Twitter Thread by Dr. Joolz Denby



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Was thinking last night about how what is now called ‘body shaming’ can affect your life not just your opinion of your appearance. As a tall, muscular and big built woman who took after my 6’4” enormous father I have received a lot of criticism about how I

look from my earliest years. I was also born with my legs twisted inwards somewhat and the loose ligaments that now cause so much trouble even though you look cool in yoga ■. The early abuse from my mother - literally that I was

‘born in the wrong body’ - sound familiar? - was devastating. As a child to be told you’re ‘wrong’ in a way you cannot do anything about except by surgery and constantly dieting - I was starved from age 10 and my brown hair dyed to ‘copper’ - is terrible.

I can say that now. Before I simply accepted I was unattractive and that it was my lot. In the 70s cosmetic surgery was unattainable though my mother offered me a rhinoplasty for my 18th birthday. I refused. I then spent 40 years with a person who found me

as unattractive as my mother had (guess why, duh) and whilst not as blunt as my mother could only manage to say he thought I’d done the best I could with what I’d been given. Now, you may think this all vanity. But the constant erosion

of confidence in your physical self is extremely limiting psychologically. I didn’t do sports because I was ashamed of how I looked in shorts and feared the endless bullying I was subjected to at school for being big. I formed truly dreadful relationships

because I thought no one but those vile abusers would be interested in me. I suffered awful social anxiety and even now have a very bad relationship with food. My point is this: telling a child they’re born in the wrong body for whatever reason has a

catastrophic effect on their lives as a whole. Telling them they’re ugly, fat, weird, have wonky legs or nasty hair, that they’re the wrong sex or have the wrong face is, bar actually beating them bloody, the worst thing you can do to a child.

It sets them up - set me up - for a lifetime of mental health struggles and a monumental lack of personal self confidence and self esteem. That leads to a life of medical and psychological tinkering that makes you feel even more ‘odd’ and ‘weird’.

Abusers like to say repeatedly, only they could love you. That others don’t understand you as they do. Whether that’s a cult, an ideology or a partner, it’s all bullshit. It’s all abuse. It’s all lies in order to manipulate and control you *for their benefit*

We are what we are. We are all - and this isn’t hippie crap - beautiful because we are all ourselves. We should strive to stay as healthy as we can, and fuck ‘beauty’ stereotypes - tell people who say we’re ‘born wrong’ to shove it up their arse.

We need to live free of all that shit. It’s taken me to be 65 to even get a handle on the damage that was done to me by those narcissistic bastards but by the goddess, I intend to die free of the thoughts they put in my head and the cruelty they inflicted.

No child is born wrong, born in the wrong body or ugly. All children are made of star stuff and all children deserve the chance to live a life free of abuse, bullying and being forced to bear the hideous weight of adult agendas and problems.