

this shit's a HELLA rough draft bud

Zoey Inanis | comp class 2021 | Unit 1: Identity / Learning Narrative

*Possible topics:

the escape from the ohio dimension

being trans and doing rad girl biohacker shit

what i learned from literally being a college dropout twice

the rapid combination of me starting HRT and becoming a straight up communist

gonna roll with the trans one for this part of the draft and see where my brain takes me. **also pre-emptive content warning: there might be discussion of suicidal ideation I've had in the past. That is not the mental state I am in anymore. There is no need to be concerned.**

oh yeah, i swear a fair bit in the editor sections. they wont be in the final draft.

Interesting hook line that makes people want to read further. Supporting shit elaborating on the interesting hook line. (why am i writing this like a fu*cking novel its a school paper) non-contrived segue into the rest of the paper. body of the paper. closing. conclusion.

fu*cking write the intro last you numbnuts how do you introduce a paper you havent written????????? huh????? dipshit.

gonna write bullshit and then pick out things to elaborate as i go:

ok so im gonna be hella casual for the first sentences here because I need to get my thoughts flowing. So yeah, I'm transgender. The fu*ck's that mean? It means I take **biohacker drugs** to fix my hormones so that I don't have disgusting dude traits. You see, the way that **dysphoria** works its insipid little tendrils into your squishy brain is that it doesn't just make you have the horrid vibes *in general*, it makes you have horrid vibes for *tangible parts of your flesh prison!* Yeah. Y'know, **the thing that's going to outlive you, and the thing everyone perceives you as?** Yeah, that bad boy.

That saucy little meatball, that wretched funky groovy disco flesh suit? Yeah, imagine if you fu*cking **hated it** every single waking minute of every single day of your life.

Welcome to the world of being a transgender person without access to their proper healthcare.

At least when you're an unaware **egg** you don't *know* you hate your body.

Cool, vent posting done? Let's do this.

Fair warning, a paper about the topic of my identity is going to be precisely as chaotic as my identity... At least in the rough draft phase. Knowing the thought process can lead to giving incredibly useful criticism. I'm not padding the paper, I'm only counting the stuff I consider to be *in* the paper on my wordcount: 1,225 so far.

So again my intro's gonna be hot garbage because there's no paper here yet, but I'm gonna tackle the topic (in broad strokes) of *what* it means to be trans (not "to me," but specifically the umbrella definition,) *how* I knew I'm trans, and *when* I learned, came out, and started HRT respectively. Anyway, intro paragraph placeholder done.

Trans people have vastly different experiences in their lives, and no one person's philosophical views on the topic will ever explain it better than the briefest gist that trans people eschew the assignment of their birth gender. I don't think there is a simpler way to put it: Trans people; whether we experience dysphoria or not; whether or not we wish to pursue transition; whether or not we keep our birth names, or switch to a new one; all of us eschew the forced circumstance of our assigned gender at birth. Of course, the degree by which an individual will eschew (*NOTE:USE THIS WORD LESS YOU CAN USE IT 2 MORE TIMES*) these norms that have been forced upon us will always vary.

hey you could probably use that paragraph ^ right there you could use it as your intro just saying.
last line, intro style:

~~these norms that have been forced upon us will always vary. What I'll detail here are my own experiences, and mine alone. that sounded ominous, like an intro to some kinda eldritch horror book. i dont like it.~~

~~these norms that have been forced upon us will always vary. ok it needs work i'll write that later.~~

Dysphoria is a hell of a thing; its clinical definition is simple (albeit paraphrased:) It is the unease and anxiety that stem from a fundamental mismatch between a person's outward physical traits and their gender identity... Yet the experience is far more insidious and uses *far* less medically sterile language. I first experienced dysphoria when I was 15 years old, which I consider to be the first onset of my depression. Mercifully, I didn't yet know precisely *what* the depression was... Yet horribly, I didn't know how to *treat* the depression. The tone of this paragraph is a bit sadder with a bit of context: The realization occurred at age 16, and my access to HRT started at age 24. I'm going to gloss over those eight long years, and detail what I consider to be the most influential events to who I am now.

EDITOR MODE:

topics:

dropping out of college in 2014 because of severe depression & suicidal ideation stemming from dyphoria

the loss of a number of my former friends to the alt-right

how fucking dry of a read lenin is (jk this isnt a real topic but its true though)

escaping the ohio dimension (i knew i could integrate it without it being the subject)

how rad albuquerque is when you're acquainted to the desolation of rust belt ohio

gonna go with dropping out as the topic I consider most influential... fleeing ohio to abq is 2nd.

