and my sexuality.

That character was not only similar to me but we shared same beliefs. It was refreshing. To me, it was just like being lost and finding yourself for the 1st time.

Here's where the journey of finding myself started. I stumbled on the name Andrej. This name means someone who is always fighting and is very careful; as if that's not my experience as a trans person. I for one was rejecting society's impact on me, and for us us trans people that's the bravest thing one can do.

That name sat on my backburner, when I was finally started self-conceptualizing myself. It started first by telling my closest friends and they were very understanding.

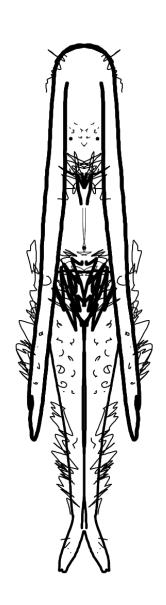
My friends and I are very close and alike even though we can be very different. It always felt like we shared the same brain, and sometimes we joke about it too. However, I was always scared if their opinions, especially on coming out as Trans, and with sharing my name. Telling them was an absolute scare.

I wanted to be understood. If I ever had a personal agenda, it was that I wanted to make sense of who I am. All I wanted was to feel more in check and content with myself.

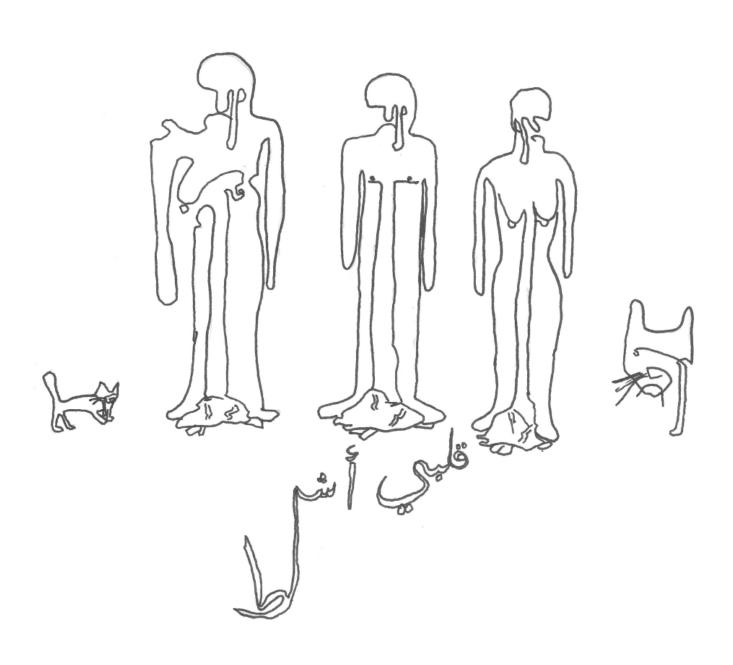
I was afraid of confronting anyone in this society- including my friends, with the truth of who I am.

