

T I M E L I N E

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BY
JO VIVIANO

1990:

Born in Misawa: Japan.

1992:

Moves to Missouri.

1994:

Kindergarten. I remember my uncle's house and his funeral (he killed himself). My parents told me his ghost visited me. I was described as stoic. Bullies locked me in a toy box. For some reason I remember thinking that girls were like boys only they had uncircumcised penises so I was almost a girl.

1995:

My first grade school. I remember my parents arguing about me a lot. The kids would call me Vivi. I was not bullied. On the one hand my parents would say I was smart, on the other hand they would say I had oxygen deprivation at birth. I was spanked with objects. My parents gave me writing punishments where I was forced to write "I will do what I am told the first time." until my arm felt as though it would fall off. I remember playing with my mom's girl things: ruining my eyebrows, getting nail polish on me, playing with hair spray. I remember folding my genitals inward. I remember watching StarTrek Voyager with my parents in their bed, which had scary images of "the Borg" – a single consciousness made up of billions of "drones" assimilated by millions of worlds. I remember feeling strange when my father gave me "the talk" and asked me if I stroked it. I didn't: I had been masturbating prone for some time. I felt bad. "Why do I feel different?" I remember puberty, and feeling hurt because my father was insensitive when he sang (to me mockingly): "Hair on his arms means hair on his balls." I had sexual education classes but my mother wouldn't answer my questions on the subject. My parents wish that I be withdrawn was obeyed. My parents were reported to CPS for spanking and verbal abuse. I am sure it was around this time (2000 – 2002) that I watched an SRS video. I wanted to be a girl like Major from Ghost in the Shell, with a vagina like everyone else; I didn't want my genitals rearranged. I realized that I couldn't have what I wanted. I looked at a girl version of myself in the mirror and told her it's time for you to go away. My options at this time were "Insufficient." to quote Seven of Nine.

2002:

My 2nd grade school. For some reason my parents were not getting along with the faculty at my first grade school. My father said my principle was a cunt. So far, I hadn't disliked any of my teachers. It was mostly my parents that yelled at me. I remember having to help my parents with their construction related projects frequently, and whenever I'd long to be a girl instead, I'd

remember my father's story about how his ex wife "lied about her pregnancy to get me to marry her." I felt like if I were a girl I'd be hated for being a manipulative female. I remember my "macho Air-force" mother screaming at me so loudly that our secretary "Lulu" would secretly call my dad to stop her from yelling her head off at me. I adored Lulu, not my parents. I distracted myself with games like StarCraft, Diablo II, and Magic the Gathering. I played cards away from my parents and was happy. A younger friend of my brother and I slept with me and kept trying to molest me. I shook violently, and I felt embarrassed because I hadn't explored my sexuality much at all. "Why does he know more than me?" I wanted him gone; I told him I didn't want to be his friend anymore and I remember him saying "You're heartless." I was reading Aleister Crowley and the Unabomber's manifesto around this time. I listened to lectures by Alan Watts, who soothed me spiritually because his panpsychism completed the circuit of my Borg inspired futurism: the future would make us whole and the past was already whole. I became more mystical. I had a nightmare about leaves crunching menacingly: I was mesmerized when I'd take a leaf off a tree and compared it's structure to the maps of the cities across the Earth...

Seven: *"When your Captain first approached us, we suspected that an agreement with Humans would prove impossible to maintain. You are erratic, conflicted, disorganized. Every decision is debated, every action questioned. Every individual entitled to their own small opinion. You lack harmony, cohesion, greatness. It will be your undoing."*

Compared to these city maps and the amount of space in outer space the Borg, as a science fiction concept, were not colossal... but titanic. Human beings were extraordinarily small, and as I faced this I'd remember Alan Watt's theological sayings that hell may be to "sink beneath the animal level" which may be a future if humans were equal in significance to the leaves. My nightmare about the menacing leaves made a weird kind of sense. In hindsight, I believe that the true reason why I fantasized about the Borg was because both of my parents are uniquely terrible at educating thanks to their "Watch me and copy what I'm doing." style of teaching. I needed to be telepathic to understand them. Did my father dislike watching me learn because I appeared feminine? Curiously, I had a borderline delusional idea that women were telepathic around this time; also, I'd openly wish to be telepathic, while internally I'd prefer to be female. I read books like "The Giver" and "Frankenstein" and "A Wrinkle in Time." Also the kids called me Vivi again. I remember my mom lost the only friend she ever had shortly after I played with a toy pointing at it, I said "It has low self esteem." My grades were not great, and even though I liked my teachers and classmates I was transferred again.

2003:

My 3rd grade school. Moving to this grade school felt strange, even wrong. Personally I felt that the true reason why I was moved was political: a disagreement between the school faculty and my parents, not a genuine need for me but a need for my parents to have school staff they

could easily manipulate. It was clear right away that most of the students here were retarded or had serious emotional problems, while I mostly had problems with my parents not liking that my grades were not A's across the board. Here at the retard school my grades could be A's, so my parents were satisfied. There, the teachers did not teach me anything new and were comparably regressive, so I was free to act out, write stories that amused the class, and draw grotesque images of flesh and machines. I was confirmed but I felt it was a joke: none of us had any real choice in the matter. I left the school and never returned.

2005:

High school. I went to an all boy's high school because, according to my parents, I couldn't possibly do any High School program that didn't have block scheduling. I was attracted to males, true, but I felt that there were many female visitors I liked, usually tomboyish types. I wore baggy clothes exclusively as I didn't want to show off my body to the guys, some of whom would spank my ass anyway. I remember this boy winking at me every day. Sadly one of the boys transferred to another school only to commit suicide by firearm soon afterwards. We weren't friends but I felt close to him, somehow... we use to exchange the peace sign in the hall. I remembered the smell of his shirt when he hugged me goodbye and how I didn't think he was going to die. "Why do humans kill themselves so often?" I wondered. I started contemplating suicide: morbid thoughts. When I was about 16 I called the suicide prevention hot line because I felt like I was going to kill myself someday. I sat in the dark of the car questioning: "How long can this go on?" I didn't get help. I understood that there was no point to creating the StarTrek matter replicator because human beings had demonized the file-sharing replicator, calling it "piracy." I despaired, because I believed no invention could ever help the world. Inventions were tools, sophisticated tools, so they could never help us.

My father left the country frequently to try to get his stolen lock "invention" made, which in point of fact he hadn't fully invented but only improved. He'd say that everything was great in China and the factory workers weren't mistreated but I didn't believe him. Whereas his invention helped a minority, I wanted to invent something that helped everyone. My dream to create an educational interface for the people's upward mobility began; however, I had not yet realized that it's impossible to materialize a vision of society because a mental vision is never material. Here at high school my best subject was Biology and English: I enjoyed drawing decorative line work and writing stories to amuse my classmates. I did well in the architectural and mechanical drawing classes and modeled things easily, and I felt dejected when my group mates didn't pull their own weight when we began a collaborative architectural project. My father made it worse when he as usual blamed the school for my project not doing very well compared to my peers, while I was more forgiving and knew that my project may have been better if we had a more effective team. My mother made the ACT experience a hell by pressuring me to medicate with NERI drugs that induced nightmares featuring a mountainous

and grotesque peeling baby face comprised of maggots and stitched together bodies; it also induced intrusive suicidal and homicidal thoughts: I vividly remember imagining myself sawing my head off with broken glass and inserting tools and blades into my eyes and throat when we'd walk through the hardware store, and I also had bad sexual symptoms like painful ejaculations, which I had to restore: it really worried me that these effects could be permanent.

I felt like I had suddenly unlocked the truth for why Columbine happened: I felt dangerous and morally responsible. Because I didn't have a trusting relationship with my parents I didn't tell them, and because I wanted to protect my classmates I stopped the medication cold turkey. However my parents continued to argue with me about virtually all of my theological and political views and started insisting I medicate myself more than ever before, at the crucial time when I was now more an adult than ever and struggling to prepare for college.

2009:

It was as if they thought it were possible to medicate my atheism away, which was their true agenda. They were questioning my morals at a time when I had already been moral and made moral decisions like quitting a dangerous medication which I would only later confirm (2018) I did not meet the criteria for taking in the first place; for I had never received a diagnosis in ADD or ADHD but, so far, only had a diagnosis in written expression, which hardly made any sense considering writing was a favorite subject. Unable to endure the chaos of my home life, I asked my friend's mother if I could live with her. Even though I felt safe with her my imagination was still active with ideas that the Borg hive mind network could be a horrific site of human torture and experimenting where brains were force fed nightmare-inducing chemicals so a vast consciousness could reap the outputs: human minds could be “farmed” for math equations and other innovations useful to the collective or Artificial Intelligence in control, and because humans were already so small and insignificant it seemed unlikely to me that this prevision would not come true someday. I thought I could inspire it away. I thought I could write an existential horror novel that was so terrifying it would steer the course of human development in a better direction. I knew reality was too strong for me, but I also knew that inspiration and influence was a human-affecting force.

Around this time Alan Watts was still a big influence on me, and I felt like I deserved to smoke some marijuana when my friend offered me some to balance out the negative drug experience I had. But my second time I had a bad experience where I was nearly lost in a forest and visualized the trees twisting into bloody helixes, and when I returned I felt as though my whole entire body was “moving through peg board;” I wasn't exactly sure why, but my senses were distorted by the drug... for days. I acquired visual snow syndrome, which would last for the rest of my life. I now had suffered not one but two negative drug experiences, and I felt increasingly depressed and ashamed of my biology. I remember working the line at Chipotle, nearly crying because I was worried I'd develop an anxiety disorder like my mom. I didn't want

to be like her, miserable and volcanic and controlling and loud. I continued going to college but I was deeply depressed, wounded, and what I wanted to create, the educational interface of the future was put down by an English teacher as “lofty.” I didn't know the meaning of the word. I'd later abandon my interest in the joint engineering program with Washington University and UMSL, because I believed a graphic design program was better suited to the task of creating an “escape hatch” for young people in hostile home environments. Unfortunately my visual snow made college difficult because the visual distortions made it difficult to read.

