

a mad genderfuck symphony



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Artist statement:

I imagine language and time often through music. In this piece I am playing with sentence length and layering as a representation of time and chaos levels. In the first section the sentences are long and representative of a metronome. In the second section the sentences are varied and the stops between them are chaotic, representative of rhythm. In the third part they show a harmony (or lack thereof) between mood and gender. I show what it looks like for them to be layered on top of one another, and how chaotic the state of my mind gets.

REVISION:

I am interested in how the words overlap onto other pages to show the development of a musical score. There are multiple voices speaking on one page. Additionally, this overlapping mimics the chaos that is present in my mind which is represented through an entire symphony rather than one musician. The story is about if one can separate their personality and identity (i.e. transness) from their mood. It is expressed through words but also through how the layers show upon one another. The first is a representation of the seasons. Here the experience is most universal. Here it is most calm but also represents what is at the core of what controls the writer. Weather and existing in a world with others is out of their control. The sentences are long to act like the entire bar of 4/4 and I would say they are deceptively calm.

The next section is chaotic. The sentence structures are mostly short and sometimes don't have proper grammar elements. They are the writer existing within the seasons, within the 4/4 tempo. Being controlled by the deceptively calm weather.

The third section speaks literally. This is where a story starts beyond sentence structure. The section is on harmony and instead of showing it like is done in the first two, this section shows harmony through directly communicating to the reader. It is also a way to work with the foundational narrative design and change the voice each time.

The fourth section speaks in conversation with the third. This is because harmony and dissonance are actually the opposite of one another, not two different things. Instead of having breaks at every sentence however, this section gets even clearer and breaks at what I would say are paragraphs or stanzas. It's pensive and reflective of the whole piece. And it's where the story meets the form. Can you break away from the weather, from mood, to have an identity that is not already predetermined for you? Is this question even worth asking? Life as a force is so much stronger than individuality. Or rather, we find individuality even though we are predetermined, unwavering, nonnegotiable subjects to it.

I also speak of reifying the reality that I am trans through the metaphor of concrete. In a sense the whole piece is about putting in place evidence of a reality in order to forgo any doubt that I am trans. Which is incredibly hard to do because it's not something I am easily willing to accept. The first section talks about factors we cannot change, the second section talks about my chaotic life within that life, the third sets up a false correlation to appease myself and the fourth comes to terms with the fact that I was denying that I was trans aside from any mental illness.

It's a complicated piece that can be read many ways; from a literary perspective or a visual one or both. I am overall happy with the way that I was able to make sense of the third section because I do believe it needed more work but I wasn't even there mentally to make that page. In a sense thus this was a piece that helped me realize who I am.

The tempo is 4/4 Winter Spring
Summer Fall// I like the feeling of
cold weather on my skin, especially
in my car it reminds me of glid-
ing on the ice and feeling the wind
on my body// Chicago gets cold
and so does Boston but I don't live
there anymore I'm back home// I re-
member walking to Alayna's mom's
apartment and I was near Water
Tower and the snow was so strong
it knocked me back but I love that
because that's my home I'm from
the cold.// The weather changes and
the snow turns into brown puddles
it's spring time but spring nev-
er really lasts that long or rath-
er it's tempermental, there will be
days that it snows again after you
thought that winter was over.// I
haven't much to say about spring
other than it's short.// Summer
comes and I try to have a garden
with Alayna again but I don't real-
ly water them but it still makes me
happy we put gravel down outside
my apartment and it really looks

like a home. I adopted a cat and
named her/him/them Gravel after
my concrete and concrete poetry
practice. Concrete is made out of
gravel, sand, cement, and water.// I
feel guilty because I never went to
The Promontory Point when it was
warm I didn't even swim in Lake
Michigan.// I visited chosen fami-
ly that was in the hospital in New
York this summer and I remem-
bered how hot it gets there and I
had to wear such little clothing.//
We went out and I was in my bind-
er and barely ate that day and I
got so sick.// And then fall back in
Boston admittedly the leaves turn
redder I just realized.// Halloween
is the best time of year I get to
dress up and be myself and go to a
party and dance.// As they say it's
gay Christmas.// Fall is my favor-
ite season but I think winter might
actually be it because I am a stub-
born Chicagoan and I'm proud of
where I am from but Halloween is
the best celebration of the year.//

