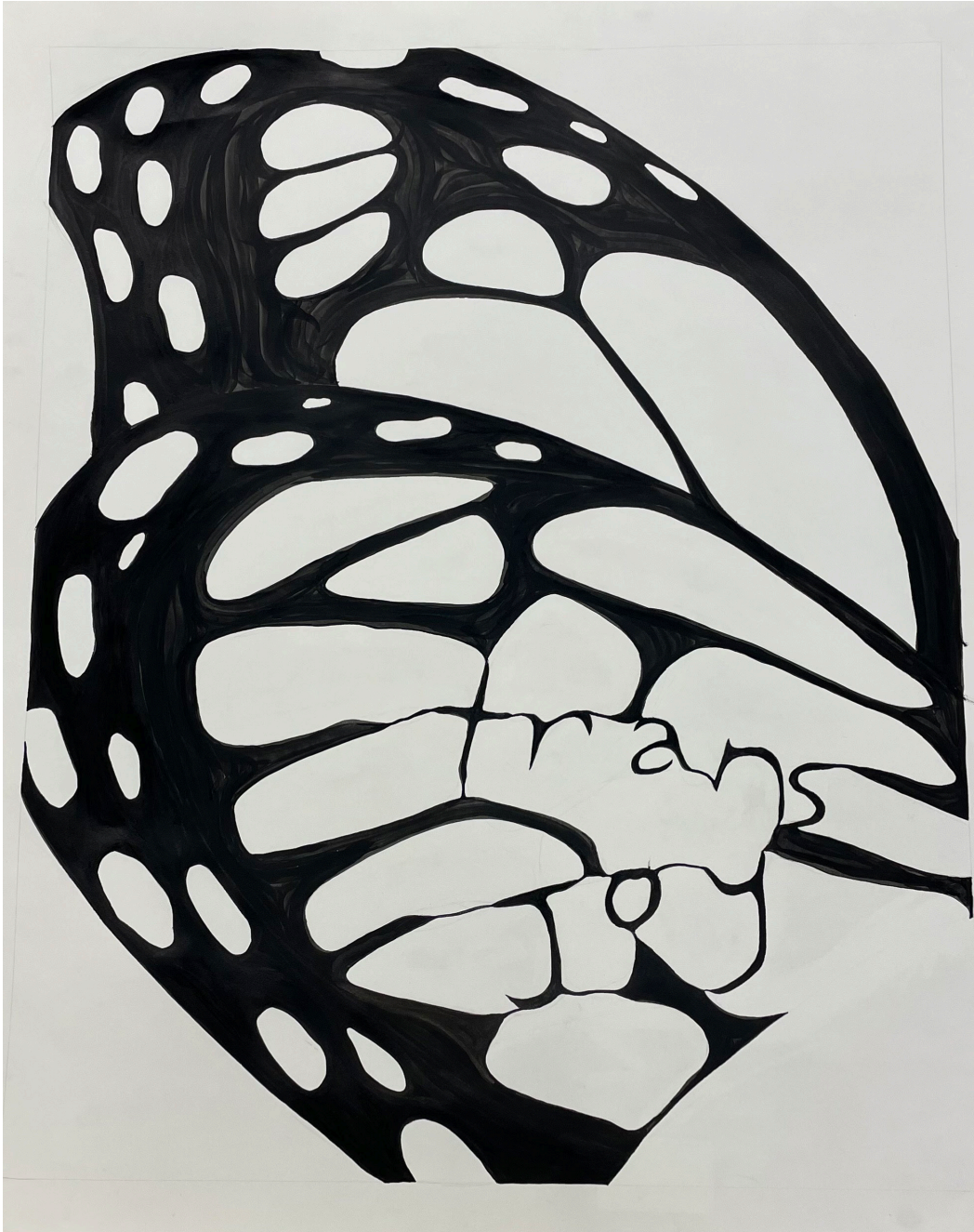


Quarry Amplify Zine:

Trans* Artists



Trans Joy

Emily Klein

Ink on Paper

Welcome

Every fall, *The Quarry Literary and Fine Arts Magazine* publishes an Amplify Zine to uplift underrepresented artists. This year's Trans* Zine features artwork by creatives who identify under the trans umbrella, which includes transgender, non-binary, genderqueer, and other trans-identifying individuals.

