

POST
MORTEM

POSTM
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A COMIC
by
CALLIOPE
NEUROTOXINS

[Postmortem]

A COMIC
CALLIOPE NEUROTOXINS



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POSE
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IM .
BY CALLIOPE
NEUROTOXINS

WARNING!!
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

IN 2021 I WAS
STUDYING AT
UNIVERSITY.

I WASN'T DOING
MUCH ELSE.

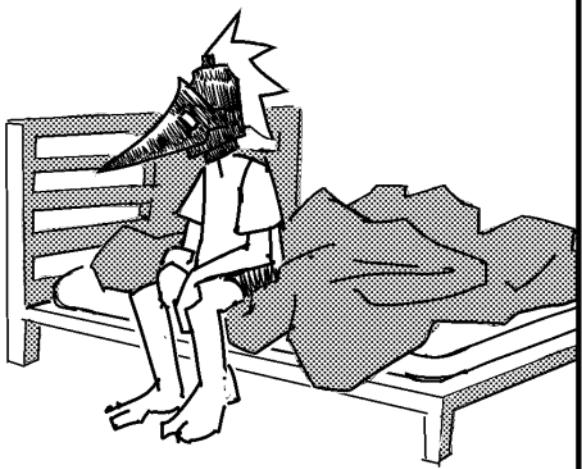


ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL DAY.

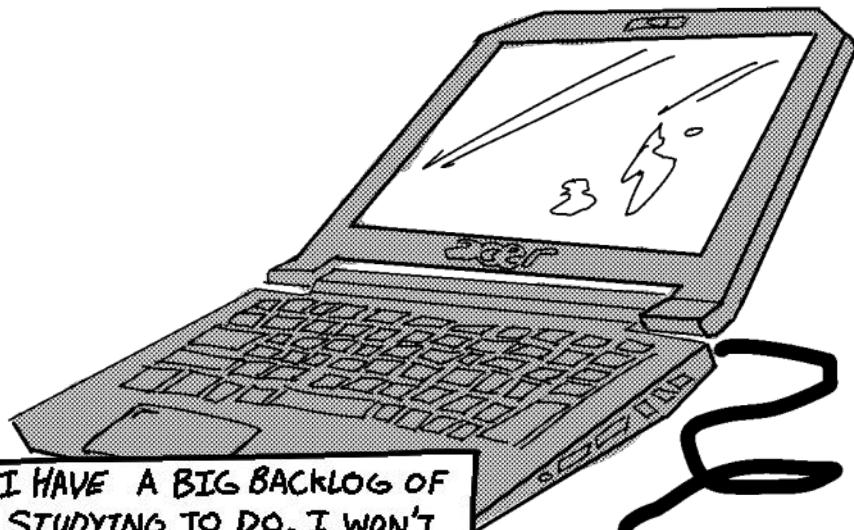
THE AIR
SMELLS GOOD.

THE CARPET FEELS
NICE UNDER MY TOES.

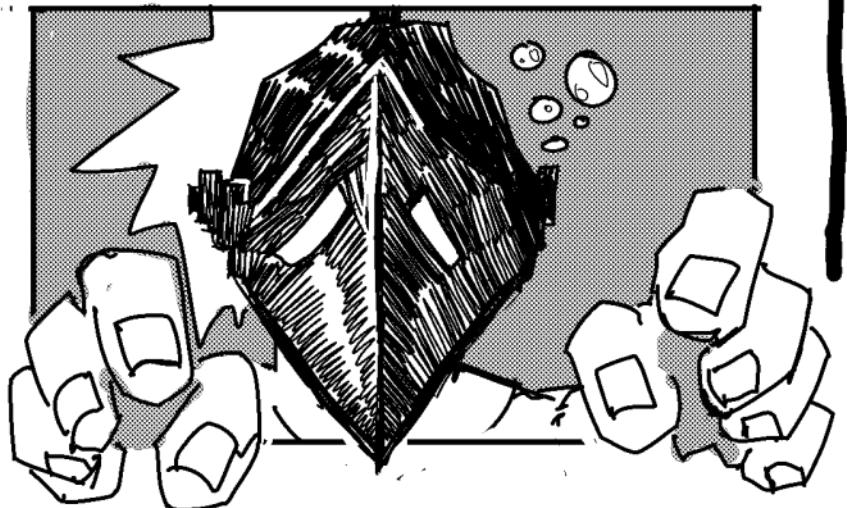
MY BEDSHEETS ARE
FILTHY. SO ARE MY
CLOTHES. I'M NOT THE
KIND OF PERSON THAT
CARES ABOUT THAT YET.



I DON'T EAT BREAKFAST.
MY LAPTOP IS RIGHT THERE.



I HAVE A BIG BACKLOG OF
STUDYING TO DO. I WON'T
GO OUTSIDE TODAY.





THE LAST FIVE YEARS
OF MY LIFE HAVE
BEEN LIKE THIS.

I MOVED TO THIS CITY FOR
UNIVERSITY WITH SOME
VAGUE IDEAS ABOUT LIKE,
REINVENTING MYSELF.

DOING SMART GUY SHIT.
MAKING FRIENDS,
THAT KINDA THING.



I WAS NOT GOOD AT IT.

EVERYTHING JUST SEEMED TO
HURT, ALL THE TIME, FOR
NO REASON I COULD FATHOM.

