

EGG MODE #0

*remember that weird shit
you were into?*

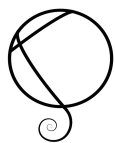
trans women
as we were before.
without shame.
except the good kind.
"yr james h type."

fr the sissies in the back row.

featuring:

- a conversation between shell terrapin, bell peregrine, and thel seraphim
- an anon ptyx
- merritt k talks tentacles
- thel seraphim writes about hanson
- a poem by mya adriene byrne
- aisling fae tells us about all kinds of things
- jades takes us on a trip down memory lane
- emma bee tells it like it was
- marxism genderism shares the good news
- shell terrapin talks about death wishes
- stephanie w gets on craigslist
- an anonymous goon talks control
- jamie holland wakes up

Edited by Bell Peregrine & Mya Byrne
with occasional assistance from Thel Seraphim



By way of Introduction, "Buffalo" Bell Peregrine, Editrix and Thel Seraphim, Minion, in conversation with Shell Terrapin, whose stakes are never revealed.

Shell: want to introduce each other?

Thel: I always feel pressured into performing some kind of gimmick about being twins. Yeah, Bell and I are twins, both trans women, turning thirty at the end of the month. She's the dominating one, just kind of a more devilish and effective person than me. I think I might have had that kind of power but spent too much time on other things.

Bell: It's funny that you say dominating, as though it were a personality trait. It's simply the nature of the weak to be ruled by the strong.

Thel: could you chill with that shit?

Bell: Thel is a confused wisp of a trans woman, my demonic minion, my puppet, living in the bay area or maybe nowhere, and in some sense not a bad mathematician, though falling out of it lately.

Thel: Ok, I'll take that. Bell is my sister and my better self in some sense, like I feel like we have this dynamic where she expresses everything I'm afraid to be. It's nice to have someone like that around.

Bell: am I allowed to talk about your other writing?

Thel: sure, or I could, I'm writing a lot of poetry, as a poet my personality is kind of more like Bell's. I'm slacking off on writing math but really do mean to get something done there.

Bell: I might take over that math project, seems like your heart's not in it.

Thel: thanks, Bell.

Shell: Talk to us about how the zine came to be.

Bell: I think I should pass this one to Thel, she was really the inspiration here. A starter, but not a leader, I should say. This became my project pretty fast. That's how we do things. lemuell is in charge

Thel: thx bb. What really happened here was forcing a friend to read Nevada, and watching her head split open when she got to the james h section. Like there were a lot of late night chat sessions, a lot of emails and tumblr activity, but ultimately my friend said "I felt like I was a fake for five years" just because she'd had some fetish interests in the past (and obviously also the present). It was horrible to contemplate that happening to another person and decided we had to have that conversation in public.

Bell: I just like turning boys into girls.

Shell: Thanks for TF-ing me, Bell. So why isn't Nevada enough, sounds like it was for your friend?!

Bell: yeah, it would be enough if people read it. We just have to keep renewing that conversation, having it in different places. I think of this as basically james h fan fiction, is that fair, Thel?

Thel: that's pretty much how my story looks, it's kind of a Nevada-like encounter. But I don't know, I think we can have this conversation without writing the novel that revolutionizes trans literature.

Bell: we have to make the conversation accessible to bad writers.

Thel: You know, if you're a great artist you can get your shit published by Biyuti or Topside or Timeless Infinite Light or something, but what about the rest of us?

Bell: we're going for that feeling of "fuck, I would have picked a different bar if I knew it was poetry slam night"

Thel: LOL Bell, please be nice, a lot of the submissions were really good!

Bell: Yeah, I mean they are it's just that the artistic quality wasn't the point. At some level I'm just looking for more victims to turn into my marionettes. I tire of Thel.

Thel: Nevada is also white as fuck — it's a white world that I've been lost in and uncomfortable in for my whole life, so very familiar. But at some level like, I'm never going to be punk and it's not because of my clothes but because of what's under them.

Bell: I think about Shūzō Kuki, this Japanese philosopher who was kind of crucial to the early development of existentialism, he introduced a young Sartre to Heidegger's work in the course of some language tutoring, or so the legend goes. I got kind of obsessed with this connection when I was in college and read some of his letters, he wrote this poem about wandering around Paris being looked at like an insect by the French, staring back at them, saying "in me too is the same sadness"

Thel: You really went down the rabbit hole with that one Bell, but I feel that, white scenes never change. We should find that book again, after all the others. Just for that line.

Bell: what I think is cool is that Kuki doesn't necessarily want to bring a Japanese perspective any more than I want to bring a Trans Woman Of Color perspective, maybe he just wants to play your game.

Thel: that's a pretty regrettable game.

Bell: Thel was raised as an existentialist so has the same kind of bitterness there that you find in young atheists who grew up Christian. This is an argument we've stopped having.

Thel: being-towards-talking-about-something-else, please!

Shell: Were there any submissions that shocked you?

Thel: I don't know, I thought a lot of what went on here was pretty vanilla actually, more than I expected. Like, I found we were writing back to people and saying "there's nothing to be ashamed of." But I was hoping to get more stories about stuff that we **are** ashamed of, or that we should be.

Bell: there's this thing I call the butterfly narrative, you know, the struggle of my beautiful trans soul struggling, now stepping into the light — victory! We look back on stories that invoke a sexual interest in the destruction of masculinity, in other forms of transformation and destruction, and try to say that this was a confused expression of our trans-ness, but with no remainder. I don't buy that, I'm interested in that remainder —

Thel: I like what Bell says about the remainder, but I don't think anyone should feel bad for not being as evil as Bell —

Bell: did someone ask for your perspective, Thel? Interrupt me one more time and so help me god —

Shell: is there other stuff you can point to along these lines?

Thel: — Dennis Cooper.

Bell: there's a lot of stuff that I **can't** point to, conversations that happen

in private, or in secret groups. I think as far as these conversations happening in public, I think in a trans context the second half of Nevada is really where it's at. For me the revelation with that book was this character James H, that I'd never seen anywhere before or since.