2010:

Now on my own, identifying as gay, I wanted a boyfriend. I met S and I liked him a lot. I remember showing him a Throbbing Gristle music video. In the back of my mind I remember thinking that it was kind of cool Genesis had transitioned, however I personally believed that if I were to embark on such a journey I'd be torn apart by my relentless discontent.

Seven: “To the newest member of our crew. May all her desires be fulfilled except for one, so she'll always have something to strive for.”

At this time I wrongly remembered that Genesis's wife Lady Jaye died in surgery. Also, around this time I acquired a “woman's coat” I never returned. I wrote poems about my visual snow syndrome and depersonalization. I had a falling out with my parents, not only because of the drug experience but also because of a variety of ideological and philosophical disagreements between my parents and I, which they wanted to treat with medications. I didn't understand why they were like this. I realized that my parents were not good people, but I hadn't picked up the pieces very effectively and I made it a point to avoid doctors because I distrusted them because they could be weaponized. I had a secret crush on my boyfriend's sister, K. She was a lesbian and I secretly enjoyed it when she said I was cute. I remember thinking that if I was a girl I would likely be a lesbian, however I would never be the opposite sex so that was impossible. I couldn't explain why, but I felt more like her than the gay guys I met. I loved getting wine and cheese and going on car rides with S: he introduced me to Bjork and Four Tet and that made our romance all the better. I melted when he kissed me. Later on I would move in with him, he was sweet, a good cook, I loved his guitar-playing. My time with S would be some of the best years of my life, which I sorely needed after being dominated by my egotistical father and my authoritarian mother. Something was off, however. I didn't like posting pictures of us on facebook. I stole clothes from him. I felt displaced nearly every day. Over a few years my father would do childish things, like insult my friends over Facebook, send me gay conversion therapy links, send my uncle and I vindictive attack letters; on one occasion my mother came to my apartment to inform me the world was going to end.

2011 – 2015:

A period of growth, failure, and change. At this point I had been told many times that writing

was my strong suit, however I'd dismiss English as a field of study in full consciousness that famous writers seemed to write however they wanted and that majoring in English would take me away from the more important task of designing the educational interface of the future. In the so-called information age the cost of education had become more expensive than ever, and I sought to create a website for learning where the best possible educators were recorded for all to use. Doing so would decrease the prison population and lead to a happier and healthier society generally, I believed. Intermittently I attempted to write a science fiction novel with the support of my friend, and even though I constructed it in a way that was "low budget" – not requiring special effects to tell the story – my friend said it was fascinating and powerful. In the story human beings had immortal cyberbodies like Ghost in the Shell and hence they couldn't die; instead, they erased their memories. The main character, a psychiatric technician, is a memory-eraser who is kidnapped by a rogue group intent on using the main character's as a sleeper agent to fulfill their agenda of turning the cyberbrain complex where the cyberbrains awaiting obliteration are stored in large volumes into a hive mind monster, "stronger, more evil, and more profound" to quote Nietzsche word for word.

As I continued my graphic design studies it became increasingly obvious that I was not going to acquire the programming skills I needed to produce the product I had in mind. Inspired by the artists I spoke with at the Kansas City Art Department "Art tells a story." I started to take the idea of writing a story more seriously so I could give my visual art a firm foundation (2013). It's also around this time that I realized I could speed listen to self-created audio books, and following Chuck Palahniuk's advice that "Sometimes reading about a hell worse than your own can make the hell that is your life that much more bearable." I began "assimilating" books at a rapid pace to sate my thirst for knowledge as well as determine what messages I should try to put into my work and what to avoid. In Chuck's Palahniuk's book "Damned" the main character dies because she smokes marijuana and goes to hell, and I thought that this similarity between that character and I was uncanny, since few people believed me when I told them I got visual snow syndrome (HPPD) from marijuana use. I cried when I realized that Chuck had written this book for his mom, when I didn't feel any love for my mom at all. I wanted to know if it was possible to read a book so outlandish and strange that simply hearing it could drive you insane, so out of self-destructive curiosity I listened to Jung's "The Red Book" and "The Nag Hammadi library" and "The Zohar" and works by Thomas Bernhard and Virginia Woolf and various philosophers, like Deleuze and Nietzsche.

Not believing much in Jungian psychology or the unconscious mind, I thought it would be interesting to write a novel unconsciously and to examine it's alleged symbology later. Unfortunately I felt so very depressed after writing my novel that rather than performing that work I started to talk to others about my hopelessness and suicidal ideations. What few friends I did share my novel with said that there was too much thinking in it, one of whom said "It was like a rabbit hole that led to a black hole that led to a worm whole and so on." I really wanted to

be understood and to have anyone to speak to me, however no one could speak to me with a text-to-speech program that played words at 600 words per minute. On the one hand I felt that I had given myself a way to understand people better, on the other hand I, rather than making myself more accessible, had in point of fact made myself inaccessible. To my detriment, I copied Bernhard's way of typing in all one paragraph. For me, typing any other way seemed invalid as there was too much at stake to be slowed down by formatting. In this same period I became aware that Nietzsche had hit upon the same problems as I, after a cursory reading of his early unpopular lecture entitled "On the Future of our Educational Institutions" which described the clash and contradiction between compulsory and voluntary education, the spokesperson's "feigned" claim to be interested in spreading learning among the greatest number of people, and the operational and spatial limits which eternally prevent the fulfillment of those promises.

There was something familiar and not spooky about Nietzsche: I recognized that we had hit upon the same insurmountable problem in different ways. The construction of the sciences had more to do with the production of the physical object called writing which thanks to its physicality is useful for creating distance between yourself and others; writing is a "subterfuge" in the struggle for existence, and Christianity's devaluation of writing (Jesus like Socrates didn't write anything down) entices the people not to write, as the storyteller of the non-writer gains control of the crowd by professionally telling the story of a suicide. From here it's easy to understand why Nietzsche favored Judaism because the mechanical accumulating of ink onto paper with its 613 laws is useful for the creation of distancing between yourself and inferior people. Not surprisingly, I'd soon learn that while Hitler read not a word of Nietzsche, future first president of Israel held Nietzsche in the highest regard.

I was interested in mass group psychology. I drifted from this book to the next all thanks to Bernhard's way of name-dropping which, bit by bit, showed off the many facets of humanity and why it fails. Personally, I was preemptively afraid of negative reactions from my first book, which I randomly decided should have a thousand year old character who chooses to inhabit a child body. What I wanted to show was how the future could on the one hand be less traumatic for everyone, pedophiles, might on the other hand would be grotesque to us today. However because I knew too well thanks to my parents how dumb people's arguments could be (e.g. small bodies are cheaper to make, save space on overpopulated Earth), I feared that anti-LGBTQ+ people would see and misuse the images I benevolently presented to make a "slippery slope" argument that society was close to condoning pedophilia when I was a thousand percent against traumatizing real humans. My random decision to make myself and my audience uncomfortable made me uncomfortable; I felt humiliated and sad that even in a future where Ghost in the Shell cyberbrain to cyberbody transferring was possible it wouldn't matter because at such a state of technological development it was impossible to discern if it weren't more desirable for the cyberbrain to inhabit powerful "mech suit" since I had made a

move to reduce the body to mere equipment. I dismissed gender theory because the problems that puzzled me were more pressing. Also S broke up with me because he didn't feel I truly loved him anymore.

2016:

My suicidal thoughts kicked into overdrive and I discovered an online depression community. By now I had become incredibly depressed by the insurmountability of the problems I had identified. I identified obedience itself as a problem that eternally reconstituted social inequality. I was still very disappointed by the widespread failure to make higher education more accessible; for example, even though Google for humanitarian reasons made it a project to scan every book on the planet it had failed to make books free. Likewise, universities everywhere despite profiting more than ever had systematically failed to create a virtual educational system as doing so would be institutional suicide. Accordingly I had written a short piece entitled "A Formal Application Letter" which unironically argued for the college to allow me to study there for free so I may create an Artificial Intelligence, as doing so would erase my college debts once our professors were replaced by a machine. Because obedience itself perpetuated inequality there was no way a request could obviate the problem; mockingly, I wrote "The Ruiner" to demonstrate the worthlessness of Aristotelian and Heideggerian philosophy and disprove the idea that measurement tells us the truth about anything as well as show how any given request contains the power to enslave by rendering the listener obedient.

Meanwhile I had joined an online depression community and found myself immediately confronted with my own resonance and empathy with the trans people there, who were mostly younger than me. Again and again I'd be amused by an individual's sense of humor and learn that they were male and transitioning to the opposite sex. Suddenly I was concerned that if I were a young person today that I would want to transition, thanks to the increased abundance of photos of people who've transitioned successfully. Also I was concerned that these people were being pressured socially to transition when perhaps they should not, and I was now against pressuring vulnerable people into doing things that could wreck the course of their lives. Yet when I would think of transitioning I'd worry that doing so would cause S to kill himself. I'd worry that I'd become volcanic like my mother, bursting with anger and emotion as well. I knew that, aesthetically speaking, I didn't want to be a guy, however I told myself "I can't transition." because I feared that doing so would cause a chain reaction that would hurt, or kill people. I was now roommates with K, who I routinely gave rides to every day as I struggled with my writing.

2017:

An online friend reveals their struggle with gender dysphoria, and my high empathy with them causes me to suffer inner turmoil I cannot show them because of my commitment to neutrality.