Meet Our Team

Executive Editor: Phoebe Joy

Art Editor: Fiko Insel

Literary Editor: Parker Gardner

Interdisciplinary Editor: Andrew Marzariegos

Curatorial Editor: Jessenia Prado

Layout Editor: Ethan Robinson

Media Director: Emma Rezac

Advisory Board Members: Angeline Domeyer, Emma Haas,
Kat



self-portrait
Stella Wheeler
Watercolor, Collage

limerence

running on fumes and limerence
through long, liminal hallways & backrooms
consumed by the concept of a serenade
a private moment of peace
to pause– in the present.

instead i keep moving & shaking
and breaking the pencil by
gripping. too. tight.

everything i hold
i grasp madly 'till it snaps.

i try to moderate, to loosen...
but the effort takes so much
my mind tires far before my body does.

and i return to old habits,
bad habits. tootoughtobreak
so i bend instead to try
and quiet the endless rushing
of this river in my head.

-jan. 25, 2023

Limerence

Mari Rogan

Poem

KEEPING UP WITH JEAN PAUL
TONIGHT WAS BAD ENOUGH...





what they tell me:

Educate people

Love people

Forgive people

Trust people

even though it's not your job

even though they don't respect your name

even when they don't apologize

even when they don't give you a reason

what I wish they told me:

Educate yourself because you are not immune to making mistakes
Love yourself because you deserve love
Forgive yourself because sometimes you're wrong
Trust yourself because you know yourself best

What They Tell Me

Leo Libet

Poem



Anatomy

Charlie Knieff

Multimedia Art

Snail

Luca Trujillo

Photograph



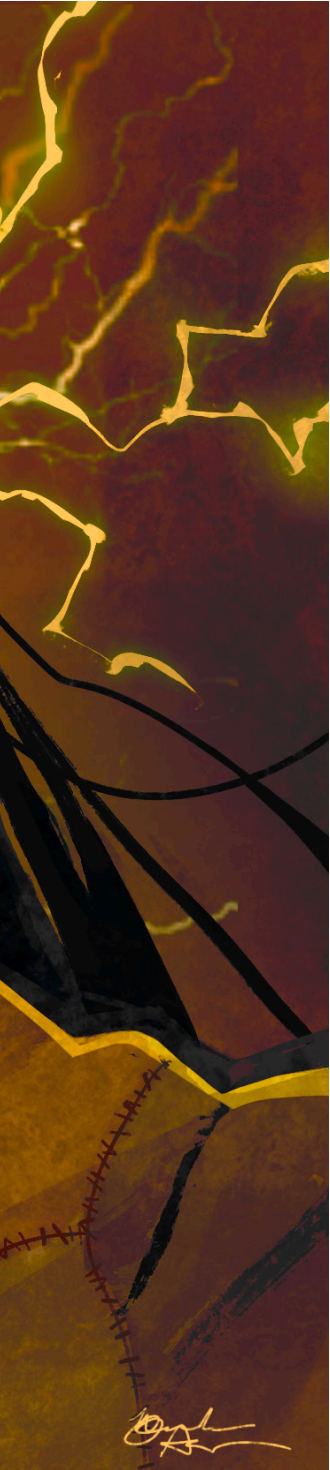


Slug Dreams
Luca Trujillo
Photograph



VINE HILL ROAD - ASTERISK GRABER

My father steps off the cracked concrete sidewalk and into the tall grass. He picks leaves with swiftness, more practised than I to be able to pluck batches cleanly with his thumb. My bag always falls short in numbers, having less experience both collecting the leaves and ignoring the swarming gnats.



The Creation
Hannah Anderson
Digital Art

Despite the shaded spots under the canopy, picking leaves in sweltering heat always feels miserable and tiresome.

But then, my mouth waters.

