

Friday, November 11th, 2022.
08:23

I muse over a summary...

What are the highlights? How succinctly can I put it?

Why am I, again, composing a narrative of betrayal with a cause so basic, so low, as jealousy?

I'll leave it to you, dear reader, to imagine my response to myself. In the meantime, the assignment, as an unexpected side-effect, has mysteriously re-crystallized.

As I am loathe to ignore a missive from fate, waste not, want not, I attempt to bring you up to date, inviting you to read on and marvel at the sordid tale of corruption that assures you that elitism is alive and well in the cult of "intellectual", "feminism".

The narrative, so far is as follows...

Successful collaborations behind us, in which the exploitation of me has been eclipsed (and therefore allowed) only by my exploitation of the arrogance of those in power positions. But things have not gone so smoothly since then.

Those in the know, will observe the timing. Once again, as I pull myself up from vulnerability and "marginalized" circumstances, those who fetishize the weakness of others have become first, disinterested, and then envious and then adversarial.

(Although attempts continue to marginalize me, I still am not marginalized. Hmm, I wonder what the ethics board would say about that?)

Multitudes of hard won appointments, made weeks in advance have been, one after the other, cancelled. Texts have been "left on read", for months at a time, emails are left unanswered. Occasionally, I receive emails that contain no new content nor feedback on content I created, nor answers to any of my questions, suggestions or requests.

I, in spite of this, answer her inquiries and requests, asking that she, at a minimum acknowledge receipt of my email. Again, her response is silence.

To one email, in which I include an abstract for her consideration, she *does* acknowledge the email, but admits she didn't read it, "yet", then drops once more, off the face of the planet.

Months later, depressed over Dobbs, I read a Tweet in which she expresses sympathy for her American colleagues and mistakenly feel that she might be sympathetic to my pain (mistakenly thinking that I am considered a colleague).

I, therefore, in text, make the plea that I have new ideas and insights, but I have no voice, expressing my sadness at all of the 'about us, without us' going on in, restructure-the-world meetings. The uncharacteristically instantaneous reply is shocking aggression. She doesn't "appreciate being accused" and "doesn't have to conform" to my "expectations" and won't "go down the shame spiral" ...

My submissive apology is left "on read" for weeks. Eventually there is another brief exchange. I eloquently apologize again, she responds, "we're all good". Her rally for a stronger position of power successful, I am put in my place, we resume our new normal.

Many weeks later, another Tweet prompts me to (again in text) cry out about how my ability to see corruption is isolating me more than ever, everything is connected, I'm blacklisted and brutally censored. Regrettably, she excuses herself with a tally of how many times she caught it, I remark on the failure of certain, hard-sold medical procedures. She replies, employing epithets, entirely inappropriate for an "anarcho-feminist", such as, "freedumb" and "anti-vax", followed by the assertion that she can't, "be exposed" to my "opinions".

She notably declines the opportunity to retract speech that mimics the false characterizations made by The State that kidnapped my children.

(Oh, and somewhere, I link the denial of medical bodily autonomy in Dobbs to both CPS and "mandates").

When, two days later, I query the abrupt ending of that conversation, in spite of my generous acquiescence. Again, now, the response is immediate.

She defines my request for a reply as "surveillance", adding that my perception of such a comment as accusational is itself combative, as she is merely "making a boundary statement".

She finishes with the announcement that I, not she, am the one causing delays, necessitating her sidelining me, and now she has a meeting, "we'll pick it up tomorrow". I manage to squeeze in a reminder that she is, in fact, "it".

Later that evening, an email arrives with a terse request that I re-send my material, which I do. The next morning, I follow up by sending more material still. It is now Wednesday. I receive no reply, naturally.

Early Saturday morning, sleepless, I scroll through my Twitter feed and encounter a post. She is in the United States, at a feminist conference, fawning over the celebrities in her posted picture, even quoting one,

“Abolish prisons, defund the police, get rid of child protective services isn’t enough. We need to rethink the society that continues to invent and invest in these violent instituons[sic]. All connected to capitalism.” - Angela Davis wisdom.

Oh, yes, do get rid of CPS, why don’t you!? Give me back my children, you arrogant, weak, patriarchy-worshipping, boot-licking, collaborating scum!

Are you all wearing pink masks, embroidered and glittered and rank with your moldy, spike-laden saliva?