I realized that there were a lot more kinks than I was previously aware of. Not only was I now aware that my book could inadvertently harm LGBTQ+ people, I realized that if I were to rewrite it I'd be compelled to write about the furry community's use of the cyberbody and societies reactions. By now it's fair to say that I had internalized transphobia; for I'd jokingly encourage others to fund my GoFundMe page to help me transition into a hyper-dimensional world-devouring space entity. My online friend N was one of the most intelligent members of the community and I took to liking them immediately. He was cute, and he read novels, and he was a programmer. In brief: all the things I valued. "Programmers have the potential to write the software for the educational interface of the future." I believed. At the time, his username was "meowmeow" and my username was "starcat" so we had the cat motif going for us as well. But soon he'd tell me he was jealous of a trans girl, soon he'd tell me he tried to hang himself with a belt. When I saw the eyes of the girl he showed me, I saw my eyes. And when I saw N's selfie I also saw my own self reflected back at me. I suddenly became afraid that N could be making a mistake that would cause them irreparable harm.

So I remained neutral as could be because I didn't want them to make a mistake that could hurt them; for I anticipated the destructive effects female hormones could cause, based on my negative experiences with drugs. I kept tabs on her. I was scared they were being manipulated into transitioning or if I was interested in transitioning and repressed it. But my memories of my past seemed chaotic and unclear. "When I had the NERI-induced nightmares, what happened to me? Is this memory... of imprisoning a female version of myself for safe keeping real?" I couldn't tell, and the fear of becoming like my mother or suffering psychological distress thanks to the "second puberty" and it's emotional turbulence blocked me from trying to figure it out. For at this time I was studying everything. N was extremely jealous of a girl who reminded me of me (we had the same dark eyes), and because I didn't want to pressure them into transitioning by changing my body much less kill them inadvertently by inducing suicidal feelings of jealousy, I felt like what I ought to do is remain neutral and encourage them to make real life friends. N was raped around this time, and my inner demons told me that I could have done such a thing. Before, I'd romanticize about a partnership with them a little. I didn't want to be trans, and I toyed with the idea of remaining a man just for them, whatever it took to make them happy... things like that.

I didn't want to hurt N by talking about how I was molested when I was younger, because I didn't want to compare traumas. I let her vent to me as a way for her to "fix my head." I also questioned if the trauma was influencing N's desire to transition. Because her parents were not allowing her to transition, I felt even higher empathy with N because my parents usually preferred "restriction" type punishments. I felt like I had to keep existing for N's sake, in case there was some kind of meltdown between her and her parents, and yet, because N was 17 and I was 27, I felt it was wrong to care about her so much. As my feelings turned to love, my self-criticism and self-hate increased thanks to my buried first novel: I'd criticize myself relentlessly

and tell myself that I was pedophilic. At one point I asked her if she'd date me and she said "I think I would if I was older... I'm not." and "I like you too." and that helped me not feel so ashamed, because I wanted the same thing; that is, I wanted them to be older or me to be younger so I wouldn't have to feel guilty for liking them as a person I related to really deeply. Worse for my mental health was the fact that N's case made only increased my consciousness of just how many difficult family relationships were going on everywhere on Earth.

I wrote two books: "The States" (about my overthinking as a teenager) and "The State of the Future" (a novel about my uncle trying to comprehend the world-annihilating state of the future) and philosophical essays, like "Organic Knowledge" (about how spatial enclosures prevent us from knowing things organically) and plays "The Doors" (a play about the difficulty of explaining the singularity). I was now experiencing an all time low... Even though I cared deeply for N and badly wanted to hear her voice so I could learn if we were similar, N wouldn't speak to me by voice because of her parents frequent spying. I felt very conflicted. I anticipated that HRT would be painful. I started pushing people away from me, like K. I encouraged K to leave for Colorado like she always wanted, but the truth was I had no idea how to fix myself or find a solution to the problems I wanted to solve and I was giving up on life; I was planning to kill myself in property owned by my parents since they would be managing my funeral anyway... I figured that once she was far away, once S was far away, I could slip away, and no one would have to hear the sound of my parents voices, no one would have to see who my tormentors were, no friend would see my disgusting body in the casket. I didn't want to hold K back, nor did I want her to vegetate in St. Louis, not when she spoke of leaving so frequently. The truth is that I had no idea how to fix myself and didn't want K or anyone I truly loved to see my dead body when I committed suicide, so "The State of the Future" was written because I anticipated that living across the street from the Hoffmeister Colonial Mortuary would drive me insane.

2018:

I started working for my parents... intending to kill myself. I managed to convince my parents to allow me to rent the space above their store which had nearly always been unoccupied. Instead of going back to work for a telecommunications company I decided to sell windows and doors for my parents under the understanding that I would also be trained to install the products as well. For systemic reasons this was never done, either because of my father's poor health or my mother's incompetence with regard to scheduling. My father got bit in the dick by a dog. Meanwhile I began a new journal which takes place in the present time under the title "Lofty" in tandem with my philosophical essays on the interface of the future (since human knowledge is expressed on a surface display), as well as rhetorical promise that inventions or objects help us (the audience imagines inclusion in the word "we" which in fact contains no designations: human life is competition and clamoring: begging without end: agony). I

differentiated between the actual and rhetorical. I concluded that human knowledge could not be unified by design because words sequenced are spatially distant. My thoughts turn to N, who I loved. She made another suicide attempt, and I distracted her from killing herself after I noticed her deleting all of her messages. Still she'd never converse with me. Oddly enough, contemplating N's love for programming helped me realize that the task of writing the software for the educational interface of the future would make her miserable.

Education cannot be fully voluntarized for everyone's upward mobility because humans do not learn because they find the content intrinsically interesting but rather because they are forced to by a human instructor. Human children cannot be fully free, or else they will become feral. Compressing the syllable with the text-to-speech machine may only increase the mechanical burden on the human mind, and my fear of my own monstrosity made me take the idea of suicide more seriously. Utterly hopeless, I performed "neck durability tests" which were dangerous suicide attempts, during which I would imagine myself killing myself as a female. Also I experimented with wigs and female clothes and I felt my genuine self looking back at me. "Lofty" concludes with the general observation that human activity is largely reacting to surface displays and operating surface displays to induce reactions in crowds. The interface of the future was unable to be designed in a manner which made people more upwardly mobile because, among other things, inputs are entered into the computer "one at a time" so operational inclusion is impossible: the surface display is really a weapon of war. Yet concluding this caused me to realize that talking to N about my interests may only make her miserable, which I was disinterested in doing.

Even though I loved her in the sense that I cared about her, I felt bad that we now no longer had common ground to stand on. All I really had was this guilty feeling from having loved a person, when I had never loved a person like this before. "What did it all mean?" During this time I discovered I could cook vegan meals at home: it was the first thing I did that was all for me to make myself feel good and not bad. I'd go to the gym and listen to audio books, telling myself that I wasn't completely sure I wanted to be female, cloaking my goals in terminology like "I have divergent body goals." I was feeling completely sick of working for my parents: not only was I disinterested in everything going on around me, but I wasn't acquiring the skills I was promised, either. I needed to do something with myself. My approach towards therapy was threefold; for I wanted to understand why I fell for N, what I could do professionally if never-ending reaction to the surface display is the human condition, and if I was really transgender. Lacking regulative negative feedback would have resulted in disastrous consequences due to a lack of balance that breaks the system (a perennial loop probably) due to circular vicious reasoning resulting in neurosis and eventually insanity.

It took many sessions for me to remember that the reason why I kept the coat I mentioned earlier was because my friend told me that the buttons were on the "female side" (perhaps a

symbol of my insularity), however this was a claim I realized I never invalidated because I secretly derived comfort from my friend's remark, which by 2019 I recognized was wrong: my “woman's coat” was no woman's coat, after all... it was only one to me, and I hadn't confronted it until now. Because working as a salesperson put me into contact with male and female and gay and straight clients alike, I was having face-to-face social interactions with females and I was panged by a distracting sense of sameness I felt truly deserved the name dysphoria. For the first time I seriously looked back at my behaviors and remarks and realized that I had avoided gender theory all my life, preferring instead to contemplate social interaction in a holographically generated systemspace or speculating on the linkage between DNA's supertwisted structure and gravitational density's role in selection and sequencing and mind, even life itself, since life like gravity takes itself into itself: creating and destroying in one motion. What does all this make me? A philosopher? Some kind of writer? A fool? N said: “I also wonder a lot: had I been in a different environment at the time that puberty started pummeling me would I consider myself trans, or would I have found other coping methods? At this point I'm looking for other coping methods but I can't find any and I'm not sure what's going on in my head. I feel like I've edited my memories at this point as well. Something about the stuff that I remember seems not right. Have I lied to myself to reassure myself? If so, why?”

2019:

If N's remark meant that N wasn't really trans, then I felt I needed to be there to say that it was perfectly OK to change your mind. People make mistakes, as I happen to know. I didn't understand why N would avoid speaking to me. And yet she'd come out of nowhere and share with me a song that would hit me like a lance through my heart (Recovery by Rival Consoles), then attempt suicide the same day. I kept processing my behaviors, thinking about how I stole clothes from S, how I wore the same things, how in the past I claimed small articles of women's clothing from the lost and found back from my days working at Target in 2015, how I didn't correct people when they called me the female pronoun on the phone, how my 2002 “women are telepathic” idea seemed strangely tied to the remark I made later to a guy I dated in 2016: he said he was going to study gender theory, to which I said “Gender... theory? I want to be telepathic!” as if being a telepathic universal mind would somehow allowed me to transcend gender completely. Bizarrely I told myself that people who study gender theory should instead become interested in designing the ideal spaceship state. Meanwhile I'd reflect and realize that I only liked the photos I took of myself where I looked as female as possible, as close to how I'd rather be as possible. Soon I became aware that N was on HRT and the effects weren't making her crazy... I even asked her about her mental state to make sure things were alright. I remembered that I was afraid that, somehow, I'd accidentally “inspire” N to kill herself if I transitioned, because she'd feel left behind.