Smoothing my hands over the soft leaves tangled up the shrubs, I can only think about how each one will taste.

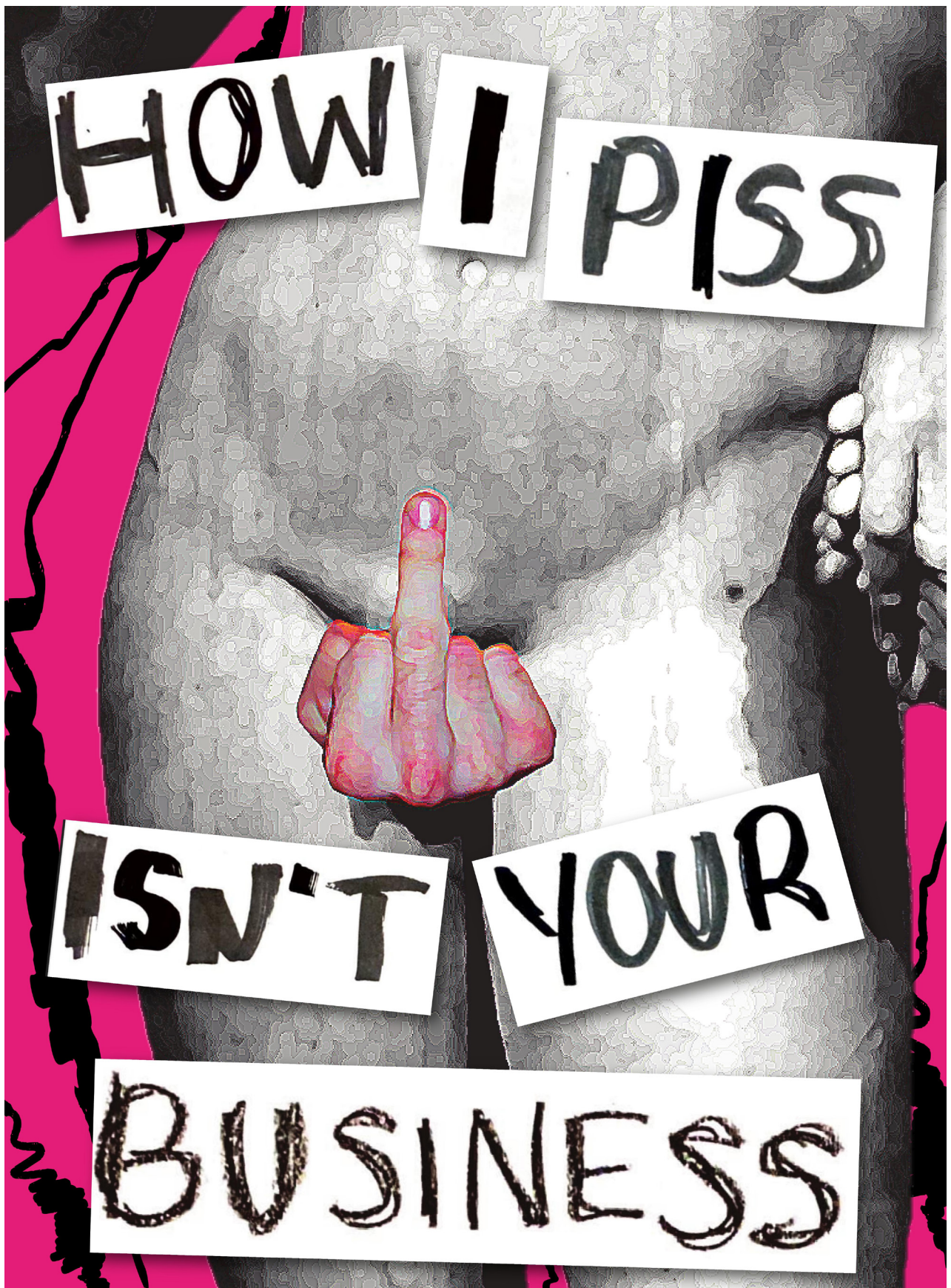
Maybe the ones with a bit more sun exposure will be more flavourful and bright. Maybe the ones tucked further in shade will be more tender and rich. As I pick them, I wonder which ones I'll eat from the batch. Which leaves I'll roll, and whether they'll be as good as my Sittos'.