I PULLED AWAY
FROM THE PEOPLE
I KNEW, AND
BEFORE LONG I
KNEW NOBODY.



MY WORLD GOT SMALLER.



EVENTUALLY I REALISED
WHAT WAS WRONG.

BUT IT FELT LIKE TOO LATE
TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.



THE TENSION BUILT.
I TRIED VERY HARD
TO IGNORE IT.



I HAVEN'T SPOKEN OUT LOUD IN FIVE DAYS.

(ALL MY CLASSES ARE ONLINE. MY HOUSEMATE WORKS NIGHT SHIFT.)

ANY QUESTIONS?



WHEN I TALK TO MY FRIENDS, I MOSTLY TYPE. IT'S INCONVENIENT.

THE
LAST
FIVE
YEARS
HAVE BEEN LIKE THIS.





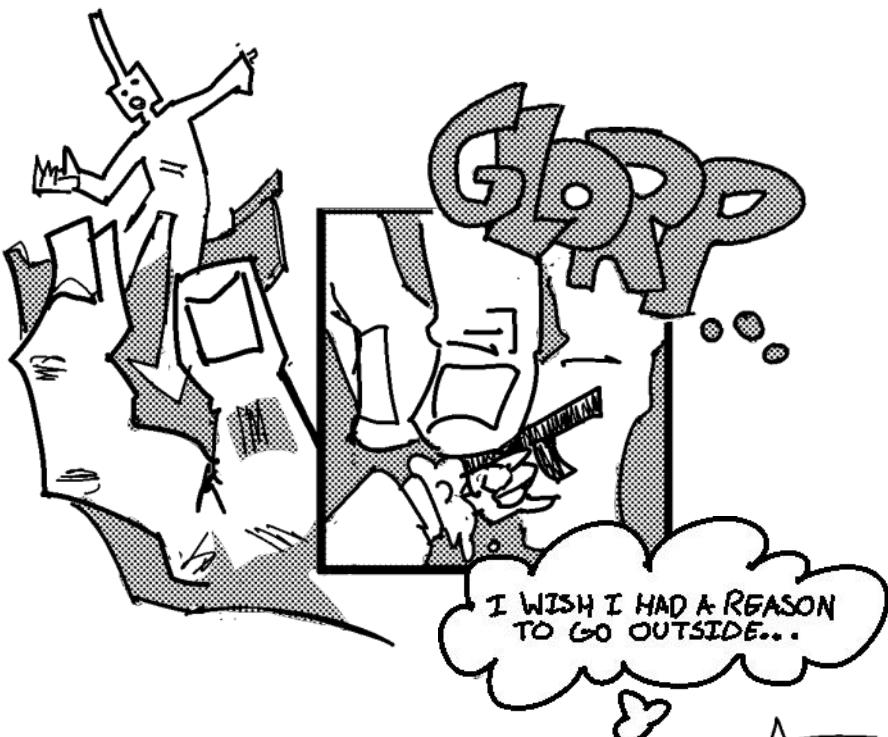
I'VE BEEN SITTING
HERE FOR HOURS AND I
HAVEN'T EVEN READ THE
ABSTRACT OF THIS ARTICLE!

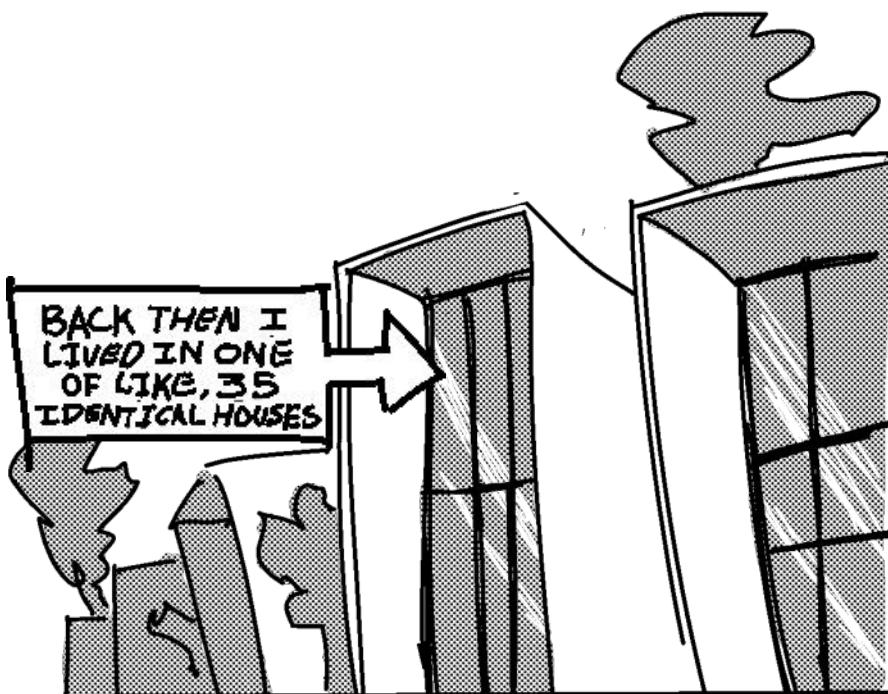


WHAT'S MY GODDAMN PROBLEM?

Fig. A. CRANIAL ANATOMY
OF ONE MR. [REDACTED]







HUNGRY...