Thel: I think if you look beyond a trans context you can find a lot of exploration of these kind of things, explorations of evil and coldness, confused or fucked up desire. Like I said, Dennis Cooper, but also some of what Kevin Killian does in Argento Series, Paul Valéry's Monsieur Teste, Lautréamont, or Querelle —

Bell: Querelle was the worst movie ever, Thel likes a lot of pretentious shit. I don't back that one —

Thel: you're saying that because you're a top. I love you but you don't get this one.

Bell: I'll take that.

Shell: there's a number in the title, are you hoping to do this again? What does the future hold for Egg Mode?

Thel: well, when I conceived of this project the thought was that it would be three issues —

Bell: Sex, Drugs, and Rock and Roll —

Thel: yeah exactly, the next issue was going to talk about acid, about the spiritual trip, and other forms of lotus-eating including literature, at least the way I got into it. But culture was more for the third —

Bell: the joke was that the third issue would be a Jim O'Rourke fan zine.

Thel: Yeah, my generation's MC Ride or something.

Bell: we're the same age, you just have bad taste.

Thel: anyway, I'm kind of distracted by putting together a poetry project, so it kind of depends on Bell's energy —

Bell: WHICH IS INFINITE

Shell: It's been great talking to you two, your dynamic is kind of inspiring. Any parting thoughts?

Thel: I guess I just want to like acknowledge some stuff that doesn't get acknowledged because it isn't in books. I feel like for me reading winter lake's tumblr was a lot more important than any of the books we mentioned. Also the term "egg" comes from Zoey Wolfe (Novalesca) who is amazing and I hope to be in the same city with again someday. Also just thanks for having this conversation with us, Shell, I think you mellowed out our dynamic a lot. Behind closed doors it can be a lot less inspiring.

Bell: I think I'm going to use this interview as the introduction, actually. And yeah, thanks to everyone for playing your parts, saying what I planned for you to say, doing what I plan for you to do. I like putting things where they go. Call me.

An anonymous and sadly faraway ptyx writes:

You can live in constant self-analysis and it can serve you very well most of the time but you can only ever arrive at the best answer you've got all the pieces of. All my answers for a long time were third-hand straight boy jokes. Exclusively into lesbian porn because it's such a typical straight boy thing and who wants to see some dude's ass when you're trying to get off and so on. Imagining a whole scenario around the scene in the photos or the video, imagining being one of the women, then the other, back and forth, anything to forget myself, because what straight boy wants to have to think about his own cock at basically any moment, right? Keeping your trousers on and going down on every woman I'm ever with as the first thing and the main thing because that, more specifically, is the sweet, gentle, unselfish, not-like-all-the-others straight boy thing to do. Then later, trying to stay hard and to come, too jittery for any of my old standby which-girl-am-I-now scenarios to stick properly in the mind, imagining, ha, get this, imagining being the woman I'm with, but fucking another woman who I think is a friend of hers so it's plausible enough, and focusing so hard on the idea that I nearly say the other woman's name in a higher-pitched voice but I stop myself just in time, and I don't even think to typical-straight-boy-rationalise that one because I'm so lost in the absurd comedy of it all and how close I came to either losing this incredible woman in the most painfully foolish way or, who knows, maybe she's so solid that instead she just wants to dig deeper into, what, you couldn't get off without imagining you were me and I was another woman and this kind, caring, sensitive straight boy wasn't even in the room at all, what's all that about?

tentacle porn & the politics of desire ~ merrikk k

there's a line in Nevada where the trans woman character maria is talking to the proto-trans woman character james and she says something like, the only time i couldn't lie to myself about what i wanted for my body and my life before i transitioned was when i was jerking off.

when i read that, i was just like *twinkle*

but also, it's complicated.

when i was growing up, before i had any sense that maybe i was a girl and that maybe i was into some abnormal sexual stuff, i consumed a lot of porn. mostly it was animated or textual, partly because i only had a dial-up connection in high school and partly because for reasons that are now eminently obvious to me, reading about bodies or looking at illustrated ones made me feel a lot less fucked up than looking at actual porn stars.

once i got to college and had access to nearly any kind of porn i could conceive of, i jerked off pretty much every day. i got into an easy pattern: search for something new, get off to it, feel a sick sense of shame wash over me, delete it, repeat.

the shame i was feeling didn't come from some kind of conservative upbringing that said that masturbation or porn was wrong, though. it came from an incipient feminist consciousness that told me that what i was doing was perpetuating the patriarchy. because here's the thing: a lot of what i was jerking it to was like, really intense, violent, fictional rape scenes.

in retrospect it's easy to see why things like tentacle rape scenes appealed to me: they were about the furthest thing from heterosexual intercourse i could think of (lesbian sex often made me feel too fucked up to consider); they had the same quality of most rape fantasies generally, in that they removed responsibility for desire; and they featured a lot of themes around bondage and control that i couldn't approach directly at the time.

but back then, my thought process went like this: you get off to rape scenes, which is evidence that your sexuality is inherently predatory, which is evidence of your maleness, which is totally inescapable. it didn't occur to me that maybe i wasn't projecting onto the aggressor, but the victim.

when my girlfriend and i fucked, i'd fantasize about the same kind of thing. i felt guilty and fucked up about that too. and it felt like something was Wrong with me for not being able to get off from putting my dick in her. i didn't know why i could only cum while getting jerked off, closing my eyes, and thinking about horrific monsters, and that just made things worse. usually, after we fucked i'd go back to my room and masturbate, as a weird kind of ritualistic purge.

it took me a while, even after i came out, to really figure out what my uneasy relationship to the kinds of porn i was into meant. since then, i've encountered so many trans women who had similar uneasy, self-critical relationships to porn growing up. so many of us learn to analyze media and representations way before we come out, because it's easier to think about gender generally than in the specific circumstances of our lives – that way leads to admitting that you might be trans. and as a result, we often get into this space where we can't explain why we're into what we're into, but we're pretty sure it's because we're Bad and Gross.