Even though this sounds irrational, and I guess it is, it's something I was afraid of happening; I

seriously do not think I would have coped if she killed herself. I finally felt like I was free to try hormones for myself, but I was still very cautious; I asked my doctor if there was a chance that the drugs would make me more volatile and she told me “No, it should do the opposite: normally increased aggression is associated with increased levels of testosterone.” My heart sank because I recognized I was wrong to be so very afraid for so long. I took the drugs and I felt happy for a change: it was very disturbing to have the man symptoms destroying me more and more each day, and it felt great to finally be going in the direction I preferred. In 2018 a friend said “Where's your self worth?” and because I was losing my hair I shaved it all off because I was just... very tired of fighting: it seemed pathetic to fight. Soon I discovered that the reduced testosterone and increased estrogen wasn't making me feel bad, but good, and rather than waking up every morning feeling like pulling a gun out to blow my brains out I was happy to see my face in the mirror looking back at me... becoming me. Except I was always me, only I had felt that it was necessary for me to focus on what I focused on.

I'm not immune to sadness, that's not what I'm trying to say here. Even though I finally feel glad I can make friends again and tell them about what all happened to me, I have a hard time shaking the cosmic perspective I assumed to carry myself through some very troubling years of my life. I'd be lying if I said I didn't still feel sick to my stomach by the thought that things that feel like human beings will be experimented on as we experimented on the animals (for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction). I still don't get it... I don't really understand what's up with me. I don't understand what I want, or what I hope to do. It's like I've poked holes in everything... dissolving it all like a powerful acid, and even though I've returned from a place of awfulness I've only returned to a world I've destroyed and don't really belong in. I fear that, like so many writers I've read about, that all I'll do is drive the people I try to love away. I don't know where I went wrong...

starcats06/13/2019

May - June

Days before my 29th birthday, my father confronted me about what I told my lawyer, which was everything I uncovered after months of soul-searching while my parents were out of town. I had discovered that I in fact had not been diagnosed with ADHD or any behavioral disorder (when I was 16), contrary to my parents claims when they coerced me into taking an ADHD medication (when I was 18) to bend me to their will and force me to align my thoughts and opinions to theirs. I was looking for gender-confirming or disconfirming signs, but I discovered this instead. I then told my lawyer that I thought the evidence for my having ADHD was scanty and would not be very usable in court if he were to try, since only a report produced years after I tried said ADHD medication (when I was 21) indicated I had ADHD, which was an atypical variety anyway. When I called the doctor he explained this to me. I shared my perspective: that the drug I took in high school induced nightmarish thoughts, a phobia of doctors, and possibly

visual snow syndrome, which made college life very difficult for me. I explained how this experience changed me, because I not only couldn't read very well but felt haunted and wanted to stop medical abuse in the super distant future, which I tried to do through science fiction storytelling. I came out to him as transgender, telling him how afraid I had been of taking hormones for years. I told him not to tell my parents any of this, but he did anyway, and worse caused them to fear I blamed them and may sue them for medical abuse.

Instead of my parents understanding where I was coming from, they both denied ever forcing me to take drugs, then used the same coercive bullying tactics as before to pressure me into taking ADHD, anxiety, and depression drugs to force me to become their narrow definition of normal. I refused, standing my ground and informing my father that the data supporting the idea that I am abnormal is not on his side. Even though they had been talking about leaving the company for almost a year, retiring and leaving my brother and I to take over the company, I was suddenly rebuked and told that “we will not be subjected” to my transition, and faced a landslide of bogus complaints about my performance and rudeness and failures. In short order I am fired, evicted, and forced to sign a severance package. Communication and negotiations with my parents fail and I am unable to get my parents to behave reasonably or attend group therapy. As I type this, I am still unsure of what to do for work. Some days are easier than others, but on most days I feel broken up and sad... even though many people have extended to me their sympathy and love. It feels like I've failed at everything and I find myself frozen and paralyzed or torn up by all the directions my mind wants to go.

starcats 07/20/2019

July

I am moved out, but I am very scared and sad. I'm very worried moving out here was a mistake... After struggling to find a job for months, I ended up accepting a job at a technology logistics company in Illinois. I'm working with machines, and it's cold. I am out as trans and identifying as female, but there is still a lot on my mind. My job is very far away so a car was required, however I didn't have a car so I tried buying one. This event became a huge source of stress, because, at first, my father said No he would not cosign (I asked my mother to consider), and then he said Yes. That night he had my lawyer (his minion) threatened to come to my apartment at midnight to have me sign a document that said I wasn't fired for being trans. He was upset I told the dealer the truth. I tried calling my lawyer but my own father answered the phone. I stayed at a friends house and cried: “my lawyer” left me because I wouldn't meet him and my father. Despite all this I got back to the dealership and discovered that there was \$1000 down on the car, so I got the car as I believed working at this company would be a viable way to pay everything off, like the replacement lawyer I required. Yet now I feel like all I did was make gigantic mistake after mistake. I believe my expenses are triple what they were, and that I am making the same, if not less. I am lonely beyond belief out here in Illinois. Everything is

half an hour away. I cannot attend my support group meetings because my work schedule overrides it. I cannot stop crying...

As I reflected more on why my parents would accept me as a gay male but not a trans female, I've come to question if my grade school transfers were not all because of gender related catalysts. I've been reading a book (Transgender Studies) which makes me think I may have exhibited signs at an early age. "This is the real reason why my grade school changed three times. This is the real reason why I was placed in an all boy's high school. This is why my parents made the playroom in their store. This is why my dad would abruptly open the bathroom door so I always felt on guard. This is why I have memories of helping my mom in the kitchen and why we started eating out." It was all to prevent me from doing anything feminine. "They can't accept me as trans because it would mean all their efforts to make me not trans have failed." And it goes on... I questioned why I had gravitas, and I remembered the character, Seven, and how I related to her. I really enjoyed speculating on what things would be like once Seven got back to Earth... But it's only recently that I've started to question if the real reason why I related to her is that she wasn't socialized as female. Did I copy her to survive?

And here it goes again: "This is why I move my head like a robot. This is why I have an unusual vocabulary. This is why I would draw disembodied heads connected to mechanical spinal columns resembling the one dangling from the Borg Queen's disconnected head. This is why I assimilate books and deprive them of value." Seven often said "We will adapt." and as I integrate switches and manage wires, I feel myself choking up as I remember that mechanical woman obsessed with efficiency, who I used to adapt. I remember reading up on artificial intelligence and the artificial womb, as a child, and watching sexual reassignment surgery videos, as a child, and thinking about how Seven was liberated from the Borg: an ego-destroying hive mind network comprised of trillions of drones made of billions of assimilated worlds, whose network spanned the galaxy, and understood that my sense of "gravitas" came from relating to a person who saw humans as small. Because if humans really were that small, then didn't I have to try to make sure the future looked alright? "Humans believe they're great, when they cannot travel to another galaxy yet." I told myself. I remember more of my memories. I read about the technological singularity and felt disheartened that I was born "a generation too soon" to be female. I remember feeling sad when I concluded that by the time mankind created the "sense-delivery" technology to replicate the vagina, that humans at that stage would have created something resembling ego-destroying telepathy. And so gender and the sexes were destroyed: gender theory neutralized. I remember thinking of how psychonauts explored "ego death" with drugs, like dimethyltryptamine, so couldn't science be on a path to melt our minds into something new, something profoundly more monstrous than what we are now? It seemed so plausible to me; back then, I was listening to Terence McKenna and Ray Kurzweil.

I feel sad, because I've recognized how psychologically gender and telepathy became fused in my head. I feel sad and disappointed in my own head for adapting like this. I was feeling broken up because, I thought, I created distance between myself and other females, but in reality I was socially isolated from them and held myself in isolation because I was motivated to solve universal problems that were insoluble. I feel sad, for wasting my time trying to make higher education free. I feel sad because I've recognized that the reason why I felt like K is because I was a trans lesbian. I feel sad because I've recognized that the reason why I would feel destroyed if N killed herself is because she reminded me of a psychological tool I used to preserve myself. Last night I wanted to write to N, but I couldn't send what I wrote. I feel compelled to write to her when I feel broken. I wish I had not taken this job in Illinois. I wish I had sold everything rather than buying this car. I wish I didn't have this legal trouble keeping me tethered to the state of Missouri. I wish I had moved away to the mountains.

starcats 08/25/2019

August

Three months are passed since things fell through with my parents. Yet things are better today. Last month was a bit of a dead month in terms of reading and writing, but this month, after some knot-tying at work, I was inspired to do some reading on loop quantum gravity, logical analysis, mental depth, embryology, perception, and polarity. I anticipated that anticipation itself, or functional intentional preparation for the space time distorted loops at the smallest possible scales, was itself a proof that gravity was the collective consciousness. While my thoughts are manifold they do seem to converge on the quantum gravity consciousness theory of life, although all I have to really argue for is that there is a lack of material investigating the idea. Rather than stating what gravity consciousness is, it may be better to bracket answering the "is" as an unanswerable and say merely what effects gravity has, thereby enabling me to argue that gravity is responsible for the supertwisting of DNA and formation of living things. "The Fold" by Deleuze may prove pertinent, but I anticipate disappointment.

