

a mad genderfuck symphony



Ezra Celia Glastris

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, especial-
ly 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 tempo is 4/4. Winter/Spring
Summer/Fall//I like the feeling of
cold weather on my skin, especial-
ly in my car it reminds me of glid-
ing on the ice and feeling the wind
on my body/and Chicago gets cold
and so does Boston but I don't live
there anymore I'm back home//I re-
member walking to a New York
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 rat-
her it's temperamental 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 happy
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
me. 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 when it is
going to rain// it rains so much// I
try to know} I'm not THAT bad//
But on top of 4/4 there is LIFE!
We all occupy together//No time. To
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 the changes winter mood
actually be it because I am a stub-
born Chicagoan and I'm proud of
where I am//from but Halloween is
not.{}+:\w/{}<>....I will fall apart.//
the best celebration of the year.//

I'm a bad trans person / Doctors
The rhythm is fucked. // The tempo
Summer Fall // I like the feeling of
cold weather on my skin, especial-
ly in my car in winter. // Yet
it's fucked. // I think I am immune
ing on the ice and feeling the wind
on my body / and Chicago gets cold
and so / does Boston but I don't live
there anymore I'm back home // I re-
member walking to a new prescrip-
tion for a while 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 in a brown puddle
it's spring time but spring nev-
er really lasts that long or rather
it's temperamental. // And it's good-
bye to an agreeance with the mir-
ror. // I am the stock market: a line
graph. // It changes daily. // And ebs
sits at my desk // use it in the year. // An
unstable sum of parts. // Each day

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 Chica-
go. // 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 a spin. // At family dinners with
family friends who just won't get
it. // At the supermarket when I am
take a * // I'm never like worse
than then. // harmony is at its best. //

I'm a bad trans person / Doctors
The female is 4/4. Winter / Spring /
Dissonance: two sounds not quite meeting each
Summer / Fall / Like the feeling of
other. Coming from different places. In opposition to
cold weather cry my skin, especially
harmony. When have I felt my gender expression be
soft on my hair / my nose / my lips / my
dissonant from my mood? Does such a phenomena
my gender change and feeling like the wind
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
like a home. I adopted a cat and
We talk about it. We talk on my blue couch and you re-
named her / him / them. Gravel after
mind me. The DSM-5 replaced Transgender Identity
my concrete and concrete poetry
Disorder in 2013 with Gender Dysphoria thank God.
Being trans is not an illness but it comes with baggage. I
But that's not the point of what you said. Have you ever
tried to translate something from someone and because
you don't quite understand it you do a bad job? I need
to ask you again to clarify because I am so caught up in
this false correlation that it is hard for me to see what
you made so clear. // Clarification: Being trans is not
an illness but mental illness affects every facet of things
that you do. It affects school. Love life. Friendships. Eat-
ing. But it is not the same thing. // You wanted to know
why I was concerned about this. It always comes back to
got so sick. // And then fall back in
to shame or guilt. I think I am just trying to understand
myself. I've always made this joke that I am not a good
representation for the trans community because I feel
like my gender changes with my mood. Is it imposter
syndrome? Am I still coming to terms with who I am?
I know I am mentally ill so maybe attributing gender to
mental illness is more comfortable than the simple reali-
ty that I am trans. I haven't accepted that yet. Even writ-
ing it makes me cringe. Like only so many people can
see this. But I need to write it because I need to see it I
need to see it in concrete words. Out there in the open.