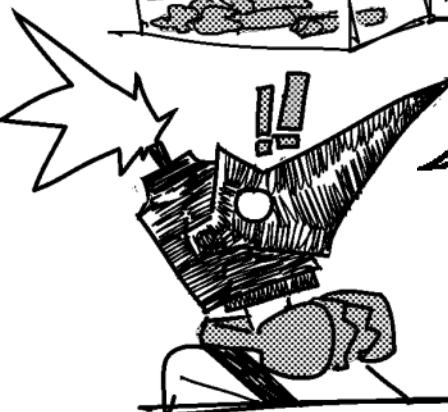


IT'S ALWAYS SO
BUSY HERE...

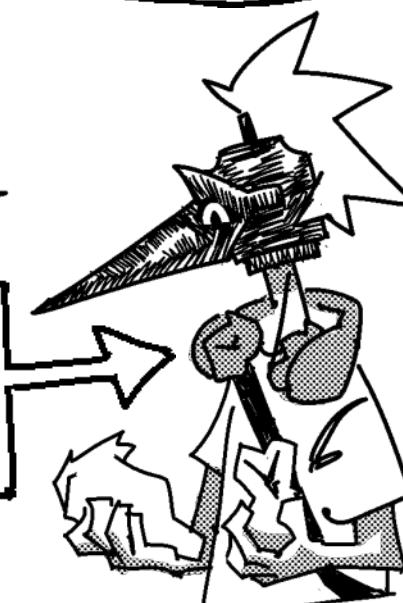




OH, IT'S YOU. BBQ
PORK ROLL AND A RED
BEAN BUN, RIGHT?



Y-YES!!
THANK YOU!!!



SHE SOMETIMES
RECOGNISED ME
WHEN I WORE MY RED
HEADPHONES. SO I
WORE THEM A LOT.

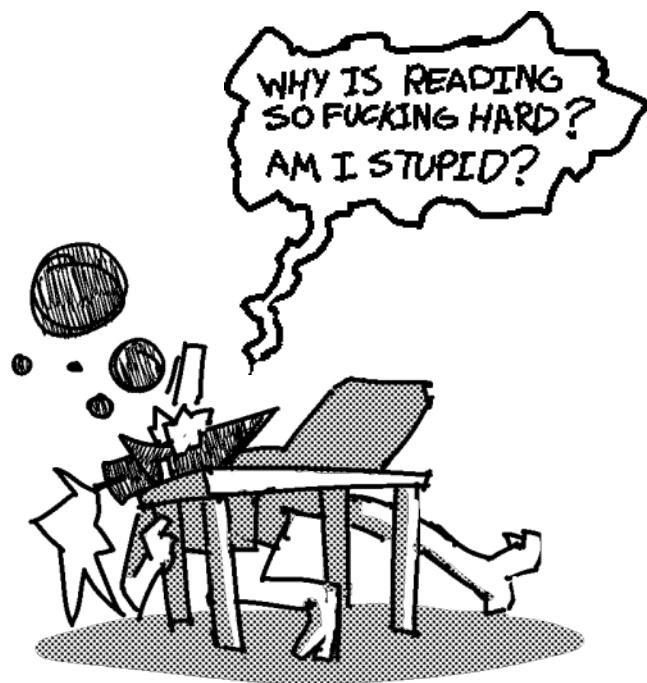
IT'S YUMMY...

Munch
Munch

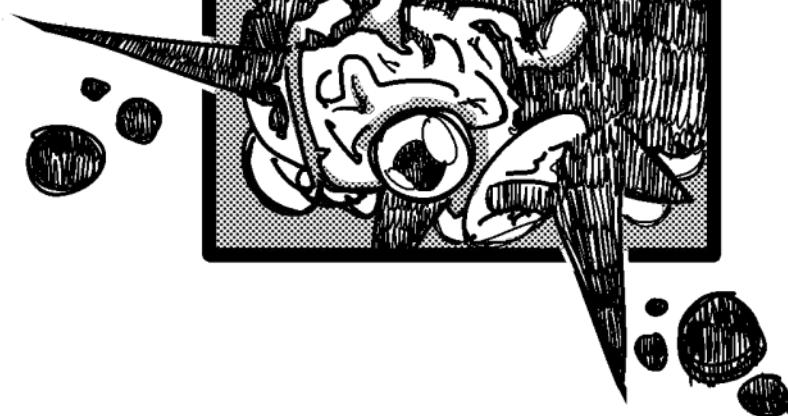


THAT WAS THE CLOSEST THING
TO A CONVERSATION I HAD
THAT WEEK.





Meanwhile...





Google (Melbourne psychologists)



(Melbourne gender psych)

All!
I am looking to talk to
a professional about stuff that's
been troubling me lately with
Gender or whatever -

I EMAILED LIKE 7
AND NONE REPLIED.

A YEAR LONG
WAITLIST?

Important information
updated 13/03/2021

The Monash Gender clinic has a very long waitlist; in August 2021, we are booking appointments for clients whose referrals were received in March 2020.