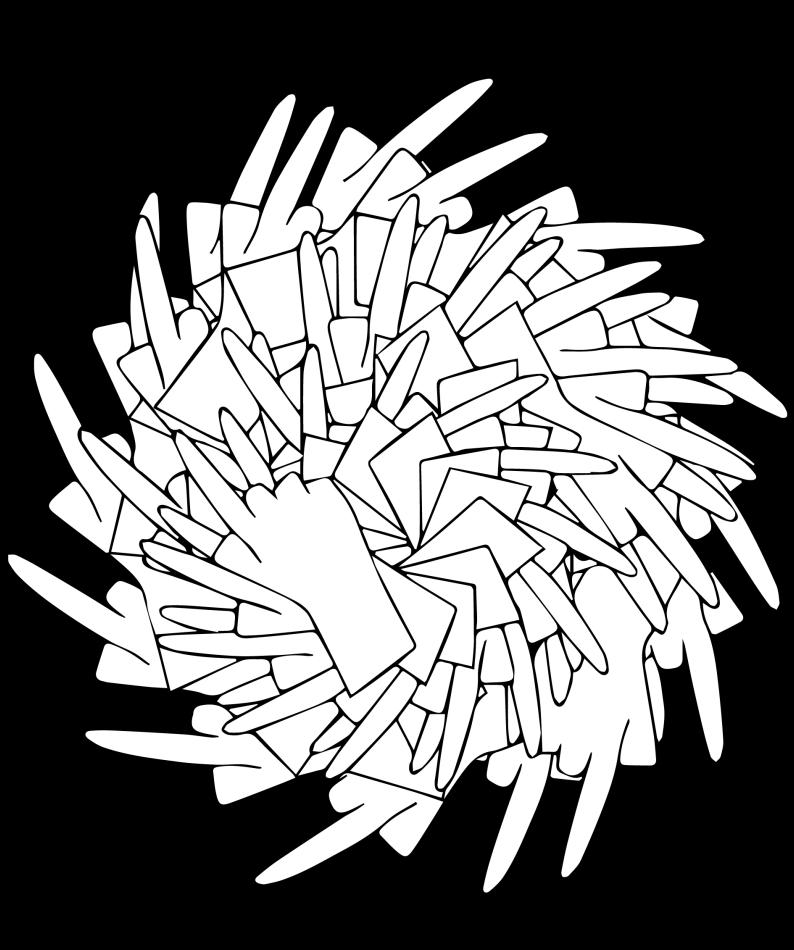
When it was all over with, I felt like I was finally having a glimpse of light in the middle of a storm. Honestly, it felt like I was having a breather from overthinking constantly; and thinking on your own doesn't make stuff easier for you.

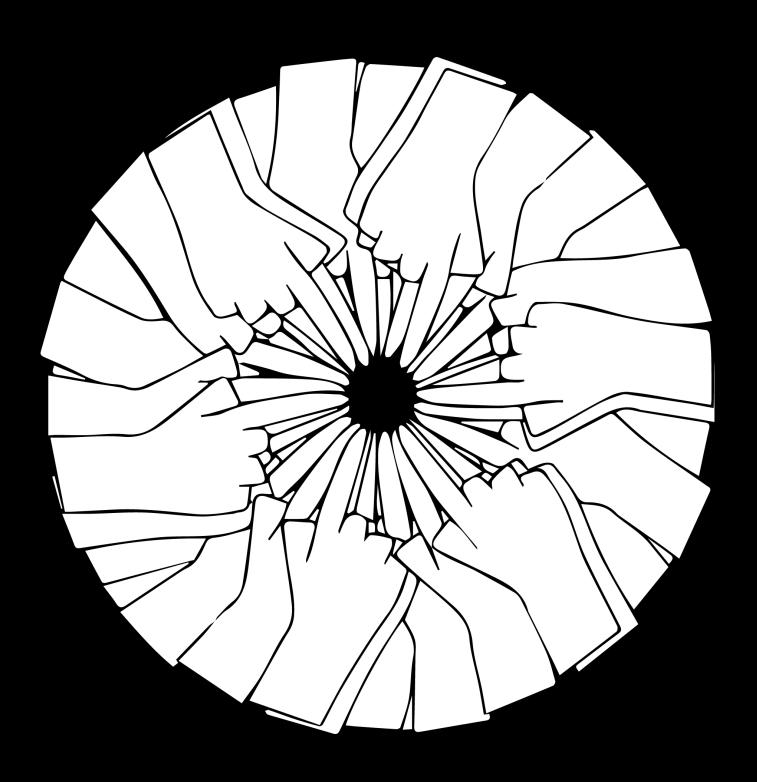
It might have been the first time I felt Trans Joy. It was the first time I could make sense of that was happening inside of me. It made me feel like like there's there's avalanche happening inside of me. When I made it out, it was the point of finally reclaiming myself.



It was time to finally reclaim myself from all society's shackles and from who I was supposed to be.