The rhythm is fucked. // The tempo
Summer Fall // I like the feeling of
pol d we a t h e r on my skin, especially
is fucked. // I think I am immune
to the moon and the sun <> even cold
and so does Boston but I don't live
there anymore I'm back home // I re-
alistic wants to try a new prescription's
apartment and I was near Water
Tower and the snow was so strong
it knocked me back but I love that
because that's my home I'm from
The cold. // The weather changes and
the snow turns into problems
it's spring time but spring never
really lasts that long or rather
it's temperamental there will be
days that it snows again after you
(SAD) lamp. // throughout the
haven't much to say about spring
other than it's short. // Summer
rhythms and // I try to have a happy light
with Alayna again but I don't real-
ly water them but it still makes me
happy sessions. // me. LEARN PAT-
my apartment and it really looks

like a home. I adopted a cat and
named her/him/them Gravel after
my concrete and concrete poetry
practice. Concrete is made out of
gravel, sand, cement, and water. // I
the woods. // want to be like a hunter who knows
the woods enough to know when it is
going to rain // it rains so much // I
try to know. // I'm not THAT bad // I
had to wear such little clothing. //
We went out and was in my bed-
room and barely ate that day and I
got so sick. // And then fall back in
Boston admitted the leaves turn
redder I just realized. // Halloween
is the best time of year I get to
dress up and be myself against a
party and dance. // As they say it's
gay Christmas. // Fall is my favor-
ite season to be the changes in my mood
actually be it because I am a stub-
born Chicagoan and I'm proud of
where I am // from but Halloween is
the best celebration of the year. //

The temperament is 4/4. With either Spring
Summer Fall // I like the feeling of
cold / / weather on my skin, especially
when in my car in the middle of glid-
ing on the ice and feeling the wind
on my body / / Chicago going to cold
and so does Boston but I don't live
there anymore I'm back home // I re-
alize I want to go away from home's
apartment and I was near Water
Tower and the snow was so strong
it knocked me back but I love that
because that's my home I'm from
the cold. // The weather changes and
the snow turns and grows puddles
it's spring time but spring nev-
er really lasts that long or rather
it's temperamental there will be
days that it snows again after you
thought winter was over / / I
haven't much to say about spring
other than it's short. // Summer
rhythms and / / I try to have a good
graph. It changes daily. And it's good-
sits and flows throughout the year. An
unstable sum of parts. Each day
my apartment and it really looks

I am a girl and a boy at the same
time. / I am more boy than girl. / I
am not a girl at all. / I changed my
name when I got back to Chicago.
But I decided I didn't want to
go by it anymore. / Now to some I
am the new name and to others I
am my old name. / I choose who I
want to be when. / I use two differ-
ent pronouns. / Sometimes I don't
get to choose who I am. / When
the moon and the sun take me out.
for the spins. / At family dinners with
family friends who 'just won't get
it.' / At the supermarket when I am
make am *% And I never feel worse
than then. / Harmony is at its best. //

I'm a bad trans person / Doctors
Dissonance: two sounds not quite meeting each
other Coming from different places. In opposition to
harmony. When have I felt my gender expression be
dissonant from my mood? Does such a phenomena
exist? Or do mood and gender exist on the same violin
string, the same piano key. Inseperable. And if they are
inseperable, do I have much of a personality aside
from my mental state? My mental state which is erratic
and has a life of its own? Do I have any agency over this
part of me? // Sometimes expressing myself feels like a
win, a subversion from what I was born into. It's a burst
of euphoria knowing I can tear through what was in
society's plan for me. // Does that count as dissonance?
Or am I still being crazy? // What if my dissonance
is harmony with another part of myself. A part that
accepts contradictions. Maybe this is proof I am more
multidimensional than just my mental illness. It could
also mean the mental illness is more multidimensional
which it by definition is. // To be up and down is to have
more than one part. // Has anyone ever wanted to be
dissonant? // Cognitive dissonance for one is a negative
thing, the word conjures up rifts that are unpleasant. But
I am searching for a self that can stand on its own two
feet without being in conjunction with mental illness. //
Where has that been? Can that be? // ally looks

I am a girl and a boy at the same time. I am more boy than girl. I am not a girl at all. I changed my name when I got back to Chicago. But I decided I didn't want to go by it anymore. Now to some, I am my old name. I choose who I want to be when I use it. I prefer to use pronouns. Sometimes I don't. To get a good job. When the moon and the sun take me out for a spin. At a family dinner with family friends who just won't get it. At the supermarket where I am a man. And I never feel worse than this. Hair is at its best. I need to see it in concrete words. Out there in the open.