but here's the thing: i've realized that being into, say, porn where women are assaulted by horrible monsters was on some level a transmogrification of my desire to be a woman and to experience being a woman sexually without having to fully take responsibility for that desire.

since i transitioned and realized that i was into being tied up and pushed around, i don't jerk off to that stuff as much. but i still do, sometimes! desire isn't a linear, simple thing and whatever kind of 'problematic' porn yr into, whether it's forced fem, transformation, fictional rape, or whatever, isn't something that you necessarily have to 'grow out of.'

it's healthy to think about the politics of your porn, but when media analysis is applied in the service of a ritualistic, repetitive self-flagellation, nobody wins.

and besides – when it comes to porn, most of us probably spend too much time worrying about the ethics of representation and not enough worrying about the ethics of production and workers' rights; but that's another story entirely

Thel submitted this thing, I guess effusing about Dennis Cooper wasn't enough at some point, she had to imitate him. I approve of certain elements. — Bell

Hi hansonZine,

I saw your call for submissions on LJ and thought I'd try sharing some of the stuff I write. My stories are kind of weird because I'm in them and they're usually pretty focused on Taylor. I don't talk about the music that much, and some sex stuff happens. But I don't think it's too weird. I'm also trans so if you've got a problem with that you can fuck off. Whatever. Anyway here's a story I wrote about playing basketball with Taylor and two of his friends. If you want you can change his friends to the other two Hanson brothers, that'd be fucking twisted! I left it how it is because this is how I imagined it. Included the story after my signature. Let me know!!!1one!

Elle luvHaNson87

At first they were skeptical about playing basketball with a girl. It didn't feel good when they agreed, it felt like they were saying yes to the boy they saw in me. Like, ok, I'm trans, but I've read about it and I don't have any kind of athletic advantage over cis women. But I guess fewer of them trained in high school. Actually I've got an athletic advantage over most guys, I'm strong and I play hard. The point is I'm not a fucking guy. But as I dominated them more and more on the court they seemed to see me as a guy more and more and it really took me out of it. We broke up into a two-on-two game, but I've got a lot of moves and I'd rather shoot than pass. Pretty soon it was one-on-three.

When I get out on the court I get mean, I like to push people around a little bit, make them feel a kind of way. Usually I've got a victim picked out, but I didn't know these guys. After shooting around a little bit I'd picked the smaller guy, Taylor, I mean, he wasn't exactly smaller, just somehow Jim and Theo were in charge. Every time Taylor spoke he'd flip his cute blonde head around and look to one or the other for approval. It was something in his eyes. Maybe something in his shoulders.

As soon as I dunked on him, the mood on the court changed. Taylor's friends were high-fiving, laughing, "BRO!" they couldn't believe it, I don't think either of them could dunk themselves in spite of being about six foot three. I'm not even that tall, but I can jump, and I play hard, like I said. But Taylor especially seemed different, his blue eyes went all steely and I saw his sweaty forehead scrunch up underneath the absorbent headband and long floppy haircut. It was hard for me to shake the thought that he looked just like the middle Hanson brother, I mean, in their prime. I barely registered it when Theo switched teams. Like I care, why pass the ball to him when I can just roll it to Jim, or Taylor?

Playing one-on-three, my heart rate was starting to go up, which is good, that's why I play. Taylor and Theo set up the most transparent pick and roll I'd ever seen — you can't plan it out loud like that. As Taylor came around I took the ball out of his hands and checked him hard to the ground, swiveled and shot a three-pointer. No hesitation. All net. Then I turned back and told him what was up.

"Taylor, this is not a game, I'm going to need you to get up as far as your knees right now. I'm going to need you to suck my cock, or as much of my cock as you can take." The other two were hushed but I could tell they were hard too, especially Jim, who

seemed to be packing something respectable. Maybe as big as mine, but not as thick. I told Theo to lock the door.

[...]

Dear Elle,

I thought about not responding to your story but I felt like we might have a lot to talk about. I don't really write stories like yours and I don't spend a lot of time reading them. But they're kinda always at the edge of my imagination. Maybe that makes me repressed LOL. But I think we might like Hanson for kind of similar reasons. Anyway you know they've got this kind of family-friendly aesthetic and I wanted to keep the zine more or less on that level. Like obviously people like Hanson for a reason but I figure if they can act normal then maybe so should we. Am I totally off-base? I'm going to give you some of my real contact information, I figured out who you are but you should have a chance to sniff around me too. Let's be friends on livejournal, I write a lot but mostly under a filter. I like Zac the most to be honest. How old are you? I'm 25.

Regards,
Benjamin

PS It's nothing to do with being trans, I don't know anybody who's trans but I read about it a little bit and it sounded like the people who do it are very brave. It's like the coolest thing actually. Personally I just can't imagine just like knowing the whole time that I was trapped in the wrong body. I barely felt like I had a body at all. Like it seems like trans people must know their bodies really well is that true? Do you do martial arts?

Ben,

Oh, you're one of /those/, I get it. I read your LJ back a few pages but I couldn't see the goods, I guess you didn't add me to whatever filter. So what's your terrible secret? I see you live in the Northwest, but why so vague? Maybe we should hang out sometime. I live in Lynnwood, but I can get to Seattle or wherever on the bus or maybe can borrow a car. I live with my parents and I'm 28, fucking pathetic, but you know, it beats paying rent. And they get me. Or my mom kinda does.

"Regards" (blow me lol)
Elle

Hi Elle,

I don't know, I always have this feeling people from high school are going to find me. I actually live in Seattle, North side. I live with my parents too but I have the whole basement and it has its own door, so it's kind of like having my own apartment. Probably better than an apartment I could afford and it's not always so bad to have my parents around. You can probably imagine what it looks like, a lot of boy band stuff. They thought I was gay for the longest time and I think they would have been cooler with that than what I am, which is like, I don't know, nothing? I'm trying to figure it out.

I just smoke a lot of weed I guess. LOL I should pull it together.

I really like the long comment you left on my LJ post, I'm glad you checked again after I remembered to add you to the filter (actually I never forgot I just was scared to for a while). But what do you mean by one of those?