(With the July COVID-19 lockdown, Gender Clinic staff)

offsite - where
black black black
black black black
black black black

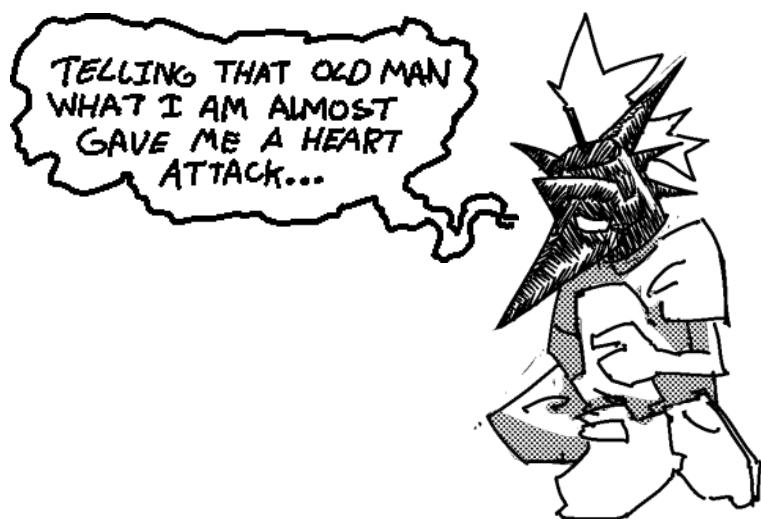
YOU KNOW A GP
CAN JUST PRESCRIBE
IT TO YOU IF YOU
ASK, RIGHT?



online friends?

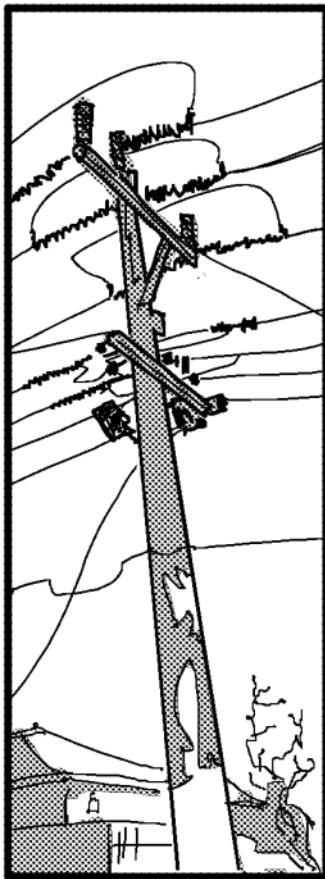
HUH!

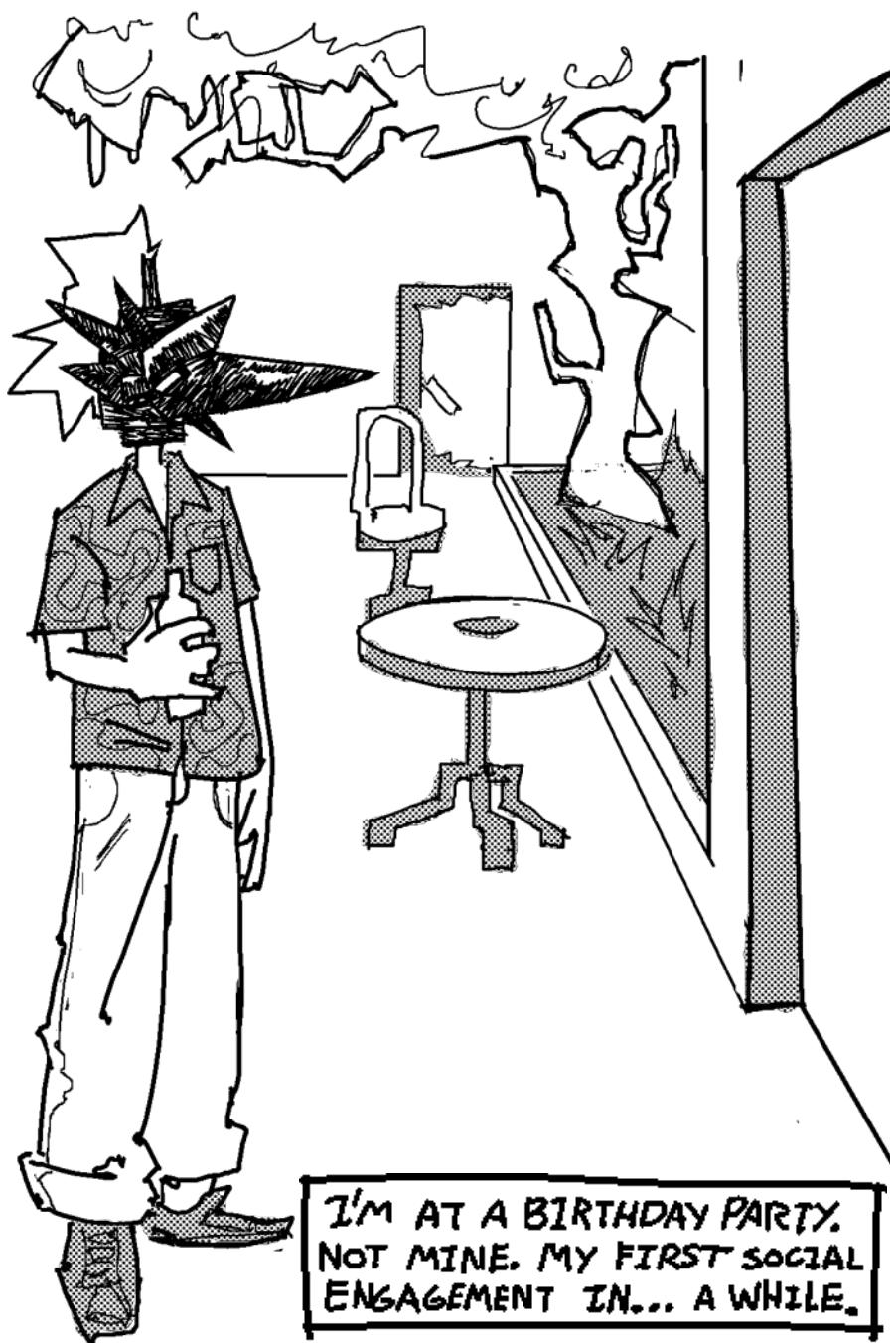




I GAVE UP FOR A WHILE.