The been seeing him too much lately, colling Lown the street, through the andows of coffeeshops that no longer exist i con't tell if he's real but the way he eyes me as i wave altimoralis me feel like a Balt of his Jeeun, but goes he leadurse wis there he is again, whyis he done in the swing? is he carbing For someone in the gorden? Finally i mustured up the courage to approach him, i said "hoy mon wante bump a cig?" he looked at me confuscilly, and said "sore man, your Least?" "pleased to see you river lost your skills at self critique" i your a loud Sigh and Smithed. at that point he rathed any, bottown a lighter from some other Stronger, creeped out and not sure how he Shoultine cachet, in some may I think this is the bost interaction we both could get out of each other, as i hoteland him with any, i succumbed to the reality of this space, the suring was m parice. The cent on

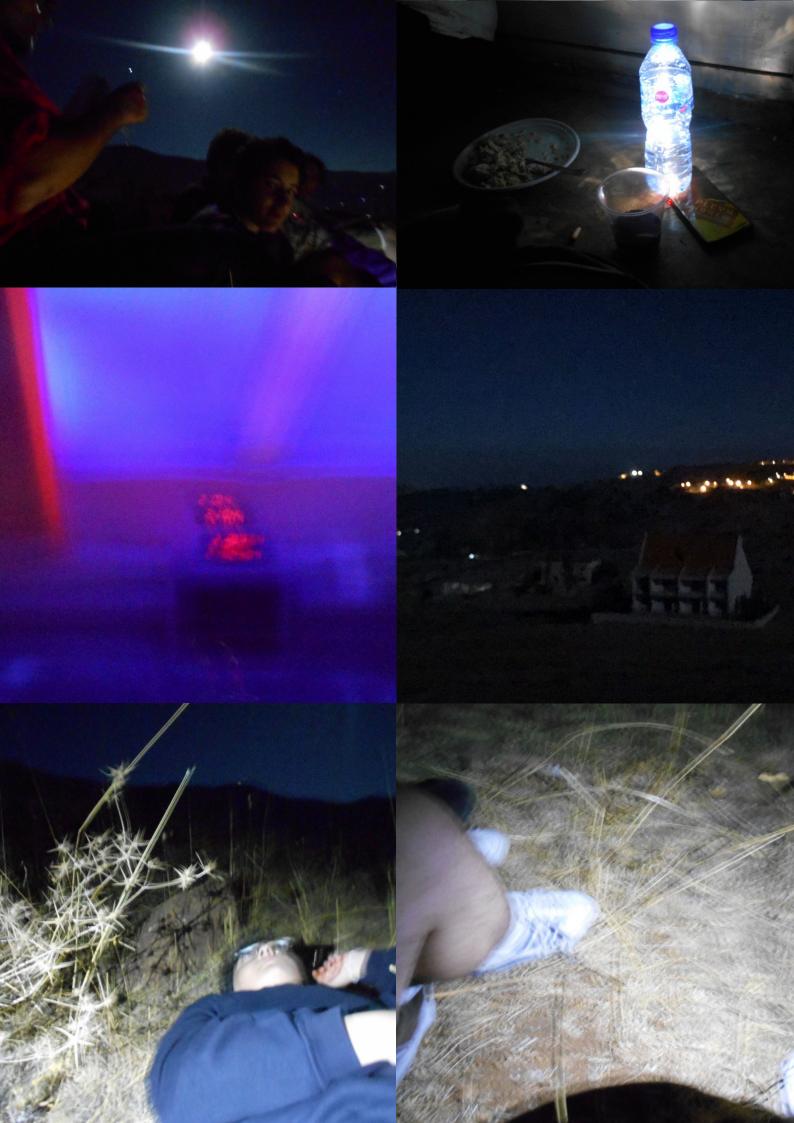


You've got a whole world in front of you







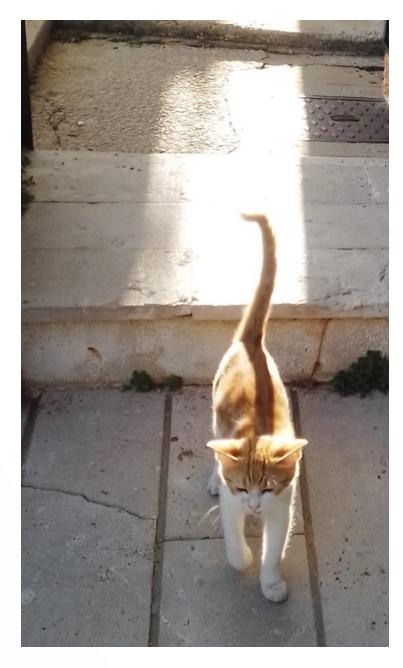














#### **Evaluation from the collaborators:**

#### **Written by Kaliwa**

Communication gives birth to community, it creates interpersonal connections between people. Human connection is what builds a community. The writing workshop done by Qorras in collaboration with Perspectivity is part of this network of communication, which gathered multiple trans folks from different backgrounds and upbringings to express and discuss their own understanding of what "Trans Joy" is. Many things took place during the 3 days, and the partakers of the workshop had a lot of feedback to share.

Such opportunities aren't very common, for it is difficult to find a safe space that allows Trans folks to openly express themselves without judgement. And so, it feels liberating to let one's thoughts out; all while being validated by those alike to them, even if it's just for a few days. Especially during a period where the "T" is most of the time left out of many important conversations. The space allowed those who usually hide away from the public gaze to be visibly secure in their identity. The comfort of seeing people express outwardly how they feel within was quite the delight to the eye. As well as the active listening to people's point of views and stories shed light on an abundance of new perspectives and understandings of different concepts, like: the limits of language when it comes to describing one's identity, the possible relation between neurodiversity and transness, being non-binary and identifying as trans, transmisogyny, expressing gender in a Cis world and so on. Topics which one wouldn't imagine being able to come up with on their own, without the help of the collective. Although, these conversations mostly happened in private amongst the participants, Qorras were able to gain the trust of many easily, which is a strong point of theirs, since it is not common to see organisers engaging at the same level as participants. However, with that trust also came high expectations from those involved.