I started to write out my commentary on various thinkers and writers in a way I hope is accessible. The living situation I set up in Illinois wasn't making me very happy, so I moved in with a trans expansive group to help a 60 year old trans person repair their home in exchange for living with them rent free. Unfortunately, they have PTSD and will not kill spiders or chase out raccoons, so I will have to do that sometime when they're off cycling. Aside from that, I'm glad I can be female without it resulting in death. I think, for a while, that was my biggest concern. Now I'm still me, I'm just more me. Looking back, it doesn't feel like I'd say "I chose to be trans." so much as I looked backwards at my behaviors: my chronology of self, and bit by bit as I integrated my memories and accepted them as real, came to a state where I was more comfortable. Now my interest in cybernetics makes sense to me, the dysphoric sense of similarity I have with females no longer disturbs me, my old habit of befriending trans people

online no longer bothers me, the jealousy I feel towards the born female women I meet is recognized as a part of me. It's all here. I make more sense to myself, and what makes me who I am really isn't so bad.

Things like the fact that I don't love my parents, make sense in light of the fact that they were gas lighting me, lied about my learning disabilities, and coerced me into taking drugs to pharmaceutically torture me. They coerced me into taking pharmaceutical drugs at a time in my life when I associated drug-taking with death. I totally get how I could become secretive after that because I feared big pharma would assassinate me if I tried blowing them out for supplying parents with drugs that could turn kids into murderers. I totally get how I got deep into cybernetics because I was scared of being myself and felt like I needed to have a cyberbody to transition in a culturally normal way, safe from the ego-erasing effects of pharmaceutical drugs, only to despair because that called to question what kinds of sense-delivery hardware I should connect to my brain, an infinite amount, including things that could bring me endless pain, resulting in a lifelong thirst for knowledge of the whole entire universe in order to determine if things would turn out unfavorably for the human race long term as they did for our cellular progenitors. After I experienced for myself the truth that hormone replacement therapy didn't hurt my brain, my continuous suicidal thoughts have vanished.

And yet I do feel sad for being so alien... I went to Chicago with a new friend, but I felt this horrible feeling of having my internal organs shredded on the way back because N talked about going there frequently and never speaks to me by voice. I beat myself up because if I had gotten on HRT sooner I would probably be less dysphoric about my hair... I fear it will take forever to get even my testicles removed, not that I know it will help me very much. I felt distressed and desperate to shut off all sources of pain, so I deleted a server that was hurting me. Various people I want to talk to me don't talk to me. I don't know why this is, but it enforces the idea in my head that I'm a horrible person, even though people call me sweetie in real life. Does N's silence mean something? Maybe she has pains of her own, maybe she doesn't wish to hurt my heart. I don't know what's going on there, but I said I was here to build them up in whatever way I could, and left her alone. I used to think I was dangerous, ugly, and old, so I would encourage N to befriend others... anyone else but me, yet now I question if I should ask her how she's feeling... I felt so broken up earlier because my two closest online friends distanced themselves from me. Both of them said they wished to let things fade that same month, so I, wishing to put as much pain behind me as quickly and efficiently as I could, offered their offer to N as well, however, she didn't accept it, she just let my comment slide past her as if I never said it. Still, I need to keep going forward. The commentary I've written on Kafka and the Wachowskis seems pretty good. I will have to write something soon on Gödel's friendship with Einstein, his belief in a hostile conspiracy to partially suppress Leibniz, and the mathematics of cryptography, later. I must add, that Alan Turing also questioned the morality of such things as mechanical cryptography, I suspect because encryption is anti-social and hence a

form of war.

My room feels like me now. My bed's here, finally. I have a spare for a guest if I need it, too. At the moment I don't have insurance, and because I feel I must care for others including my psychoanalyst I feel I must get some, to help her as much as she helped me. Before I started to take my improvement seriously, I never gave myself the tools to heal from what my parents did: I treated my art like a form of therapy like many artists seem to do. Well, that's only partially true. I did enjoy writing about characters that think as they go; for me, this was my way of creating a philosophy that was rooted firmly in real life scenarios since the characters were philosophizing in response to real world events. I'm kind of excited to be back on my feet. Today I finally moved my bed into my new place: a place away from the horrible roommates I had in Illinois. I'm going to make some vegan sloppy joe's for a BBQ... it should turn out nice. Apart from that, I'm sort of enjoying Jung's "Mysterium Coniunctionis" which enforces the idea that Newton's universal law of gravitation is his way of conceptualizing God as an unmoved mover with infinite energy. Parallel to this I intend to read more on how hormones adapt to microgravity, real and simulated. I'm considering publishing a book, especially if doing so helps me pay expenses. A male-to-female sex change vagina may not allow me to feel what I want, but I really hate tucking and how whenever I do push-ups it feels like I'm fucking the Earth. I like the song "Turn To Salt" because it reactivates the sorrowful feelings I have of being too sophisticated for love. But this is surely nonsense? I should get over my dysphoria and start dating people. I dream of drowning... falling through space. I'm trapped in the tubes of a space station: every way out is just more of the same. It's hard to tell above from below. I woke up wrapped in blankets feeling kind of sick. I feel sincere and empathetic, but no one's close enough to hold.

starcats 09/26/2019

September

This month started off as magical. I didn't think I'd end up experimenting with cocaine or swimming naked in a pool at the top of a skyscraper with a woman who told me I looked like a beautiful woman, but there I was. We both rocked masculine names. We didn't have sex, really I was happy to make a few friends and interact socially without the terrible dysphoria pangs. Each little memory I remember from my past seems to mean more... Before, I couldn't look women in the eyes. I'd tell myself that women were telepathic then, and I'd fear I had done something terribly wrong. Memories in me exist, memories of throwing my head through glass windows while going crazy on Strattera, memories of feeling like my head was stone dead, whole cities being incinerated, where I was throwing a female version of myself into a locker by her hair, and storing her inside. And I couldn't communicate what happened to me because of the murderous thoughts: I was really afraid that the psychologists would turn me into a woman like my mother, who frequently told me she was angry enough to kill people with her

bare hands. I couldn't say what happened to me because the gaslighting my father did was hard to describe. My psychoanalyst said it best: "I wouldn't have been able to say what it was like until I heard him myself. The way he sermonizes, cuts me off, tells me how to think; the way he talks, it felt like he was scrambling my brain; it was very hard to follow." I use to tell myself that what happened to me was psychic assault... I really felt like my parents were killing me. I became so unable to feel happy about the future because file sharing was demonized, higher education wasn't free, and there was no way I could see the situation that happened to me not happening again.

By then I didn't know about HRT drugs; I thought my only options were surgical, and I'd be torn apart by endless discontent. I have memories of telling myself that if I started transitioning I'd never feel content. Such are the thoughts of trans people, I've learned. I suppose that's why I was really stricken by N when I met her. She reminded me of the things I forgot I use to do, how I'd try to look feminine or shapely in mirrors, or how I'd use my phone camera to see the distressed look and sadness in my eyes. Somehow I stopped following transgender people on YouTube after what happened to me because I wanted to be like Kes from Star Trek. Kes was telepathic, but also she was boyishly cute, and feminine like me... But she also was a species that only lived 8 or 9 years, and that's about the same amount of time I gave myself to live. I started speed-listening to books and writing like crazy, but my approach to solving my problems was all wrong... I failed in college, and my relentless search for information is just a way to extinguish the fire in my head envisaging a galaxy in flames. I pushed it all far into the back of my mind because I felt the universe was at stake. Naturally when I started talking to N I became worried: my head was full of fear.

I just wanted her to be safe, or for her parents to accept her. Except her parents didn't accept her just like my parents didn't accept me, so all the fear in me stayed. Likewise I feared that if I transitioned I'd hurt my ex boyfriend and his sister. I felt like if I couldn't hear N's voice, then I'd never really know if they were trans or not... so I kept waiting. I was afraid she'd take HRT pills and lose her head, or that if I took HRT pills and killed myself, that I wouldn't be around to help them. I went in circles, wanting to be there while being afraid for myself and them. But the fear of hurting others was controlling me the whole time. I never did have any kind of conversation with N, and this weighed down on me. I attacked myself. And sometimes I still attack myself to this day, even though I don't seem to really deserve it.

After I started transitioning... my two gay male friends stopped talking to me. Both of them wanted to part ways, and when they wouldn't answer why, I felt their silence hurting me. I tried to inform N of what was going on in my head but I was met with more silence. And because I was thinking of my parent's cruelty I was afraid this could be another form of cruelty. I suppose, as someone who subjects themselves to sound, that silence hurts me... I'd log into Discord and see the ghosts of my friends and their silence would hurt me, simply because I'd

read their names. I wanted to be there for them, but I also wanted to block out the pain I was feeling... I blocked 5 or so people, and defriended 30 or more friends, people who never speak to me. I feel very sad, but not suicidal.

I'm starting to think this is planned, but every time I leave the company of my psychoanalyst some word or another stays in my brain. This time the word was "OK-ish." As I think about it, I see it denotes several degrees away from OK. I could not admit it to myself, but back when K or my other friend complained of her back-breaking breasts, it would make me feel "OK-ish" for not having any. What this does is signal to me that I feel bad for not having breasts of my own. It signals to me that, really, I've always been female, maneuvering around gender dysphoria for years. I use to help myself feel "OK-ish" by buying vans, because Vans were conveniently in the boy's section, I was a boy, and Vans were fashionable to gay women. I wasn't just trans, but extremely trans. I'd never have a "real vagina" so it was natural for me to copy Alan Watts's divine discontent, or the perfectionism of the Borg... I didn't want to live in the world anyway, though, if I couldn't solve the problems I wanted to solve. I thought that because N was a programmer I'd meld my thinking into something with her feedback that could result in an online educational institution: a way out of hostile home situations for young human beings, and a better way into the world... And the more I failed, the more I felt like I could do no right thing...