I Might But Ask Nicer,
Ben

Ben,

North side meaning what, Lake City? U District? Ballard? I told you I live in Lynnwood. You don't have to be coy about what neighborhood you live in. I guess your parents are either really rich or really poor, right? What bus line?

Bored,
Elle

Lauren,

Hey this is Elle, I know we left stuff in a bad place but I could use a favor. Do you still have the line on hormones?

Elle

Elle,

Yeah, I'm in Wallingford. 1918 N 48th St, I guess I'm bored too. I work at this coffeeshop but not full time, so you could come over on Thursday or Friday. I guess stay the weekend if you want to get away from your parents, it sounds like you do. But I mean, ignore that I said that if you don't want to, I'm not trying to say anything is going to happen. Maybe you'll see what a loser I am and get on the first bus home. Bring music, all of mine sucks, it's all boy band shit and j-rock.

Ben

Elle,

I fucked up, how about Friday?

Ben

Elle,

So are you coming tomorrow or what?

Ben

Elle,

That was um, quite a weekend. I'd read about acid and used to read trip reports on erowid and stuff but I never had actually done it before. A lot of the other stuff we did was even more interesting, and a lot easier to get to sleep after. Do you have a boyfriend?

Love (is that ok?),
Ben

PS You're totally right about Courtney Love, she's a genius. I feel like I'm not supposed to be into it though because I'm a guy, and then I'm ashamed that something that stupid held me back :/

Ben,

I'm a dyke. I don't really do the boyfriend thing. I had a good time but you need to chill out. Sorry. Thanks for the murder city devils record, I've been listening on repeat

Rum to Whiskey,
Elle

Elle,

I don't really see why you'd use that word for yourself but I guess I see what you're saying. Like maybe I'm not much of a guy and that's what makes it work for you. I liked the clothes you made me wear, I got some more at the thrift store. But I mean did it work for you? It seemed like you were having fun. I was :). I guess it's not even like I'm not a guy that'd make me more like you I guess. It feels more like I'm nobody at all. That's how I felt on the acid but it was a way I felt a lot before that too. Like I'm not real. Weird, right?

Ben

Ben,

There's some stuff that I need you to do if you want this to keep going. Take the pills I left with you. I'm going to bring a package to your house and I need you to not open it until I leave, and then to follow the instructions I wrote really carefully. Don't tell your friends or your doctor or anything. It's pretty safe.

Don't Ask Questions,
Elle

Elle,

Thanks for the amazing weekend, and sorry I talked about you moving in, I could tell that made you feel weird. I opened the package but I don't get it. I did a search for spironolactone on yahoo and just found that it's a diuretic? And the pills taste like shit. You know how much water I drink, I don't really need that. And there's a lot of it here. But I'm kinda more excited about the acid, is there a way for you to get more of it? What does it do? I'm taking them like you say and dissolving the blue ones under my tongue but I don't see any difference.

Ben

Garments

There was a rolled up rug in my basement
And inside was something no one else could see
Pushed down the opening
My sister's discarded training bra and
An old pair of cute underpants from the rag pile;
I think they had little dots on them.

I came home before everyone else did, almost every day
And if I thought I had the time
I would go downstairs
Leaning against a pillar between the hot water heater and furnace
Was a mirror.

I would strip down,
And just like when I found those items in the ragpile
I would instinctively put them next to my naked flesh
Feeling myself through the thin, soft cotton
My nascent, child's body at age twelve
Before I put the bra on
Adjusting the straps
Just so
And then the panties
And I would cup my breasts
And pull my knees together and cinch the underwear, too loose for my tiny hips
to carry
So there was nothing but smoothness, flatness
And then, only then
Would I look in the mirror.

I saw myself there and I didn't know what I was seeing.
And I didn't know what role I was playing,
But for a moment I would say nothing
And feel myself in these garments
not knowing why I did

And I would prance
And strike poses
And say to an imaginary suitor
"C'mon big boy, oh"
(the only script I knew)
And purse my lips
And in that moment I would feel so real
in that pretending

And then my cock would pulse
And push the too-loose underwear up
And I would feel myself through the thin cotton
And try in vain to push it back down
And then I would feel myself dissolving
As I spit in my hand and barely touched myself before I came
(Never in the underwear)
And I felt good for a second
And then I would see myself in the mirror
A boy with his sister's bra on and his cock in his hand
And I'd gasp for a second
Silently clean myself off
And fold the bits of cotton back up into the smallest ball
And stuff them back deep inside the rug
Until the next time.

Every two weeks my mom hired a cleaning lady
A succession of friends of friends who were mostly polish
One day I was downstairs by the mirror
And I thought I saw Agnieszka
Through the basement window
Staring through the ivy.
I don't know if it was real or not
But that's what I thought I saw
And things got weird between her and I after that
She shamed me somehow,
I'm not sure.
I can't remember.

But I do recall soon after
Going to the rug
When no one was home
And looking at those garments
Holding them tenderly for a moment
Feeling, loving the worn thin cotton
Against my flesh
Then crumpling them into a ball
Stuffing them at the bottom
of the laundry room garbage bag
Underneath all of the lint and discarded pocket detritus
And taking the trash out.

– Mya Adriene Byrne

bart to berkeley

june 16 2015

Aisling Fae shares-

Now that I know I'm trans, a lot of things jump out at me that make me go, well duh. Like the fact that when I first saw a girl with a penis on some weird porn reality show I was like, "Hey, she's actually really cute" or the fact that I love the Rammstein song "Zwitter" about an Intersex person who can have sex with themselves. But for this I want to talk about what was and still is my go-to porn which isn't directly related to transformation or forced femme, but which often overlaps with it.

It's interesting to note that I didn't masturbate until I was 19, but from like age 12 or something, I would spend hours and hours just looking at porn and not doing anything with it. I would have obtuse ways to look at what I was interested in, because I didn't think there was any possible way this was anyone's fetish, until I ran into it by happenstance when someone said it was as weird as the person who painted Yoda in period blood, or the dude who smeared poop all over himself. In that list there was a link to a Japanese artist's site, called the Koonago factory, or Tiny women factory.