She always seems to roll them perfectly thin and tight, but still loose enough to let the broth soak into the rice and lamb. I always compliment her cooking, but she claims to have lost much of her skill along with her sight. While I haven't had food made by her in her prime, It's difficult to imagine that what she makes now is worse than the best. I wonder how many times she rolled leaves with her mother, having picked the leaves with her family. And even further back, did my family in Lebanon pick leaves and roll them together as a family? Did they make it with the lamb they raised? At the end, our bags are as full as our stomachs are empty. These leaves would not be for tonight, as making the meal is too long a process for our hunger to bear. The leaves rest in the freezer, waiting to be shared with family.

VINE HILL ROAD - ASTERISK GRABER

Ash Graber

Poem

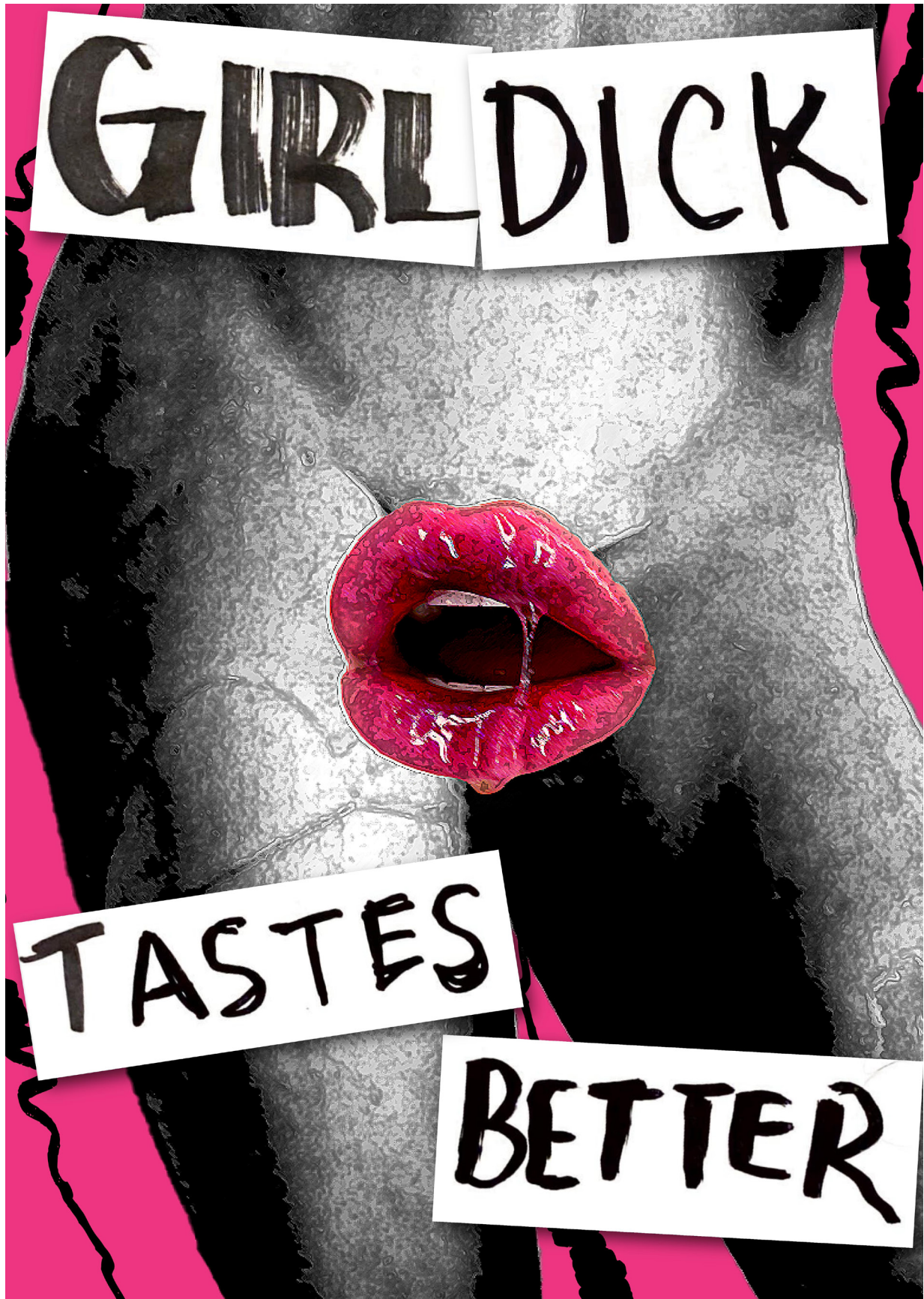


Business

Soren Chirhart

Multimedia Poster

Tastes Better
Soren Chirhart
Multimedia Poster



go tell the moon

i tell the moon something about me who i know i am who i know i will be i tell her all of it what i could never tell anyone else the train sounds in the distance crunching leaves beneath my feet i smile up at her she smiles back a shining reflection of the day's light bathed in black i let the dark hold me too i let her light guide me home into my body a home all my own but still it feels alien shaped wrong protruding awkwardly in places too small to contain Me so i overflow no i expand take more space strong is better than small i want to be strong enough to hold all of me the ones i love so they can be strong enough to hold me too to hold and be held in tenderness complete acceptance unmasked unbound our entire selves i keep expanding make space within instead of beside me no shrinking away from the jostle bumping and scratching friction and clumsiness i soften into it let it shape and adapt me stay soft enough to bounce back left with marks and scars they are mine they are me i am not them i am more.