I'm going to gloss over those eight long years, and detail what I consider to be the most influential events to who I am now. I'd say the most influential experience of the past eleven years has been the circumstances surrounding my first college experience, at the University of Northwestern Ohio. I graduated high school in 2013, began studying Network Security that september, and lived on campus in a dormitory with 5 guys. Already, anyone with the mildest inkling of the dynamics of masculine social groups circa 2013 can see a problem that has arisen. In one fell swoop, I was both in the closet as bisexual *and* trans, and thrust into the center of a circumstance that was as-yet unknown to me: Throughout my life, I had no idea how to exist in social circles for men; the answer as to why

is clear *now*, but back then? I had repressed the fact that I was transgender, and experienced the constant insecurity and struggle of truly being a woman and having to perform as a man following their norms.

Fresh from high school, and the slurs I had thrown at me on an hourly basis, I wasn't willing to return to the *hell* of having people know my sexuality or gender identity... So I was back in the closet, after two years of acceptance in trade school during my junior and senior years.

Do you know those cheesy movies that start with a freeze frame, record scratch, and a "You're probably wondering et cetera such and such?" If I had to point to *that* specific moment of my college downfall, it would be the day I found out my partner was a nazi. Yeah, you'd think something like *that* would be hard to miss, but six months later the revelation in combination with my existing traumas sent me into a depressive spiral that was enough to devastate my GPA... Something I'm still picking up the pieces from to this day, six years later.

Alas, my tale is not *all* stress and depression! You've *almost* finished suffering through the hard part of the story: The results. Now, I can bring you along for an explanation of the nuanced nature of dysphoria and the *triumphs* of my life since starting transitioning.

On the topic of Dysphoria and the Experiences Therein

To quote my associate Jane, on the topic of dysphoria: "Shit sucks, yo." (Smeltzer¹)

I find the aforementioned quote to be succinct, but lacking in the nuance I want to convey.

Dysphoria sucks, yes... But *how* does it suck? *What* does it make suck? More answers and more follow!

I have a precarious and horrible combination of factors: Severe dysphoria, resilience to a fault, and a determination to change the factors in my life that I view as ailing me. The *reason* this combination of factors is so terrible is that it has led to numerous times in my life where I outright stuck in a terrible situation simply because I was resilient enough to survive in that environment. From Fort Loramie to Lima, to back to Fort Loramie, I was perpetually immersed in a vat of toxicity that absolutely stunted my social dynamics—and still does to this day, even after having escaped it. As I've no doubt said before, I previously lived in Fort Loramie, Ohio; a small rust-belt town with a diminutive population of 1,524. Resources for trans people are a rarity in a place as rural as west Ohio, where the nearest town with a Wal-mart was 20 miles away. What I found rarer than resources in Ohio were people I felt safe around. My doctor's office was at least in the same state as me; My friends, however, were not.

i know that paragraph seems out of place; thats because it probably is, i'll move it to its right spot when im doing a later draft to sort out the flow.

How does Dysphoria suck? However it very well pleases, it seems. Some days, it's an acute horror the likes of which only staring into the maws of the dreaded Cthulhu could compare... Other days, it's almost endearing in a way. With dysphoria, on some days you can only see fault in the world; The others, you can see it for the beautiful place it is. Living with dysphoria means your brain is randomly going to decide that your irises' limbal rings are somehow a masculine trait to be insecure about and there is *nothing you can do on this planet that can stop it.*

What does Dysphoria make suck? Have you ever enjoyed a violent movie? What if you couldn't do that because your brain randomly decided that enjoying that movie invalidated you, and made you masculine. Do you like a band that doesn't have mainstream appeal among people of your gender? Haha! Well, with dysphoria around you'll *still* like both the aforementioned movie and band... But you'll hate *yourself* for liking them! From movies to video games, to things as strange as the energy drink you prefer or your dream travel plans, dysphoria is there tinting everything you view with blue tinted glasses and saying you should be wearing pink ones.²

1. Smeltzer, Jane. "On the Topic of Dysphoria and the Experiences Therein" *Weirdo Breakfast Club 2: Zenos Yae Galvus Swoon Edition Text to Speech Channel*, 27 Sept. 2021. [↵](#)

2. I don't know how to convey what I intended here through the subtext of the sentence, so I will elaborate in the footnote. I might find a way to make this work in the final copy, without the footnote. Long story short, "blue tinted glasses" is a double entendre meaning both the horrible depression that comes with Dysphoria, as well as a concern over random subjects' arbitrary gender. The "you should be wearing pink ones" is in regards to a distress that you find appeal in subjects you consider "masculine" while feeling you should have interest in "feminine" subjects. [↵](#)