I'm talking about Macrophilia, Vore, Giantess, whatever you want to call it, which is close enough to trans girls that it gets lip service in *Nevada* as the thing that's weirder than transformation porn. I say there was a lot of overlap because there were plenty of futas, or stories that had both transformation and shrinking, tons of "girlfriend's revenge" plots and the like. But the reason I think it's related to being a trans woman, is that there was always just this desire to be close to women's bodies, so much so as to be inside them. Tons of stories had the prey after being consumed, either through the mouth or the vagina or the butt, or even the urethra, both penile and vulval, went on to become part of the woman, like an entity living inside them.

I didn't like these as much, I liked the ones that had me live after the fact. My favourite sub genre was also insertion, or unbirth, and I also preferred to refer to the whole fetish as endosomatophilia, the attraction to the feeling of being inside someone else. Though perhaps the biggest way this relates to my identity as a trans woman comes from a story that brings it back to feminine transformation. This one story I read involved a dude with a magic ring, extremely powerful relic that read his mind and granted every wish. He would go on to use it to shrink himself and look up women's skirts or something. But before he does that, he accidentally wishes himself a vagina, and he's taken aback by it, but one of the first things he does is masturbate with it, and have an amazing orgasm (girl orgasms, anybody?), and I found this part extremely hot and I never knew why.

I forgot about this story, for a while, but recently, I remembered it. And I now I think about it... I think about it a lot.

Jades, who incidentally, is still a huge fucking furry (and asked to be credited this way and we love them for it) shares a trans-script of a trip down memory lane.

Paraphrased Transcripts after logging into F-list for the first time in years. Usernames have been altered for privacy.

Cast:

Narash, our heroine and a sexed up weird fetish sex appeal dragon with lotsa genitals and a weird long kinklist that I started roleplaying when I was a minor.

Femboy_Bunny69, some no name with a sparse profile, claims to be among the hundreds that Narash has 'yiffed' in her time.

--Private Message from Femboy_Bunny69--

Femboy_Bunny69: hello Mistress

Femboy_Bunny69: remember me? We used to rp together. I remember you from here and on xat.

Narash: Oh? ;o

Femboy_Bunny69: yes, I missed being your toilet. I grew quite addicted to it!

Narash: I see.

Femboy_Bunny69: *kneels down and looks up expectantly towards her*

Narash: Hold on. I don't remember you nearly as well as you seem to remember me.

Femboy_Bunny69: oh. well, I ate your shit and we used to roleplay.

Narash: Yes, you already told me that. Is there anything else that you could tell me about yourself?

Femboy_Bunny69: We used to roleplay Mistress.

Narash: Yes, that doesn't surprise me, nor is it very specific. And you don't need to call me mistress!

Femboy_Bunny69: Ok, well, would you like to roleplay?

Sometime later, **Femboy_Bunny69** logged out.

emma bee tells it like it was

i remember crying in the shower, thinking i was gay.

i thought i had to be gay. what else could i be? i just knew i wasn't straight.

there was the way i admired & consumed the contours & negative space of women's bodies.

my friends would talk about wanting to fuck them. i knew what that meant. i'd done it. but so

there i'd be, gawking & intrusively watching these women's bodies & thinking about how much i loved

their hips, their soft skin, their collar bones & small shoulders & i would think about wow how badly i

want these bodies & i would try to progress in my fantasy toward what i would do & i would of course

entertain the "logical," conclusion.

i would suggest to myself that i wanted to fuck these women. i would allow myself to think about my hard cock, their moist vaginas & the motions & the sounds & it would just stop.

eventually i couldn't even get that far. that's not where my disaster led me. that's not what led to my distaste.

i was beginning to realize my obsession with these contours & shapes, my need to consume & be wrapped up in & fill these spaces wasn't the same way that other guys were thinking women's

bodies. i wanted women's bodies for my sadness to stop. i wanted them to fill the shape of my sadness. i wanted to redraw my own lines. to change the way i took up space. i needed these bodies to

transmute my own into something bearable.

it was an overwhelming compulsion. i couldn't walk past a woman without obsessing over her body. i thought i was an uncontrollable pervert who would crack at any second.

sure i liked sex sometimes. but just as often i was coerced into sex. my obsessive,

overpowering draw to women's bodies was both entwined in my sexuality & a greater force than any

desire i had to consummate any sexual desires. there was always a sadness to sex.

it was a hateful presence, my desire to be mirrored in these bodies. it was refuted, my constant neglect.

Marxism Genderism gives us some of that old time religion.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES –Bell Peregrine

I think it was the time my dick first got hard that I felt pretty fucked up about gender. There's probably some Freudian thing about that, eros/thanatos or whatever, but all I remember is that I had enough of a sex drive that i somehow managed to overlook that whole "wow I want to die" and found porn. I never watched much, seeing bodies was way too weird for me. So instead I read a lot of free and terrible and misogynist erotic fiction. And honestly there were two types of stuff I read: lesbian fiction probably written by str8 dudes but with a long romantic build up or stuff about like, alien dicks and sex pheromones and plants or whatever. For me, both of these were pretty much as far as you could get from my own seemingly unchangeable situation. Its a lot easier to jack off in your bathroom or in the shower or wherever when the sexuality you're doing it to is two different types of alien.

And honestly, this clued in me in that like, something was definitely up with me. Going to a "all-boys" (how wrong they were!) school tends to give you a pretty good view into Normal, Healthy, Adolescent Male sexuality (and how horrific it really is), and let me tell you that none of those fucking bros (at the time my "friends") were thinking about dykes coming to terms with their identity and sexuality or about plants with penises either. They're looking at like, the free stuff on pornhub and not reading erotica or wishing (wishing so hard!) that they were brave enough or had the money for a subscription to crashpad.