sometimes i must shrink again feel small again softness demands it Me, condensed in a box childhood bedroom drawers and bins teenage angst pushes at the seams cracks in the plaster popcorn ceiling count the dots patterns dance before my eyes dark swallows me up until sunlight pries my eyes open another day more of the same lay on the dingy shag carpet let it hold me in my solitude i wonder what to do with this energy restless but unable to move my spirit presses at the limits of my skin where did it come from why can't i seem to release it what can i do to alleviate overwhelmed with discomfort i get up and pace around notice the dishes overflowing in the sink i take care of them using the repetitive scrubbing motion to meditate on why this place drains me so memories return to the surface adulthood autonomy promised not delivered trapped in this room unable to leave to reach beyond the same three people i'm not trapped anymore i have permission to reach beyond but it sits in my body in the tension in my jaw the way i hold my posture shoulders by my ears hunched and contorted survival mode i yawn and stretch years of pain release for a few minutes i know it'll come back but i know how to keep it at bay when it does

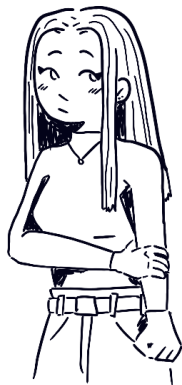
days later as i step back into my dorm room i feel my limbs unfold expand into the space i carved for myself meticulously etching out every bump and fold to allow for all of Me i plod to the bathroom gently undress step softly under the weak stream of lukewarm water i turn the handle until the tiles fog up around me filling my pores with steam drinking it through my skin like a frog on a humid day i take care to scrub the shampoo into my roots massaging my scalp as i go wash out every last sud finally clean of that other place i step out gently wringing the water from my hair i massage lotion tenderly into my skin take the time to reach every square inch of skin i show myself the kindness and care i wish others would show me i sit on the bench for a while wrapped in my towel the steam dissipating around me a nine year-old all toothy grin and tangled mousy brown hair sits down beside me i invite them to lay their head on my shoulder we sit there together for a while in the heavy air i thank them for the choices they made that led me here “are you proud?” i ask they pause for a moment “i think so. we’re safe.”



Go Tell the Moon
Mari Rogan
Poem

Starboy
Matson Bailey
Digital Art

I used to be
a really pretty
girl.