S Brunswick





I'M AT A BIRTHDAY PARTY.
NOT MINE. MY FIRST SOCIAL
ENGAGEMENT IN... A WHILE.

THE PEOPLE HERE FEEL
DISTANT AND UNKNOWNABLE.

IN REALITY, WE'RE FRIENDS.
I'M JUST SO WRAPPED UP
IN MY HEAD I CAN'T CLOSE
THE DISTANCE.

...ONE OF THEM'S A GIRL NOW.





THAT'S OKAY!
I GOT IT
COVERED.

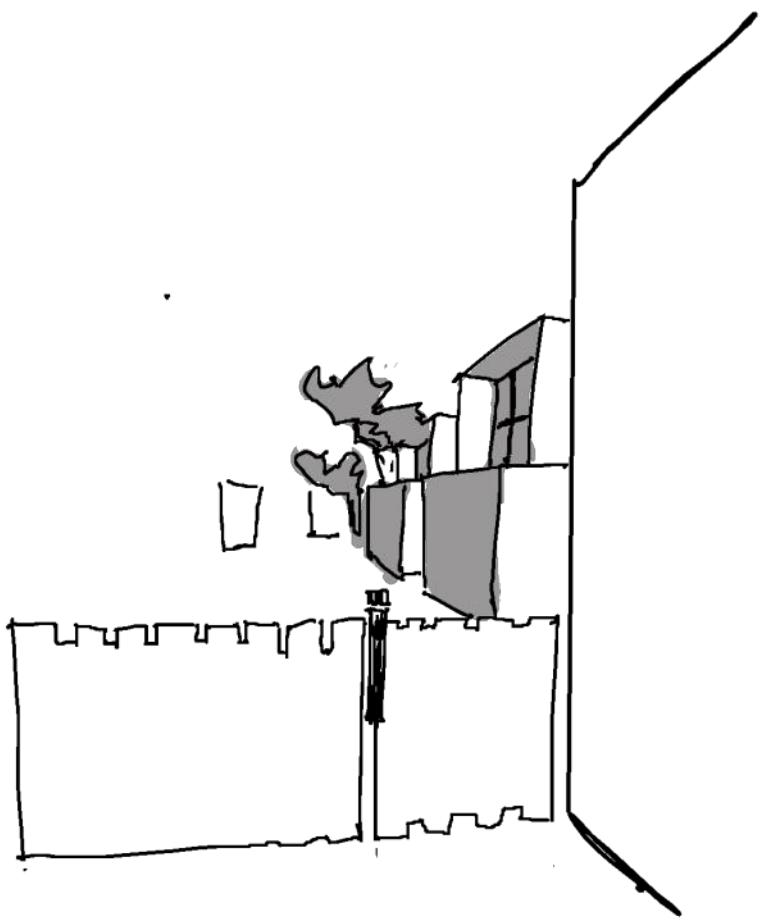


{List of informed consent}

HRT doctors

location: Brunswick
location: Brunswick
location: Coburg
location: Parkville
location: Prahran
location: Brunswick