I guess then the main thing behind what i masturbated to was like, avoidance of male desire? And honestly that was what finally convinced me that maybe my desires, maybe I, wasn't male. Nobody tells you that being trans (and you definitely don't tell your therapist cause you want hormones so fucking bad) means that the only time you get off (and like really get off) is when you either imagine yourself as a dyke or are like, so totally abstracted from the sex you're supposed to be having that like, you aren't even there at all. (And believe me, I wasn't there in like any sense, like y'know, i wasn't getting any at all and was pretty ok with that since its probably hard to get off in your body when in your mind with whoever you're with you're thinking about plants sex pheromones and not being present.)

shell terrapin goes there (tw?)

So when I was younger I had this thing about wanting to fall under someone's power, to be abducted, to be killed. I used to get into a lot of strange guys' cars. Sometimes more like hitchhiking, sometimes more like hustling, though I never took money, though goddamn I *should* have gotten paid for some of this. A memorable occasion:

Age 18 or 19, I'm on Capitol Hill at about 3am with my thumb out looking for a creep. Of course I found one. I think his name was Kevin. I told him where I wanted to go and then -- of course, "where are we going? where are we?" This was great, I was finally being abducted. I mean, I sort of had a life to go back to but I let that go right away. There was a sense of relief, excitement. Somebody was going to do it for me.

He took me to his house, where I was very disappointed to find that he had roommates and he kind of pushed me into his bedroom. As it turned out this guy was a neurotic and a coward. I thought he was going to do things to me, what ended up happening was that I told him that he didn't pass muster as a psychopath and made him fuck himself with a dildo while I watched. Then we watched 'Gangs of New York' on DVD and cuddled for a while, the longest fucking movie. Around 6 or 7am I told him to take me home, gave a fake address about a block away. Staying up all night was nothing in those days.

I think I wanted to be a dead boy as much or more as I wanted to be a living girl. But the former felt achievable.

Anyway I don't think about this stuff very often, and to be honest I'm not very optimistic about being able to talk about it to people. But right now it feels safe for me to put it out there, and you can talk to me about it if you want. It's not exactly traumatic but feels very far away. This post might disappear at some point.

When I was 22 I put a stop to all of this shit and decided to try to be a man, I mean, instead of a passive victim, vacant wisp, acid casualty. Around that time I had a very heavy LSD experience and sort of got the James H treatment from a much older trans woman around eight hours into it -- I mean we'd talked before about it, talked around the fact that I needed to do it. I was just curious about estrogen because I'm curious about drugs, right? So I'm sitting there trying to escape from something, whether I could chase some poems, some math, the lightning storm outside, and she just puts it to me like "what is your deal?" I wasn't ready to answer for another seven years.

What I was ready to do was build a cyborg dude, start lifting weights, follow through on a lot of reading projects, go to grad school, train myself to like beer and drunkenness, have a girlfriend, be a better cook, be good in bed, be confident, rude, intense. Frankly I was pretty good at it and not one of you people suspected it. I remain kind of proud of that even though it was completely fucked up and horrible, like, a job well done.

stephanie w on craigslist

I have a lot of these stories! Most of them are pretty boring and mundane. But I'm the one to whom they happened.

In the second half of my first year of grad school, I had eventually stopped going to classes. I rationalized it to myself as "the weather is just too cold" or "I've learned this stuff already, I'll 'coast'". But what I meant by coasting was really just EXTREMELY checking out from most responsibilities. Like, I'd find out I have to be somewhere to watch the undergrads take an exam, by someone texting me and wondering where I was. I'd play it off like "Oh woops it slipped my mind," because the truth was so pointlessly selfish. And since I was on a stipend, I could pay rent and buy whatever I needed/wanted. I'm not proud of it, but when you're in the thick of depression it's hard to see just how much you're fucking up. It's like I stop showing up for classes but went to exams, and they're obligated to pay me, as long as I could convince people I was doing worthwhile work. So I spent a lot of time sitting around the apartment, reading and rereading Homestuck, smoking weed, playing Pokemon, and dressing up in women's clothes. They were all coping mechanisms to push aside things I didn't want to deal with: the fact that I wasn't getting anything out of this grad school experience, and my gender identity. I was familiar with that concept though, and thought a lot about it. But I couldn't be trans, because if I were I'd be taking it way more seriously than masturbating in panties, so obviously I can forget I ever thought about that, it's just how I get off, even though the whole "dressing up as a woman" part beforehand makes me indefinably happier for a few minutes, and hey let's smoke another bowl.

So that's the setting. I had a deal of fetishes, and one now that makes sense to me is being an exhibitionist. But at the time, all I could do was prance around in cute lingerie in my house. I'd have this notion, this totally great notion, that maybe I could find someone on craigslist. Maybe if I met someone there they'd come over and we'd have awkward sex that would make me feel things I've been wanting to feel and suddenly my sexuality would make sense! So I'd pull out my camera and take some awkward, poorly lit mirror selfies. I'd never show my face, unless it was blurred over by the flash.

I used an alternate email address, something of a stilted kinkier personality. I even made the gmail theme this super floral pink, to get me into my "woman mode" (or, more honestly, I liked pink). I'd make a post about being a sissy submissive, liking lingerie, a few tantalizing pictures, and absolutely nothing to outright state my gender, except that it was classified as Mf? or CDf?. I always winced when I used that marker, wish I could just say "I'm a woman and I'm submissive and I'd like to be fucked/used" but no that's obviously a fakey fake fantasy and no one would cotton to being deceived like that. Sometimes I'd say I need a spanking, or I'd like to dress up for you, or I need a daddy, or something. I just enjoyed writing it, even if it was anonymous. I had so many variants on basically the same theme. The thing is, I didn't trawl craigslist constantly. I'd get

into it for a day or two and then get grossed out and find something else to do. But then every once in a while, I'd do it again. And again. When you're depressed and repressing shit, the days and moments tend to blend into each other. Some of the tales I'm about to share are pieced together from an old email address and hazy memories (when I was basically high all the time).