On the other side of the coin, since it's a "writing" workshop it is important to take into consideration that people from different socioeconomic status and diverse neurological behaviour have contrasting writing skills, sentence construction, distinct pace of expression, et cetera.

Most of us are not professional writers, but rather a small group of people with a common identity, that found an opportunity to express themselves. There was built up tension within the writing room, which created an uneasy atmosphere. From what was understood, several people felt a lack of experience from the facilitators when it came to interacting with Trans people. Moreover, it seems that the pace of work didn't give enough time for some to properly contemplate, which led to the loss of one's ideas while writing, creating unnecessary discomfort that could have been avoided from the beginning. Facilitators and organizers should have communicated more pre-workshop on the dynamics of the group and what could have awaited them. Perhaps this could have been avoided with more vigilance from Qorras before partnering with anyone.

Fortunately, there was constant communication between the organisers and the community, which led to a proper handling of the situation. The participants were patient and displayed maturity when facing certain issues. They worked together with the team against the problem. Such experiences help us understand how to prevent them in the future. Qorras's Goal is to grow and expand its community. However, it is important to note that sharing identity (Here, Transness.) is not necessarily a strong enough basis for community. It is our progressive characters and sense of solidarity that can truly help us build a community together. Which leads to the reevaluation of Qorras' values when it comes to opening such spaces for people.

At the end of day, many participants enjoyed the workshop. They connected with each other on many levels, and the openness of the group made one feel a sense of belongingness and comfort. The flexibility within the workshop helped solve certain challenges. Overall, the organisers listened to the needs of the collective and prioritised them over just following the Agenda. Such a workshop is an excellent chance for growth, knowledge gathering and strengthening one's bond with those of common interest for future collaboration and events.

### تقييم المشاركين:

#### بقلم يسار

تنتج المجتمعات عن التواصل، إذ إنّه يخلق العلاقات الشخصية بين الأفراد. والمجتمعات تبنيها العلاقات البشرية. تشكّل ورشة الكتابة التي أجرتها كرّاس بالتعاون مع "بيرسبكتيفتي" جزءًا من شبكة التواصل هذه، التي جمعت أشخاصًا ترانس نشأوا/ن في خلفيات وطرق تربية متفاوتة ليعبّروا/ن ويتحدّثوا/ن عن فهمهم/ن ل"فرحة العبور". شهدت هذه الأيّام ز.الثلاث أحداثًا عدّةً وقدّم/ ت المشاركون/ات الكثير من الآراء حول تجربتهم/ن مع الورشة.