I cannot not feel sad while writing this... I blocked N and my old friends, but I didn't block out everyone forever... I just made it slightly more challenging to reach me. I'm still an obsessive researcher. The 60 year old trans person I live with now compared me to Brownian motion; he says I need a mentor. There's nothing radically wrong with my life now... Finally, finally I've posted an update to facebook. I showed my demons to my friends, and they expressed their sympathy and love. I took care of the DWI thing at last. I'll have my license back, and all that will soon be behind me... I showed a paper to fellow with a PhD in philosophy and he recommended I write a book, not immerse myself in academic life. He characterized my writing as "breezy." Other friends support the idea of me writing a philosophical book. As of late, I've been slowly working on titles for chapters... struggling to express more exactly my concerns on how writing effects organic life: the quantum gravity consciousness theory. We'll see. To that end, I've been reading more about entropy and information, cryptography, and so on, while thinking of how this mechanical activity effects the social formations of human beings. Unfortunately, many chapters need to be written, and I have a very limited amount of time.

starcats 10/31/2019

October

I'm not sure how to describe how I feel. May I simply type? I definitely do not think constantly

about killing myself anymore. I'm happy to not have this weight on my shoulders. I am able to look at my faults and explain to myself that the fact I am able to put my own self-awareness into words indicates that I am a good person. It is not a bad thing that I tried so hard to provide education to all. I'm not a failure for taking these ideas seriously. Of course it is sad to imagine that human knowledge has no humanitarian purpose, that we're all struggling in space. "There is an infinite amount of hope in the universe ... but not for us." Kafka says. If Norbert Wiener is correct in saying that "the transmission of "To-whom-it-may-concern" messages would appear to be more economically performed through the blood than through the nerves." (and, therefore, the endocrine system has a serious effect on learning and thinking...) I can postulate automatically that an isomorphistic correspondence exists between the nodes (Sefirot) of the Tree of Life (Kabbalah), the Chakras (energy centers) of the body (Hinduism), and the hormone-production glands of the human body. Indeed, the endocrine system influences every cell and function in our bodies: the word hormone is derived from Greek, meaning set in motion. I wish to investigate the linkage between control and communication theory's cybernetic objective to uncover the art of steering and the gravatropic and endocrinological effects hormones have on bodies generally, due to the regulatory effects of these substance and their corresponding relationship to space.

Perhaps by examining hormone-production in bodies and plant bodies and cells, some overarching theory of everything can be deduced from this. I also suspect that experiencing the psychic difference induced by Turing's chemical castration and the subsequent changes of mood caused Turing to commit suicide in the dramatic fashion he did: eating an apple, the symbol of the knowledge of good and evil. I've written very little on this. Most of the time I've been reflecting... however, I have come to take an interest in the sexual production of organic spatial systems which contain codes inherited from their predecessors along the entropic tendency towards undifferentiated sameness, and by extension the preservation of control messages dwelling within spatial systems in parallel pursuit of Turing's interest in a cipher of a most general kind; for it would seem to me Shannon's theory of communication between spatial systems mirrors the thermodynamic model for the tracking of heat transfer from one spatial system to the next. And since optics is the study of the communication of visual messages, these two sciences (thermodynamics and information transfer), is especially pertinent in the study of black holes: black hole thermodynamics and the information paradox. It has already been postulated that black holes carry no entropy.

Elsewhere I've written that since there is no point of absolute rest in the universe, that entropy is eternally denied. And so there is tension and the eternal formation and deformation of organizational structures. However, the entropic tendency towards rest results in "intake" and so the "feeding" behavior we see in life: the formation of DNA's highly supertwisted structure, and the galaxy's spiral arms. Yet I've never heard a single person explain things this way. Messages order thought, and gravity orders worlds. Sadly I must remind myself that a full and

complete understanding of the sex organs is required for a transition to the opposite sex to be complete and not cosmetic. Should human beings understand the sexual production of bodies entirely, that knowledge should carry with it the truest understanding of the universe possible (M Theory), it seems to me. Although, given my history of repression, it's probably the case that I am seriously incompetent.

At work I've been promoted... I will have health insurance come November. It's a huge relief, and I will greatly appreciate the sense of stability. I feel now that I could be quite homeless and still save money by showering in gyms... perhaps I may adopt a hermetic way of life and an androgynous style. I may even shave my head again, remove my testicles and alter my face permanently. I don't really care if people think I look like the Ancient One from Doctor Strange, I simply want to register as female. I'm very grateful when people call me the female pronoun. Still, talking to people isn't always easy. I'm still very different and have a hard time connecting with others, even though I am often assured that as a trans person my story is not only common, but relatable. I may make it my goal to retire in a state without personal property tax... in solitary reflection, away and at peace. Perhaps I'll marry myself away to another country, at this point I don't know. As they say, "It's a transition, not a teleportation." I feel appreciated at work most days, and I want to apply my passion and compassion everywhere around me, avoiding writing selfishly and influencing people more directly. Rather than writing furiously, I seem to apply a greater sense of care and methodicalness to my actions. Earlier this month I sent a draft of my paper On Kafka to a website soliciting book reviews by queer folks on books. Perhaps corresponding with them will allow me to sell a book for a bit of money? I'm not sure, and anyway I'm sensitive and skeptical... I want feedback, but not the kind of brutally negative feedback that could make me suicidal again.

"It's all tied together. Thermodynamics. Cybernetics or Control and Communication In the Animal and the Machine. Information Theory. The transference of heat or sound units from one spatial system to the next. Black hole as the information-consumer. Plant gravitropism and the endocrine system in plants and human beings, so not just cybernetics but comparative endocrinology. Hormones control thinking and learning thanks to spatial relations to gravity and light. Animals are formed in darkness behind flesh and shells. Food difficulties in space due to microgravity. Loop quantum gravity and the formation of DNA. It's all tied together. Alone, alone, alone, alone alone. Localization. A quantum field theory ought to describe organic sex differentiation and . . . I am alone, just a wave in the same thing. Leave me alone. What do I do besides talk about trauma and things no one understands? People say I'm relatable. Alone. Alone. I figured I'd dress up as Major from Ghost In the Shell? Am I coming out of my shell? A double entendre? But if books are just distractions and ways of controlling people, and computers are more of the same but more complicated, then are we really improving mankind with what we are doing or slowly building walls between ourselves, until we cannot see the pains we cause? This is why you'll always be alone. People abandon you.

Your parents moved you and isolated you. Your friends abandoned you when you showed them what made your scars. You're so hurt and idealistic, that you want anything of benefit to be total, when you know full well that the totalization of benefit would have a deleterious effect. Let's say there's one spatial system and another. One gives it's heat to the other, so now they're the same temperature, so now they're the same thing. Alone. Being alone and perfect hurt, that's why God committed suicide. Now we're here... trying to make it all equal and alone again, so we can do it all over again. So broken."

My mood fluctuated somewhat this month. I noticed that she must have checked up on me the same night I blocked her... I still love her so much. And her profile picture looks a little like mine. I really am too hard on myself. People do like me, worry about me, care about me. But I still worry for human beings, if it's like I fear and our biology must change radically to live beyond Earth, then there's so much pain that can still happen. We are so disjointed already, already there has been this digesting and masking over... I'll wonder if the rest of the galaxy will be fleshed out with our descendants stressed out. I have a face made of cells, we have these companies and state representatives to mask ourselves. I dreamt I said I hated all I wrote. Our schedules are compatible, but I don't know if I should reach out or not. I could mention that I had a character in my first book with their name (Rin), only I changed it because I didn't like that bad things happened to that female character. Anyway, people are really nice, if you can find the right ones. The other night I danced some... and it's true I felt like sticking an infinite number of blades into my body sometimes, but most of the time I felt fine. I still write, and I still love the idea of going to school, but I don't know if I can afford to. I'll probably work overtime this week. I feel alien and sad. Maybe I'll cheer myself up by practicing a few repressed gay lady jokes.

Jokes are hard to do. Last Thursday I hurt, and I wrote: "I don't want to be trans... I want to be female. I want to be able to have a kid. I want to be able to have an orgasm. I want to be able to abuse testosterone like an aphrodisiac, if that's what I want. I want to be born female. This isn't a meme. I'd prefer it if I were female. Or better yet: a non-binary tomboy female. Oh? But then maybe my transness may not be taken seriously. Ha. Cool. I don't think that any of this is fun. I'm not sad, not depressed... I have a future to look forward to, only my head is full of recipes for halting my every move. I don't really do much else besides play an armchair psychologist. I'm so lonely. I don't really know what I'm looking forward to. I feel the weight of my future crushing me. I don't think I'll ever become happy..." somehow I overcame this, somehow my mood isn't bad like it was before... Part of this is because I completed my enrollment for work benefits, and part of it is the sense of independence I feel, the knowledge that I really don't care very much who says I don't seem female or not. This is how I am, and there's no other way I prefer to be. I'm sticking to being who I am... whatever that may mean, and the more I meditate, the more I see that who I am is not at all the monster I told myself I was. My commentary On Kafka was also published today, and people said my Ghost In the Shell jacket

was everything. Also earlier this week, my analyst gave me hope. I think my future will be better, but also hope all of the people that effected me in life are OK. Even though I am lonely, the moments of connection and understanding I had with some of the women I met at the night club made me feel cared for, empathized with, and understood... like there was compassion and love for me, after all this time. I may go to work in my Major dysphoria costume... Happy Halloween.

starcats 11/29/2019

November

I felt different this month. What use to be a broken sense of kinship with females, an ache in my heart, a scar on my mind (women are telepathic), feels right as rain. It's more clear to me now that my head left out these small but significant little memories and oddities for me to look back at. I suppose I could feel disappointed in my head, like I use to be when I developed visual snow, but maybe I should marvel at it's resilience. I really like that I'm being gendered as female more consistently now... people complement me quite a lot more than I expected. "Look how beautiful she is! That bone structure! Your face looks chiseled by the Gods... Can I kiss you?" I know in my heart that I would've felt like a terrible lady if I brought N down to the point that she hurt herself. So when these complements happen, which I can hardly believe, I also feel this uncanny sense that I was right. Small things hurt. If I was out there, dancing and loving life as this pretty lady back in 2017, and my online friend felt that much worse because and ended her life, I'd have felt like puking my guts out. I'd feel so fucking horrible. I think it was only after the day that I thought I saved her life that I was able to dance... I was glad she was alive. Even though I never met her I imagined myself dancing with her. I danced with many girls this weekend; I kissed a few, and I felt really connected, centered and happy. I made a new friend I felt really close to and it was just so surprising that I was feeling these feelings at all... I use to be so afraid that I'd hurt everyone.