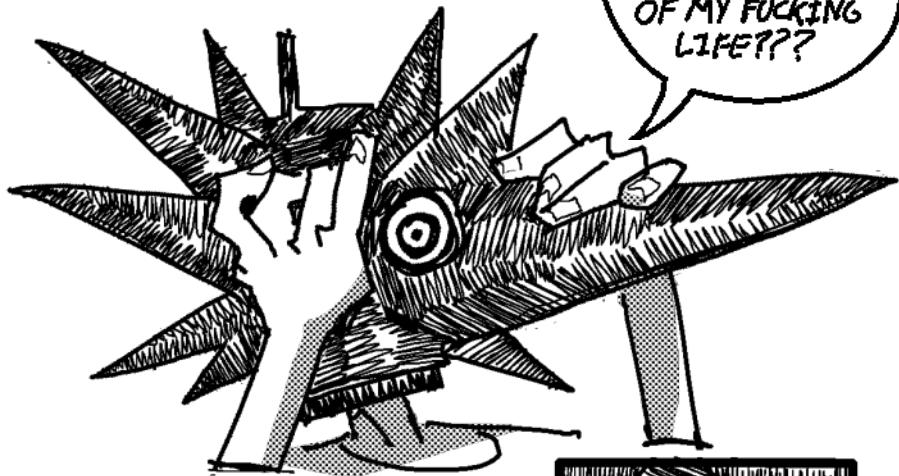




FINAL GRADE: 81

INVITATION TO
GRADUATE





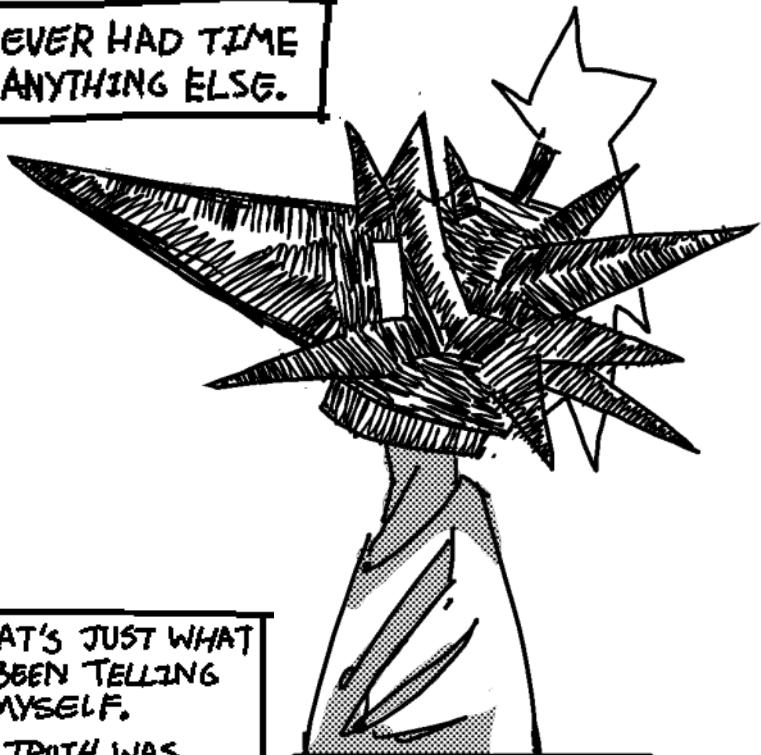
I DIDN'T PLAN FOR THIS.



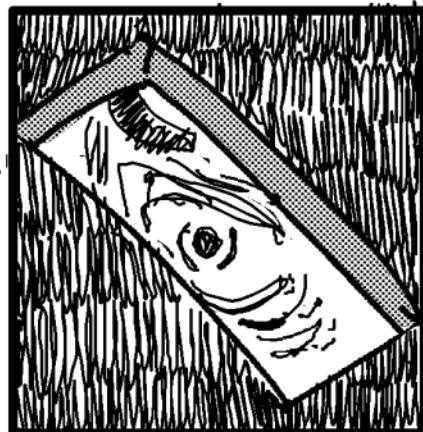
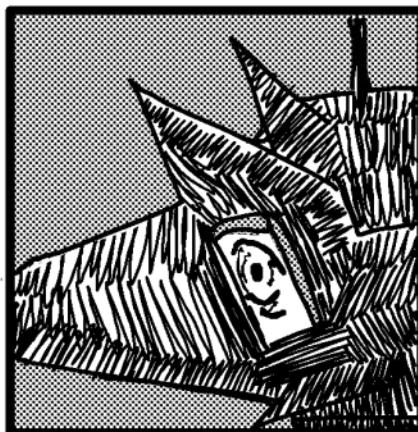


FOR MY WHOLE LIFE I'D PUT
ACADEMICS FIRST. BUT
SUDDENLY I DIDN'T HAVE THAT
OBLIGATION HANGING OVER
ME ANYMORE.

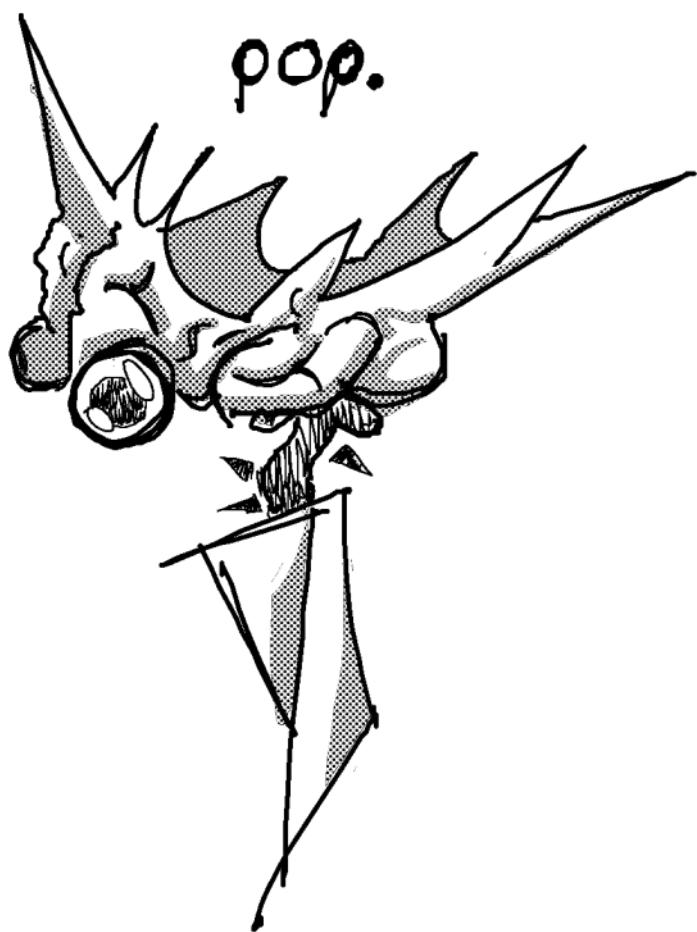
I'D NEVER HAD TIME
FOR ANYTHING ELSE.



BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT
I'D BEEN TELLING
MYSELF.
THE TRUTH WAS...



... I'D JUST NEVER MADE TIME.

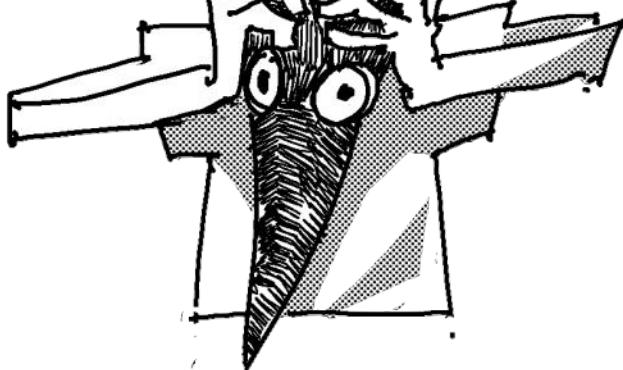


I HAD TIME THE WHOLE
FUCKING

TIME



FUJI

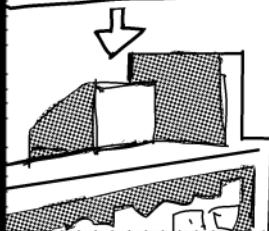


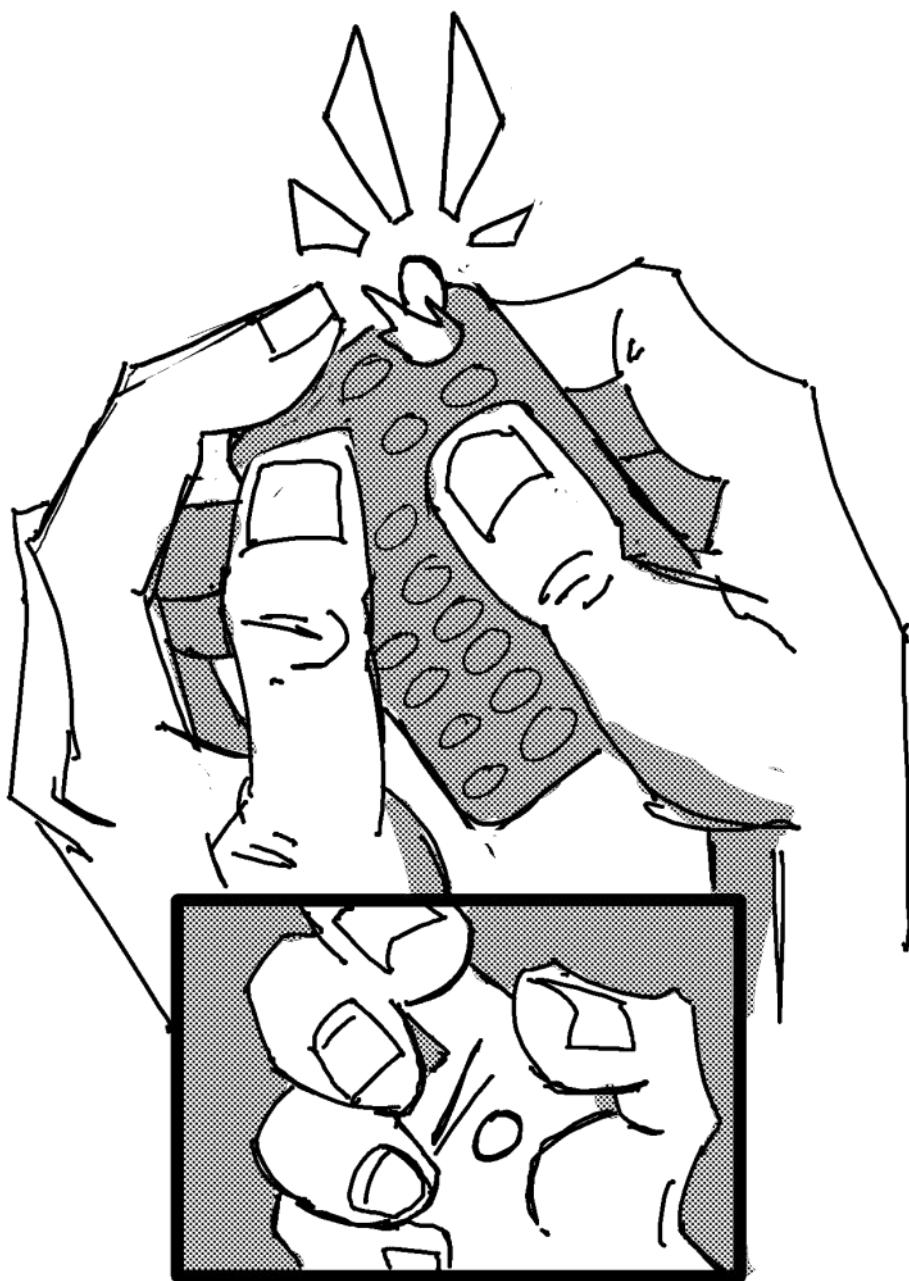
...APRIL 2022

HERE'S YOUR
PRESCRIPTION.