Until I realized
I didn't have
to be.



My grandma found out last year.
She told me I was going to hell.



I used to think that she
was right.



But I don't believe
in hell anymore.



MATSONB

I Used to be Pretty

Matson Bailey

Digital Art

Self-Made Man
Ash Graber
Digital Art



BOY?!

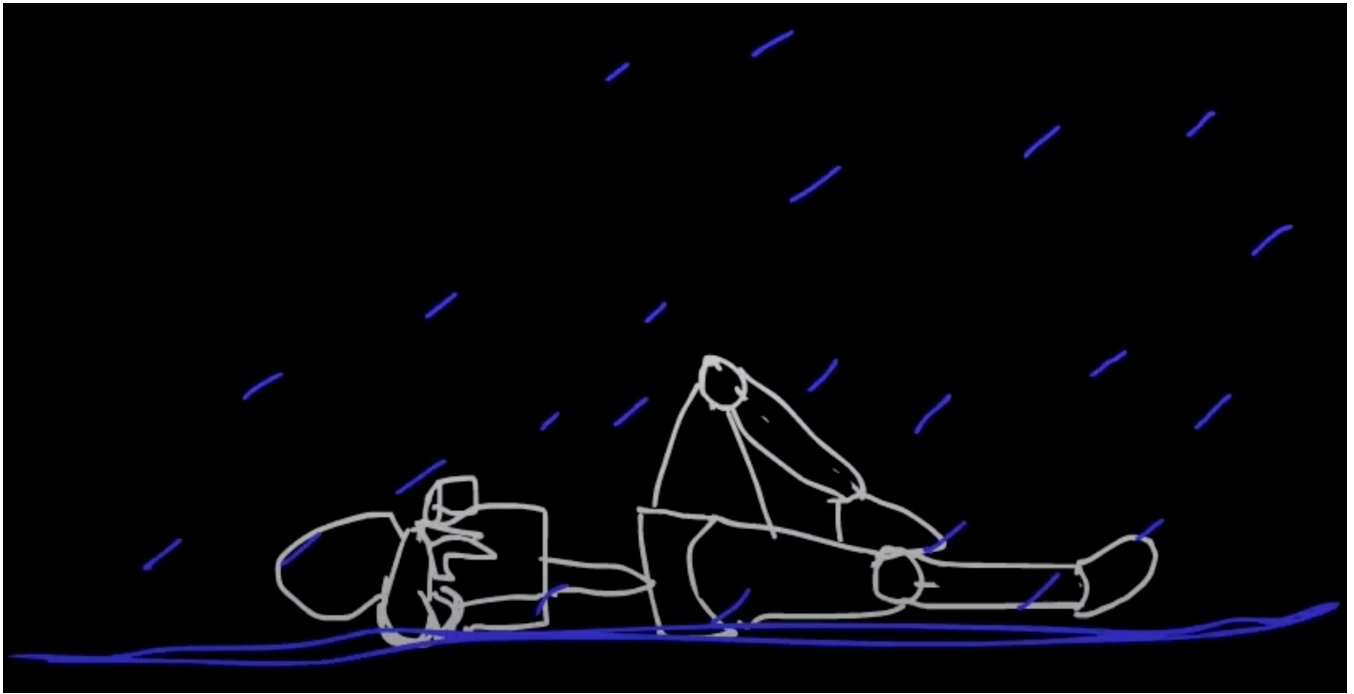
smile

CLAP

BOW

MATSON





Dream Ballet
Soren Chirhart
Animation

Performance
Matson Bailey
Digital Art

Featuring Work By:

Aria Giefer

Ash Graber

Charlie Knieff

Emily Klein

Hannah Anderson

Leo Libet

Luca Trujillo

Mari Rogan

Matson Bailey

Soren Chirhart

Stella Wheeler

Website

pages.stolaf.edu/thequarry

Instagram

[@the_quarry_mag](https://www.instagram.com/the_quarry_mag)

Contact

thequarrymag@gmail.com