My mother told me I was evil... but maybe she was the evil mom attacking my heart, to get me to kill myself. She told me I wasn't feminine but Machiavellian. Speaking of my parents, I put it together recently that my parents knew I masturbated like a girl at an early age; they treated me differently after that. Before then I was praised for being very intelligent and organized. My housemate encourages me not to live in the past, but I think about these facts about myself in part because I'm trying to live in the here and now. Sex seems a little terrifying when you don't feel complete and fear you never will be. And I'm still adjusting to the way I used characters from impossible futures as a way to adapt to my home life. I worry that I'll never fit in, or that my friendlessness will get me killed. Although I've made more friends, I'm still a loner.

Months ago I wrote:

"I try to make emotional maps for me to escape my misery but I'm not able to leave this stupid

fantasy world I made up as this glue to keep me together so when I try to walk away from it I start to break again and I don't know what to do. I don't know how to be myself."

When I was preparing to speak to the doctors again about my transition goals I began to feel the fear and sadness that went along with not knowing if they could ever really help me. I use to use discontent with my discontent to feel content with my discontent; I use to think and act like there was some higher mission for me to do, like design a virtual educational system that wasn't a training system for slavery. But I can't. These were goals that were meant to be solutions to the difficult life I had growing up, but they're not realistic objectives anymore... The consequence of this is I don't quite have an easy time adjusting to being me.

"I mean how can I be myself if I sacrificed myself for a cause that wasn't even possible to realize. I don't hear voices but I remember the sound of my books and it's all so terrible. I wish I could woof, or run away to the mountains like my ex boyfriend's lesbian sister, but I can't be like her without a lot of surgery and other bullshit. I'll always be filling prescriptions. Why am I so sad!!!!?"

I never really liked trans memes glorifying transitioning because, in all fairness, the transition never happens. What you get is augmentation. Transitioning is something that's fundamentally sad and I hated the idea of anyone seducing someone into harming their bodies irreparably because of my experience tempered by the way my parents manipulated me into taking NERI drugs. I still feel like a failure even when my psychoanalyst tells me I'm a gift, when she assures me that a failure is not what I am.

Earlier I asked myself what all my critiquing against society really means in light of the fact that, in truth, there really was a way of existing in the world I was denying myself. "If Nietzsche or Kafka were trans, then what would their critiquing really mean?" By the same token I don't know if my books are even good. If they're just trash, then I may as well save face and delete them... But my psychoanalyst told me not to delete anything. She still encourages me to go back to school, and I really would like that. She read the essay I wrote on Kafka, she said I taught her a lot she didn't know. I changed her mind back to thinking I needed to get a higher education. She's right. I can't keep doing this; I'd like to enjoy a learning environment that also pays the transition bills. I've considered publishing some kind of philosophical biography. Perhaps there are things I can teach people... I have an unusual mind. Maybe if I were more outgoing my money problems would take care of themselves. Or maybe not. If people hated me and said I was shit... Could I take it?

What do I like? I like cooking. I like history. I like psychology. I like biology. I like making Spotify playlists. I like the idea of loving someone special to me. I hate the idea of depressing the one I love. I don't want to drive someone away because I'm melancholy or my head's in the clouds or because my heart beats to a different drum or my mind dances to a different tune.

Bottom line is I'll never be female and I have an extremely bleak worldview. I shouldn't think this way. It's not healthy. I tend to overthink things obviously. It's kind of a big thing for me... If who I'm with isn't completely comfortable with me, then sleeping with them is pointless. It's not going to make me feel any better, I'd just be chasing a rush that doesn't pay off very much. I hate the idea of hurting people's feelings quite a bit. I figure this is tied to my genital dysphoria, but I stopped pursuing males. It seems immoral to seduce men gay men when I'm not a man and don't want a dick. It seems immoral to seduce gay women when I'm not a woman and I have a dick. Yet I prefer women a lot more now that the terrible "women are telepathic" dysphoria pangs stopped hurting my head. I just do. Oh yeah. I joined an sobriety pact with a group and so far I haven't had anything to drink in 2 weeks. Okay fine, so I cheated last Saturday. Sorry.

My housemate said I had to move out by January (triggering a low point) then later they said they weren't going to let me end up in a bad living situation like the one I experienced back in July (triggering a high). I felt shellshocked and scared that my life would always be like this. I felt afraid that if Kafka wasn't widely read until 10 years after his death, that maybe I'll never have the capacity to feel OK while I'm alive. I sometimes think of how it's been 6 months since I started HRT and I'm still the same distressed overthinking human I always was. I started to think more about ending my life, just because I'm full of doubt that I'll ever find a way to live. People will always struggle in this universe. And me? I'm just tired... so tired.

Thanksgiving was nice. I forget how much better I feel in the morning waking up without all the pain I had in my heart. Some of the first things I remember when I wake up is that I do love people... what a great thing! I use to have so much negative hype when it came to transitioning... I suppose it's different to realize that it was all just because I was afraid of hurting people, because I loved those people.

Today I considered that voice blogging or Podcasting may be a viable creative outlet for me. I could turn myself into an entertaining character. I could make myself feel connected to others by sharing the breadth of knowledge I have, rather than feel alienated from others because they cannot lend feedback on what I should do with that breadth. Also all of my writing is designed to be heard by synthetic voice already. Were I to speak it aloud, it could translate pretty well. Quite a few people have told me that my voice is pretty soothing... I can see it working. I can see it failing. I can see it being a thing I do to stay busy. I could think of myself as another philosopher with a disability, one that has bad eyesight and visual snow.

I was so embarrassed I felt like K. Or K's girlfriend. Or the lesbian bartender. Or the other lesbian bartender. Or just women in general. I'd think: "Well who the fuck are you to say you feel like these people!?" And just dig into myself... It didn't seem right for me to just plop into the world right after being in an all guy's high school for 4 years and to think and feel these things. It's no wonder that my psych suggested a diagnosis of adjustment disorder. Adjusting to

developing visual snow was hard. I hope that independence brings me peace. Now that I can cook very well, establishing a tolerable routine might be the thing to bring me contentment. Learning what makes me feel content has taken me quite a while, but I think it's a good thing...

starcats 12/27/2019

December

My whole spirit's improved. It's only getting easier to be myself. I feel more confident that I'll be committed to being me no matter where I go. I felt pressure to obtain the best insurance but it's clear that people I expect I can trust don't always have my interests at heart. Not many people have the same heart as me. A little bit each day, I find my true friends, my true tribe, my true self. I used to feel so much shame surrounding the idea that I could be gay and trans and female. Not so much anymore. The old friends I had that left me can stay behind forever. I don't need them anymore. I don't need to make people like my father happy any longer.

The day after Christmas, my father sent me an email from his phone saying that I'm only doing this to hurt them, that I'd always be a man or mutilated man, no matter what I do or what I wear. I wish it were so simple, but my father is simply wrong: If I wasn't a woman I wouldn't have stole clothes from my ex. If I wasn't a woman I wouldn't be stalking trans women trying to see how I could become one. If I wasn't a woman I wouldn't feel euphoric being and becoming one. I don't need to waste my life making people like my father happy. It was a mistake for me to put N's happiness and well-being and safety above my own... I poured my everything into the task of undoing what my parents did to me after high school, and I felt utterly worthless by the time I met her. I figured I was too weak at the time, so maybe she could see the value in what I wanted and pull the torch out of my tired dead hands. Perhaps she didn't want me to transition because on some level she knew? She never encouraged me. Maybe I was punishing myself for failing. I did not manage to create software to liberate people like her from parents like hers (parents like mine), so I punished myself by letting her go ahead of me. It's hard to say. There are so many ways one can describe the past.

I feel great that all the agony I had associated with my mistake, pain and shame connected to the idea that I had misrepresented myself as a gay male, has washed away. I'm able to go out and dance. I went to a fucking dance church. I can see myself teaching Yoga. Teaching people how to speed-listen, sharing my story as a way to give people a tool. I can see myself being everywhere... being happy. Truly independent at last. I feel I may have a real interest in psychology. Although work has been very stressful, I'm working on networking my way out. I'm not made for building server racks for hours on end. I'm happy in some ways that the place I work prompts so much thinking about my failed ideas and broken dreams. I love Rose. For the first time earlier I was scared that she could actually die. It's really nice to care about new people. It'd be nice to meet someone that could make me forget I ever had a broken head and

heart. In June I had this dream she came out of her armor... the armor, twisted black. Black like ink, twisted and angular like words on a page.

Reparenting myself with a machine has been interesting... considering my family lied to me so much, had so much pain, narcissism, egoism, harsh judgments, meanness... If I was a survivor, why wouldn't I have done what I did? I'm planning to move out of the decrepit spider-infested raccoon home now that I'm insured and relatively stable financially. I'm contemplating writing another book, multiple books, all the time. Maybe I'll make a Medium account. Maybe I'll do Podcasting. Maybe I'll end up teaching people how to speed-listen to audio books; after all the people who made the most money during the gold-rushes was the people supplying the prospectors. I could see that being quite profitable during this so-called information age. I've been reading about the history of human computer interaction and the collapse of library science and the rise of the information age: digital libraries, enterprise 2.0, data-harvesting techniques and services aimed at optimizing revenue flow. I feel that if I can understand what people want that I can apply my sales background with my genuine interest in history to become a real bridge between the technology logistics company and it's clients, all while allowing me to learn more about technology and psychology.