I’ll be researching the plague requirements. I know that she met those that made it possible to cross the border. I wonder if any foreign “colleagues” are absent as a result. I wonder if she’ll be “exposed” to any of those divisive opinions she fears? I wonder how she upped her “emotional bandwidth” to meet the requirements of such a parade of entitled idiocy? What a silly question, entitled idiocy is so well practiced, she forgot that it requires more effort than listening to her conscience, not less...

Yes, well.

I check the schedule, and find that she will be presenting, although in a side room. She is, however, pushing a paper that she at least wrote herself. It’s worth noting, however, that I cannot scour her paper for any thesis that I might have “inspired” because I do not, as previously promised, have access to the academic databases in which it might appear for peer review...or is it already published?

I am nevertheless, taking a cue from those in the ballroom, clucking over each other, fawning and plotting and coveting. I put all other pursuits aside, claim my intellectual property and then, publish it, declare it in the public domain, accreditation (and oh, oops, no commercial use authorized) and upload another chapter...

A HOMELESS THOUGHT, COMMISSIONED

Chapter [censored]:

“About Us, Without Us”

“War Wounds”

“Imagine if I were a man, a veteran of a war from the army that was not on the losing side or even the kind of action that yields slogans like “Support Our Troops But Not the War”, but rather, a wounded and decorated soldier from the army of the winning side... the side that gets to write the history books.”

Now the version for the creatively impaired:

I found a lot of insight by comparing the treatment, past and present, of the PTSD experienced by veterans of war and survivors of gender-based violence. I looked at the literal treatment as well as the attitudes of society, in general, towards the sufferer of PTSD and the attitudes of care providers, counselors and peers. The most glaring omission in the GBV model, to my mind, is the guilt-driven suffering of the perpetrator. Taken in the larger context of the dehumanization of victim as product of the dehumanization of perpetrator, combined with insights gained from observing Peter’s repeat performance and the CJS’s response (including, once again, the misrepresentation of the experience of the victims in order to assign to them a shared liability) I am certain that this is a purposeful method designed to control both perpetrator and victim.

“Heal Back Better”

PTSD treatment, above all, does not support to the point that one could argue that it consciously works against, a victim gaining a sense of empowerment from not simply getting to the end of the traumatic experience alive, but actually gaining strength and wisdom from the experience. Trauma victims are discouraged from esteeming themselves better for the experience than they

would be if it had not ever happened. There is no allowance for the possibility that one might “heal back better”.

A World Ruled by Violence

The role of victim is not the power position.

A right of passage that is forbidden mankind, now, where we are all slaves, is a chance to demonstrate a characteristic of adulthood. This quality is the ability to distinguish the types of pain. The pain that you know you will survive will be frequently experienced in this life. The adult knows that trauma cannot be avoided. Differently put, life doesn't get easier, you just get better at it.

Reduced to an observation of victimhood, the fact that male victims underreport violent crimes against them is, admit it, seen as a demonstration of courage and strength. A woman who even tells an anecdote about an unreported violent crime against her is a liar. And if she isn't a liar, then she's a lunatic. That crime against her was most certainly a result of her “poor choices”.

It might be obvious, the reason that women are disproportionately punished for violent crimes, even those of self-defense, is that a violent woman is an aberration. Less obvious, at first glance, is that violence is seen as a masculine behavior, to the point that if a man commits a crime of violence, he could potentially lose everything, money, freedom, his life. But the one thing that he will never lose is his manliness. Violence is the universal go-to solution available to a man that carries with it no risk of emasculation. But the most important reason that, in a patriarchal system, women must be brutally punished for violence is because violence is not just masculine... violence is power.

Now, take it to another level. Men not only have permission to assume a position of power with violence. They also have permission to skirt the script of victimhood. Men underreport violent crimes against them, aware or not, that the CJS, in its treatment of victims, does nothing helpful at best.

In other words, men are allowed the *privilege* of not reporting violent crimes against them.

Violence is not the Only Trauma on the Menu

The People are discouraged from becoming adults because everyone knows that slaves are easier kept when they are infantilized. As previously noted, the ability to process trauma, gaining

strength, resiliency and wisdom from it, is a skill required of adults. Infantilized to an even greater degree, women find themselves denied the ability to give, and with that withdraw consent. Indeed we are denied majority, agency, autonomy.