Once, a guy claiming to identify as a daddy approached me about meeting up, me being a sissy submissive girl whatever. When he first emails me he says he's 30, but then after I agree to meet he texts me on his way over he's 50. And at the time, I hadn't really been enlightened enough to think that older folks could be sexual, so that weirded me out. Still. He came over. I answered the door in my cute pink shiny negligee and stockings, but also with my alma mater's hoodie over it, so I could have some decency + show him I went to a fucking great school. When he came in and I locked the door, I made this dramatic to-do about walking slowly into my bedroom. I kinda took off my coat, and froze up a bit, and walked slowly. he asked if I was okay, I said I was fine. In my bedroom I kinda stood there, I'm sure on some level I felt a LITTLE sexy, but I felt super vulnerable and scared, like, am I really going to do this? With some rando, and I just have to take their word that they are clean and stuff?

Luckily this guy picked up on the vibe by the way I wasn't really responding much and asked if this was REALLY something I'd be into doing, and that he's totally okay if you don't wanna do anything. So I sniffled a little bit, about inviting a stranger over some great distance to their disappointment. And that's kind of a fucked up way of thinking about it, but that's what I was thinking, that I disappointed this guy, not even about how it didn't feel right for me. Writing about this, I now realize I am super into the fact that he didn't try to pressure me or guilt me into anything. He understood my half-gestured half-mumbled apologies and regrets, and kindly left my apartment upon realizing that nothing was going to happen. I even had a friend set up for a "safe call" and told her that nevermind, it was boring, he came and left. In the months after, I think he texted me a few times, seeing if I wanted to do anything. I think I mostly declined, said maybe, or just said nothing. Either way we never met again.

Finally peering back into that account, I can pull out a few more tales. Once, a person told me they liked dressing up with panties and thongs too! They sent a couple pics. I asked to see a body and face pic. They obliged, and I never responded back to them.

One time I responded to an ad looking for other cd's to play with. I replied, sent a pic, and they said they weren't interested in anyone "part time." They said I wasn't a cd, I was a "guy in women's underwear". A cd is someone who "fully dresses, like me." That was such a rude smack in the face to me. I sometimes got responses from men who didn't want to meet me, because they wanted someone who "dresses full". I wasn't very good at makeup. A person once told me "yuk", they want "sissies who are MEN", when I mentioned I like feminization. So suddenly I was even being a sissy wrong. These reactions made me feel like trying to be womanly was just a joke. I kinda felt that way too. Every time I posted an ad where I called myself a "sissy panty boy", it was completely acknowledging my own pitiful appearance. What I was really seeking, but didn't want to admit to

myself nor on craigslist ads, were people who'd treat me like a woman, who wouldn't think of me as a joke because I wanted to wear a dress or something. I thought I could find that in conjunction with sex, because I'd internalized my desire to be a woman as sexual.

Turns out being treated with basic decency and respect isn't a fetish, it's just something you desperately need.

Sometime in the future, after that, I had started using Tf? on craigslist, while thinking "I'm not REALLY trans but it's kinda close to how i feel so maybe if i use it it will make sense?" I did more of the same type of trawling, awkward email flirting, the occasional Twue Dom who uncomfortably didn't respect boundaries in "getting to know you" emails (who I couldn't call out because it felt like I wasn't a "real submissive", I think someone even said that once to me).

The last story I have to tell (that I can remember) is almost completely unremarkable except for how bogus I think it is.

One time I made a post trawling for other trans women, or "almost trans women", or whatever, but I specified "passing girls only". I forget how I phrased it but it was clear I was expecting someone with a dick with a very traditional type of feminine attractiveness. I mean I wasn't expecting like "high standards", I just kinda felt super self conscious, also partly because I'd wanted to hook up with a *Real* trans woman. And apparently to be a *Real* trans woman, you had to look conventionally femininely attractive, in my mind. Like, ugh, but anyway. Well, it didn't take long for someone to make another casual encounters post, talking shit on people who want "passing trannies" and was like "I'm fine with anyone, your body is beautiful" and some stuff like that. I mean i don't think it was really THAT progressive because it still may have been a chaser, but I never found out. I never replied, but I did deliberate for some amount of time whether I should delete my post, or like, "make a reply" or make a new post or what. I felt super bad about that for a while. I think I wound up deleting it, and making a redaction craigslist ad, which was hella awkward. I couldn't find evidence of it, I'm not sure why.

Like even writing this, it's kind of amazing how easy the internalized transmisogyny seeps into the writing. Part of it is reaching down, into that time I was still in denial, and doing general sketchy things (and downright offensive things) to avoid dealing with what I REALLY felt. And the weirder thing is, it almost feels like this internalized bullshit, like all the disdain and judgment i cast on my would-be craigslist suitors, has really just kinda sitting there, under the surface, the whole time I've been out as a woman. I never really admitted this tale to anyone ever, because I thought it might be like too fucked up to share. If I didn't write about it I could pretend it didn't happen, but I'm glad I did confront this past of mine. It still sounds fucked up, and it kinda is, but it's kinda funny now, at least with the distance of time. As I said, while trawling through my emails, I found photographic evidence of people being way more beautiful than I ever gave them credit for, in all my self-hatred and denial. It's easy to lash out or judge

others, when you do it to yourself all the time. But at the same time, I did have to deal with a world hostile to what I really wanted. I'm really reconnecting with these experiences, because somehow, I had sexualized my desire to be authentic, because being authentic was something taboo I had to hide from the world. What most let me escape from that cage, in the months proceeding the tales above, was being around people who I trust WOULD treat me with respect regardless of what I chose to wear or how I identified. Knowing the community I was in was radically inclusive gave me the room to experiment for myself, and find what made sense for me. I didn't have sexualize myself just to find acceptance (not like doing so was particularly helpful). []

*an anonymous goon thinks she controls everything,
I might show her otherwise one of these days.*

BEGIN

ok so literally the first time i ever came i'd seen some trashy thing on some trashy tv show about some trashy celebrity who caused a scandal by wearing something kind of see-through. i was fascinated by being exposed like that, all my barriers stripped away...