تعدّ فرصة مثل هذه نادرة، لصعوبة الوصول إلى مساحةٍ آمنةٍ تتيح للأشخاص الترانس التعبير عن أنفسهم/ن بحُريّةٍ ومن دون مواجهة أحكامٍ مسبقةٍ، لذا يشعر الأفراد بالتحرّر عند التعبير عن أفكارهم/ن مع من يشبههم/ن ويصدّقهم/ن ، حتّى إن انحصرت التجربة بأيامٍ قليلةٍ، وبخاصّةٍ في فترةٍ غالبًا ما يُستثنى فيها العابرون/ات من المحادثات المهمة. أتاحت هذه المساحة لمن يختبئ عادةً من نظرة العامّة مجالًا لإظهار هويّاتهم/ن بأمان.

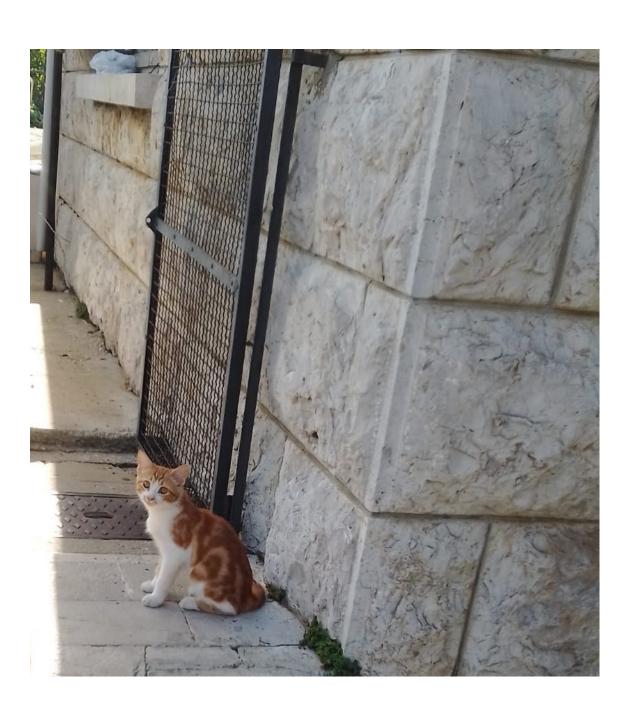
كانت رؤية الأشخاص وهم/ن يظهرون خارجيّا ما يشعرون/ن به في داخلهم تجربةً تسرُّ الخاطر. وكذلك كان الإصغاء الفعّال إلى وجهات نظر الأشخاص وقصصهم/ن الّتي تسلّط الضوء على الكثير من وجهات النظر والتصوّرات الجديدة حول مفاهيم مختلفة، مثل: حدود الآفاق الّلغويّة عند التعبير عن الهويّة الشخصيّة، العلاقة المحتملة بين التنوّع العصبي والعبور، الهويّة اللا ثنائيّة والعابرة في آنٍ واحد، التقاطع ما بين كراهية النساء وكراهيّة العابرين/ات، التعبير الجندري في عالمٍ أغلبيّة من فيه متوافقوا/ات الجندر، وغيرها من المواضيع الّتي لا يتخيّل الفرد إمكانيّة التفكير بها من دون مساعدة المجموعة. استطاعت كرّاس أن تحوز على ثقة الكثيرين بسهولة مع أنّ أغلبيّة هذه المحادثات جرت على انفراد مع المشاركين/ات. وهنا تكمن إحدى نقاط قوّة كرّاس، إذ قليلًا ما يتفاعل المنظّمون/ات مع المشاركين/ات على نفس مستواهم/ن. إلّا أنّ هذه الثقة أنتجت توقّعاتً عاليةً لدى المعنيين/ات.