Perhaps that's why, when considering the broader concept of trauma the first question is, inevitably, how I identify myself when I consider it. I inevitably find myself face to face with the most important aspect of my own identity that I impulsively connect to the very idea of trauma. I am a woman.

I'm a woman, and yet, I am sentient.

I am a woman, yet I know that I am more human than woman. The chronic cognitive dissonance that torments me is an internal experience so constant, that I have it linked to my very awareness of self, my entire identity. That torment is among the first perceptive deviations that I learned to mask, early and well. The knowledge of humanity in the face of imposed identity as "female" is the cause, as my place in the ranks of "human" is denied me. The directive then, is to make the best of it, and consider how much I can bend and distort at least my external identity.

But the critical measure is the one I hold up to myself, by myself, inside of myself, and keep to myself.

How far can my identity be pushed away from human and into, "woman" before the entire mess collapses in a heap of contradictions?

It is therefore, interesting to note that when posited a question about trauma, without thinking, I instantly focus on my experiences of victimization...the violence committed against me.

But being the victim of violence is not uniquely a woman's experience...it isn't even *predominantly* a woman's experience.

I'm a woman...a white woman, to top it all off. I therefore (to me, unfortunately in this case) hold a very important place. I play a very important role.

My thought process keeps sticking on the necessity of intersectionality. Taking my own advice to men, I consider the possibility and then agree, that any theory I come up with that isn't fundamentally intersectional, in this case gender-inclusive, cannot logically be correct.

Although in many situations, the way a man is treated, his experience as subject of the reaction of society, will be different than a woman's experience, when faced with the same exact situation, any solve, any "fix", has to address the experiences of both parties.

Now, back to the experience of trauma, more specifically, the experience of violence.

I linger on a statistical observation that's been knocking around in my head lately: men are more often than women, the victims of violence but men are most often the perpetrators, as well.

What is it, I think to myself, that makes the violence I suffered as a woman, distinct enough to be an important...distinction? The already articulated issues of intimate partner v stranger, the 'in her own home' v 'out in the world' ruled by men, just don't make a fine enough point. And then, suddenly, it occurs to me:

Men are much more likely to suffer violence, yes. But it is women that are instructed, in fact ordered, to suffer.

So, back to the fact that my classification as a white woman, has designated me an "important" role: In this white supremacist patriarchy, the reason that white women are "granted" victim status so readily and then subsequently forced into the role of "victim" is not just because of our relative "value" as possessions, nor is it for the simple convenience of the CJS, the medical system, the mental health system, the social support system, nor is it solely for the purpose of reinforcing a woman's subordinate, obedient, beta position relative to men. The importance of our designation is, in fact, critical to white, western society's model of life itself, the Christian model, of course.

We are ordered by the man god, Jehovah, to suffer for humanity's theoretical redemption. We are burdened with this particular task by our alleged, specific sin, the original sin that all women committed by proxy, the one (so the story goes) that condemned mankind to mortality.

One might argue within this construct that Jesus suffered for the sins of mankind.

But he has been the only man to do so with meaningful efficacy, with full-on godly-fatherly intent, and notably, by his own consent. But is Jesus really a masculine figure? No, he's a god, not a man. Whatever ratio of god/man (many wars have been and continue to be fought over this issue) he is, by every account, a blend...at least, "mixed". His father was a God, his mother a human...and not even normal human...rather, a perfected human, an apart human, separate human, cleansed and functionally supernatural, uniquely absolved, even sinless, perhaps, human mother.

Women have a moral obligation to the rest of humanity to suffer...in childbirth, and arguably, suffer in eternal childhood, eternal victimhood.

Ah, dear reader, you made it this far. I leave you with this, because I'm trying to keep to a schedule of sorts...more to come.

“Even your stingy god is on my side on this one. That god I refuse to worship still approves of me, because my sacrifice really was a sacrifice.

No, he didn't tell me all of the ways in which yours was not. To my way of thinking I was on your side, truly. But our lord, he always gets his way...

I still find it strange, as strange as it was to me then, that you would raise your hand to murder me, your kin and mortal advocate. And stranger to me, still, that you would, yet, expect that, now or at that moment, I would not see on your forehead...that mark.

Now, again, you mouthed obedience, only coveting that nod, manifested into reality, fruit of my, literal, earthly womb, a son.

But now, as then, I am that very same...I am still, that one.

A distant recollection seizes you...yes,

I am Abel, your brother. Don't you recognize me now?”