i started sticking fingers in my butt in the bathtub shortly thereafter. i remember actually having the thought that i'd rather have a vagina, but hey oh well i guess this'll have to do. i tried a lot of things as lube – my favorite was my mom's bright pink skintimate shaving cream.

i had no sisters or afab friends, so when i first got into porn at like 12 i really just liked looking at pussies. not the typical like, spread-wide porn poses, but just like, the upper part, that's like, flat in front. the concept of being flat in front really fucking did it for me.

when i masturbated i kind of didn't want to touch my dick so i'd just lie on my belly and scrunch up and down until i came. or however i thought of it then. i had this pretty vague but really strong notion that i was doing it embarrassingly or dangerously wrong, and that i really needed to make myself do it normally. this continued to be a theme.

when i got older and continued to soak in testosterone, i discovered bondage. i really liked tied-up women, and the idea of tying them up. except i also wanted to be tied up. but i found the idea of being a male sub really off-putting. but i was kind of ashamed to admit i was kinky, and so was my gf, and we managed to last 5 years of dating and living together before discovering that. i liked tying her up, and she got off on it. for me, though, it wasn't just about tying women up, it was about taking their agency away. the ties, the blindfolds, the gags – it was all in service of being able to say, your body is mine, you're gone now, i control everything.

END

jamie holland, 2014

woken up

awakening is a shorthand term for a complex process that is often wonderful, often difficult, and rarely neutral. it isn't solely about the first rays of morning sun through the window. waking up can happen literally, emotionally, politically, socially, spiritually, sexually, intellectually. the list goes on.

when we're fortunate enough to live in a relatively stable environment, when we wake up in any way, we're usually in a degree of control, things are often predictable.

but when we're woken up by circumstance, no matter the reason, the world immediately reminds us that, for good or bad, *we are not in charge*.

at 5am my eyes open to the sound of a young likely-woman making her way up the street outside, bathed in emotional fire and bellowing with rage and some sadness under like the last person on earth had finally fucked her over. she shoves to the ground every garbage can she passes as if he, whoever *he* is, is standing next to her. as she slowly gets closer i hear her yell that her *good* boyfriend had died and the implication in the unmistakable added pain in her voice is that that was what led to where she is right now. i wonder whether she's on the phone, or on drugs, or on a schizophrenic plane of experience. at this frame of moment i'm not sure the answer makes much difference to her or to me. she may or may not have had a floodlight mind yesterday, but right now it has narrowed to a laser point and it is burning. i wonder whether it would hurt her or help her more if i call the cops. it's an east bay college town. the last three years have taught me that no one else is going to call.

back inside my safe walls i stop and breathe and feel a warmth flood over me and wash away the tension. wordlessly i look inside for the source of the warmth and remember it comes from you being next to me and then quickly remember that you aren't next to me, that you hadn't been since i saw you last night. i can pull back around me the soul in your eyes, the sound of your voice, serious and laughing as we talked for hours, the feel of your skin, your breath, your arms, your heart speeding up when we kiss, the heat your infrared furnace of cells throws out sometimes even when you are clothed, standing a foot away. recalling you either brings sweet relief or dullish ache, depending on our last words.

lately i feel like we're not communicating, and it's not a good sign that i'm anxious about saying that to you. i want to tell myself i don't know why that is, but i do. sometimes it feels luckier if you hold the dice silently before you roll, even though there is so rarely magic in waiting. anyway, for now, fuck the future. the best stories are always built now and i'm not giving up on you, me, or you and me just yet.

outside another crash and i think about how she could end up hurting someone or herself, how she hasn't quieted at all in the 15 minutes since i first heard her as a distant quiet roar slowly growing in pain, in gain and passion until she passed by my curtained window three stories below knocking 150 gallon cans over in the street, knocking them over in her mind with her voice as adrenaline released in her and me like a cold egg broken over my head- and over hers a fall of lava, molten steel, and somewhere along the line, surely, heavy broken promises. as soon as the adrenaline fades i blink more sleep out of my eyes and call 911, calmly letting them know what's going on, keeping conscious concern for her in my voice and not adding any feeling of urgency, lest my anxiety be communicated to the responding officers through the dispatcher like a game of emotional telephone that ends up with someone who was just having a very bad night bleeding on the street or shoved up against a customized ford crown victoria with a broken arm and a thigh pressed unnecessarily and roughly against hers.

my head in the stars, oftentimes in simplistic fantasy i wish we all saw all of our interactions as a continuous game of emotional telephone, or as ripples on a pond from rain, moving out in waves as they bounce into, through, and past each other, changed. because that's what they are, they absolutely are, though the task of following them all is impossible and can be maddening in the attempt. sometimes i think that if we tried a little harder to follow them, the world would be a happier place. and a much quieter one, even in daily conversation. but that's not the setup. maybe not even a

possibility.

i miss you. or my idea of you. i'm not sure which. i miss you more often than i'll probably ever tell you.

i sigh and swap the pillow under my head for the cooler one next to me and put my arm around the warm one thinking of you, and smile just a little as my thoughts slow down and fade into oceans again.



Novalesca Wolf

@NovalescaWolf



Following

I'm the brood queen, I hatch eggs every day



FAVOI
9



Novalesca Wolf

@NovalescaWolf



Following

2:49 i'm feeling a little fucked up

one of the eggs i hatched wants to get into
porn

they wanna do the trans girl agressor forced
femme scene



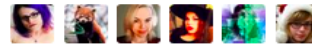
Novalesca Wolf @NovalescaWolf · May 29
I made up the term egg because hatching **eggs** sounds more loving than "I have
hand forged over 50 trans women!"

RETWEET

1

FAVORITES

12



6:52 AM - 29 May 2015 · Details



Reply to @NovalescaWolf



It's Ellen! @ThePythagorean · May 29

.@NovalescaWolf we spend years working on a single tran and fold it up to a
million times to produce the finest women known to mankind.



Novalesca Wolf @NovalescaWolf · May 29

@Kryfus I made up the term egg, it means closeted trans person that hasn't
admitted they are trans yet



dedicated to winter lake | yay area | solstice 2015