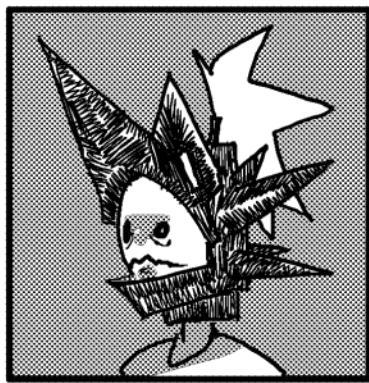


PRESCRIPTION
PICK UP















Man, I should
have done that
years ago...



**P O S
T G E C
R E P
I T .**

I took my first estrogen pill almost three years ago at this point. A version of me died when I did that, but a new version of me started to live, too. It changed everything. It felt like opening the windows in a stuffy room for the first time. But like, for the soul.

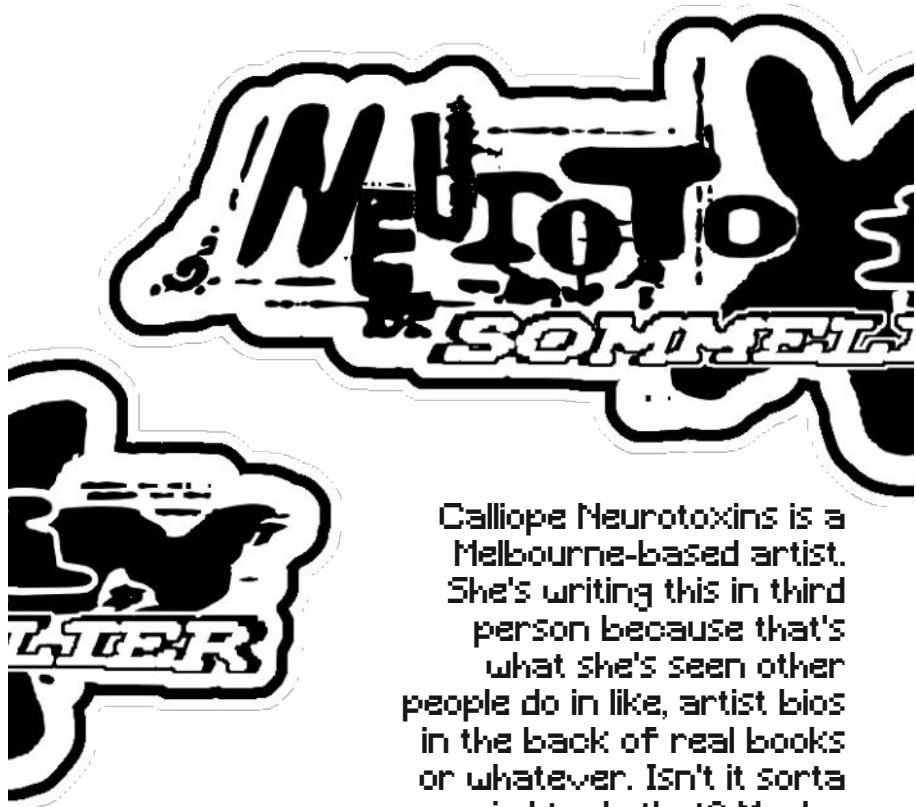
I knew I was trans for years before I did anything about it in real life. The prospect of living for my own sake was too frightening. I was hopelessly devoted to the pursuit of a life I hated, as if not wanting it meant I couldn't fail...

Transitioning was incredibly scary at first. Looking back, it's hard to remember why. I guess I thought the people around me would kill me or something? Not always an unrealistic fear to have, to be honest. Such things do happen. But they didn't. A lot of other stupid shit happened, though. Mostly self inflicted, to be honest.

My only regret is waiting.

If you think you might want to take estrogen, just do it. Don't ask for permission. Get it illicitly if you have to. It's much, much easier than you'd think. You don't have to be a girl. You don't even have to tell anyone about it.

Don't wait to live. Please.

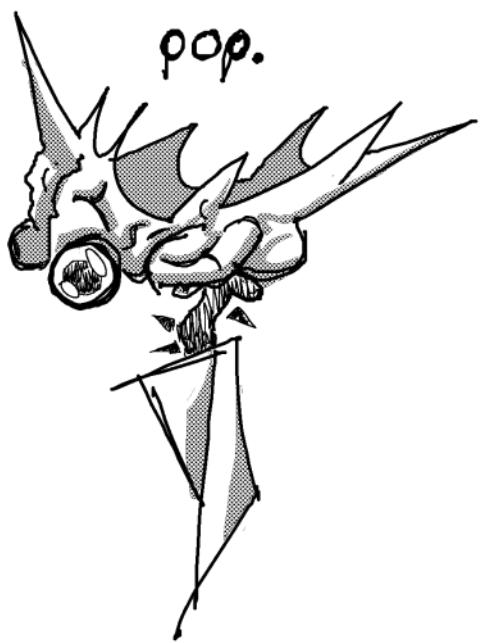


Calliope Neurotoxins is a Melbourne-based artist. She's writing this in third person because that's what she's seen other people do in like, artist bios in the back of real books or whatever. Isn't it sorta weird to do that? Maybe placing the viewpoint outside herself makes self-description less embarrassing?

Well, whatever. She paints and writes and does other such things. Sometimes for money! You can find her other work online at:

[⟨neurotoxicity.github.io⟩](https://neurotoxicity.github.io)







lets talk about
the shape my
life used to be.