على المقلّب الآخر، وبما أنّ النشاط عبارةٌ عن ورشة "كتابة"، فمن المهم الأخذ بعين الاعتبار أنّ النفاوت في الخلفيّات الاقتصاديّة والاجتماعيّة للأشخاص وتنوّع تصرّفاتهم العصبيّة يؤدّي إلى تفاوتٍ في المهارات الكتابيّة وتشكيل الجمل وسرعة التعبير وغيرها. معظمنا لا يحترف الكتابة، بل نحن مجموعةٌ من الأفراد، تجمعنا هويّةٌ مشتركةٌ وحظينا بفرصةٍ للتعبير عن أنفسنا سادت حالةٌ من التوتّر على غرفة الكتابة، ما أدّى إلى جوِّ من الاضطراب. بحسب ما فهمنا، شعر أفرادٌ عدّةٌ أنّ ميسّري/ات الورشة تنقصهم/ن الخبرة اللّازمة للتعامل مع الأفراد الترانس. وبدا أنّ سرعة العمل لم تسمح لبعض المشاركين/ات بالتمعّن في التفكير، ما تسبّب بنسيان الأفكار خلال الكتابة وبالتّالي خلق جوًّ ا من الانزعاج كان يمكن تفاديه منذ البداية. كان من الواجب على الميسّرين/ات أن يكثّفوا/ن من التواصل مع المشاركين/ات قبل بدء الورشة حول ديناميكيات المجموعة وما يعقل توقّعه منها. من المحتمل أنّ هذا كان يمكن تفاديه إن توخّت كرّاس المزيد من الحذر قبل التشارك مع أحد. لحسن الحظ، أدّى التواصل المستمر بين المنظّمين/ات والمجموعة إلى التعامل المناسب مع الوضع. تحلّى/ت المشاركون/ات بالصبر وتعاملوا/ن مع والمجموعة إلى التعامل المناسب مع الوضع. تحلّى/ت المشاركون/ات بالصبر وتعاملوا/ن مع والمجموعة إلى التعامل المناسب مع الوضع. تحلّى/ت المشاركون/ات بالصبر وتعاملوا/ن مع

بعض المسائل بنضجٍ، وتعاونوا/ن مع الفريق لحلّ المشكلة. ساعدتنا مواجهة مثل هذه التجارب على فهم كيفيّة تفاديها في المستقبل. لكن تجدر الإشارة إلى أنّ مشاركة الهويّة (العابرة في هذا السياق) ليست بالضرورة أساسًا كافيًا لبناء مجتمع، فشخصيّاتنا المتقدّمة وتحلّينا بحسّ التضامن هي ما يساعدنا على بناء مجتمعٍ معًا. ويؤدّي هذا الاستنتاج إلى إعادة تقييم مبادئ كراس حول تأمين مثل هذه المساحات للناس.ً

في النهاية، استمتع/ت الكثير من المشاركين/ات بورشة العمل، إذ تواصلوا/ن معًا على مستوياتٍ عدّة، وأدّى انفتاح المجموعة إلى شعور الأفراد بالانتماء والراحة. ساعدت مرونة العمل خلال الورشة على تخطّي بعض التحدّيات. بشكلٍ عام، استمع/ت المنظّمون/ات إلى حاجات المجموعة وأعطوها أولويّةً على الالتزام بجدول الأعمال. شكّلت ورشة عمل من هذا النوع فرصةً ممتازةً للنموّ وجمع المعارف وتعزيز علاقات الفرد مع من تجمعه بهم اهتماماتٌ مشتركةٌ حول تعاوناتٍ وأحداثٍ مستقبليّةٍ.





This zine is a documentation encompassing the drawings, writings, the art and emotions captured and developed throughout the process of a write-shop organised by Tajassod working group in Qorras.

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Thank you:

\*All the participants and collaborators

\*Prespectivity team

\*\*\*\*

هذه المجلة التوثيقية عبارة عن توثيق يشمل الرسومات والكتابات والفنون والعواطف التي تم التقاطها وتطويرها خلال ورشة الكتابة التي نظمته مجموعة عمل تجسّد في كرّاس

> تم النشر بواسطة تصميم: زفير و عدن رسم: عدن بدعم من تحالف نحن نقود 2022 شكرا ل \*كل المشاركين والمتعاونين \*فريق برسبكتيفيتي

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## Thank you to: :شكرا ل

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