I was thinking of writing a book about my parents, entitled "The Remainers" based around the idea that in the past trans people didn't transition: they remained. It would let me explore my past, how my parents lied to me and abused me. I know I'd find it painful, so I'm not ready to write a book like that. I can see myself describing the limits of human freedom within it's pages though. So perhaps I will? I thought of more so-called jokes: "I think me liking dick was a phase because I was steadfastly gay. So gay that when I was listening to Terrence McKenna on O.G. YouTube back when I was 9, I remembered him explain that the Gnostics were kinky. "They were gay, the Gnostics, because they couldn't let the evil Demiurge steal another soul away from the light and create another body prison." I remember Terrence saying. And I, bring a young gay trans person, knew that I absolutely could NOT let an evil God make another body prison. That's it! I didn't want to create body prisons because I had body dysphoria. Duh! Now that I'm transitioning I'm remembering all the steps that led me to eclipse one gay with another gay." What's funny is this really was something I thought about; I just couldn't make myself say it cause it makes me cringe too fucking much. Because I am not sure yet that I won't get fired, I'm considering applying to other jobs. One can't be too careful, and now that I feel I have a way of talking and describing myself as valuable I can envision me fitting-in elsewhere.

starcats 02/01/2020

January

This update is late, but January marked the start of a new year. I'm very happy with myself. I moved into a great place, and I've made friends in the process. Not close friends, but alas,

maybe it's better I learn boundaries with friends. It's hard to believe it'll soon be a year since I started HRT. HRT changed me on several levels. It dissolved my suicidality. It prompted enough mental peace by freeing me from the fearful anticipation of negative psychic experience for me to mindfully self-reflect in a way that allowed me to understand myself more. Even when I'm doing something mundane or boring I still feel happier that I'm going along in a direction I prefer. I also had my first sex experience with a female this month. She was really nice; she was an MMA fighter, which I liked. I felt really close to her personality and build and I really longed for us to become good friends so I could learn to be a better female, but unfortunately she ghosted me. Too bad, I liked the idea of her helping me train my body. At one point she said I was "so beautiful" but, perhaps, maybe I rubbed her the wrong way, or did wrong by informing her she was my first. I'm not sure. I didn't get very upset. I did after all smile for days afterwards. I think my psychoanalyst's comment helped: "The best sex organ is the mind." because it freed me from the fear of "not being the same" enough. I ended up sending her a recipe for her enjoyment, but also as a private joke, because Buddhists will honor the dead by leaving out food to feed them (ghosts).

My hair has started curling naturally, which reminded me of Betty Boop a little. I really do look more female than male now, and I'm really loving the transformation. A few sessions ago I teased out this idea: "If my father had a female name it would probably be Robin, but I don't quite know if I remember anyone ever calling him that." Well, a week later my curling hair reminded me that my father said Betty Boop (a cartoon girl with curly black hair) was his favorite cartoon character, Betty and Tweety bird. Combined, the two images make sense as symbols of my (presumably) "father's" female identity. Growing up, as my mother was a captain in the Air Force, he fancied calling himself "Mr. Mom" and, in retrospect, I can see my father being vehemently opposed to me becoming girl at an early age, because as an adult he never transitioned. I now have a recording of my father's voice where he said: "Doctor David Sauls used to tell me the horror stories of people who go through sex reassignment surgery."

In retrospect, that may mean that my father is a "would-be" transitioner. A remainer. I could see my mother's volcanic anxiety disorder being a reaction to arguments with my father. She was the parent who accompanied me to the doctor's when the cystoscopy was performed (a procedure that allows your doctor to examine the lining of your bladder by way of a tube or cystoscope being inserted into your urethra) to inspect my kidneys; for one day the pain in my kidneys was so bad I collapsed at school, so if my mother was being attacked and blackmailed by my father, threatening to demonize her as an accomplice in child abuse, it would make good sense that her anxiety would shoot sky high. I vaguely remember my Dad telling me that this or that compound would guarantee a kidney stone, but I can't say for sure. I was just a kid. These are things that ended up coming to mind while pondering if I should consider myself "lesbian" or "open" or what, which in turn generated questions concerning the nature of my parents relationship. At some point, my parents removed all the signs of Tweety and Betty and a pin-up

girl. Was it after child protective services were called on my parents? In retrospect, I think so.

I've been processing what things I do for myself and what things I do for others, what are the things I really enjoy, what things really fascinate me. Alan Turing's mind interests me, because he holds a dual fascination with plants, organic life, consciousness, and machines. There can be no doubt that it was the interest in experiential divergence in lifeforms that prompted him to produce mechanical proofs of that very organic self-encipherment, due the evidence of him reading "Natural Wonders Every Child Should Know" at an early age, and if the long-term consequence of that organic self-concealing entailed a split in the human sphere of organic consciousness and the overwhelming probability that humans could and would develop into something profoundly more monstrous than what they are now. It seems like that could be the true reason why Turing killed himself by eating an Apple: a symbol of knowledge of good and evil. He learned something you're not supposed to know. As I consider my early experiences, I've recalled playing the childhood game "real or pretend" in which I differentiate, say, a cartoon bird from a real bird, and so on. The goal of the game seemed to be to get me not to be afraid of scary images on television: I was probably 5 years old. Anyway, I thence became stricken with the realization that the images of human beings flying through space in spaceships equipped with space-folding engines was not a future in store for us... something radically different was the true future for human beings, it seemed to me. Within the sphere of cellular life, the smaller lifeforms diverged and became colossally opposed forces called animals. In my opinion, this is the true way to understand Nietzsche and Turing.

Nietzsche: "Freedom of Will-that is the expression for the complex state of delight of the person exercising volition, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the executor of the order-who, as such, enjoys also the triumph over obstacles, but thinks within himself that it was really his own will that overcame them. In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful underwills or under-souls-indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls-to his feelings of delight as commander."

Nietzsche read Dr. Roux's work on the "Struggle of Parts in the Organism" (despite the impact of this text on Nietzsche's mind translations are difficult to acquire in English, suggesting repression), which uses metaphoric language to describe the inner worlds of organs the same language one would use for human social structures, like cities and so on. For a long time, the future didn't seem very worth it to me. The catastrophe of computers is that they only do what you tell them to. You enter one code at a time. It does one task at a time. You create a control flow and a task flow. You create chains of sign determinacy. But there can be no operational inclusion in this. In fact, to some degree, writing itself is a form of symbolic encryption and simultaneously an antisocial activity which excludes others while at the same time consuming and demanding the production of physical resources for it's activity. Even if knowledge is

expressed in the form of writing it can do little else besides trigger more reactions which fail to achieve it's promise, which is imaginary. All knowledge expressed in human language is code, and hence it cannot be universal knowledge.

A theory of everything may be impossible after all, but a careful examination of ourselves: the degrees of human freedom, may show us more about the real universe, I thought. I couldn't invent anything to help mankind. By my reversal, no one could. I couldn't see the light for a long time... until I saw it within me: the kindness within me. I was so afraid of accidentally hurting everyone around me for my mistakes: my mistake not to talk to doctors, my mistake to identify as a man, as gay, as someone who wasn't interested in transitioning when I was, that I gradually let the finer details of my final graphic design project fade away. It was just a card designed to help people cope with being a cyborg... only I conveniently forgot the main character was a girl. Instead of going back to college I wrote science fiction where the State could own your cybernetic body. A world people couldn't run from. A world without choice. An existential horror novel where the suicides itching to run away from the world would find themselves trapped in frozen bodies. A Heads Up Display reads: "We are taking you back to the central rehabilitation complex for rehabilitative oblivion of toxic memes we've found in your consciousness. Please wait." I felt so depressed after I wrote that book, but I also hated it. I hated that the problems I portrayed in it were so difficult to puzzle out.

I let time pass and I avoided making myself happy. Oftentimes I'd encounter women and I'd feel this uncanny sense that they were really like me, to such a degree that I questioned if they were actually male to female trans and could possibly help me. They weren't. These were born female people, and I had dysphoria. But since I was living alone I felt able to test my feelings. By cooking. By going to the gym. By looking at clothes. I got a wig and things just to see how I'd feel. "Here it is again. It's here and it's real." I'd tell myself. And the more I accepted myself as female, the more the memories that I repressed flooded back into my consciousness. The lone pair of women's sunglasses I owned finally made sense, as did my coat. I had these comfort objects with me the whole time. Artifacts of dysphoria. Now instead of feeling disconnected from my body I am able to integrate my old memories and feel okay again. I can also forgive myself for keeping tabs on N for almost 3 years. I think that because I wanted badly to create a solution to the situation she was in, it was impossible for me to imagine transitioning as I heard her complain for years. I couldn't endure the idea of causing that kind of suffering... so I ended up being a stalker, calling myself a creep every day, and hating myself instead. But my reaction had nothing to do with N, she should know, it was just my life and the experiences that tempered my consciousness that made me react that way. She definitely shouldn't feel blamed. She still doesn't talk to me. I still worry about her... I would hate it she went through 10 years of hell like I had.

As hard as things have been for this year of HRT, I seriously feel and believe that things are

vastly better. I do think I should do more things for myself. Buy myself clothes. Be nicer to me. Not beat myself up as I used to. I truly feel like I am on the right track. I care about my life. I care about my health. This month, I also talked to a publisher. I mean to write an index of what I've written so far through carefully considering what foot I want to put forward. What am I trying to say? What am I concerned about? What is my message? What are my goals? When Seven of Nine was a member of the Borg collective she had "no choice" but to go along with everything it said, so it makes sense that I'd relate to her for that reason. I grew up feeling like I had no choice, which in turn made me think of being everything at once, which in turn made me unable to make decisions besides the vague, lofty, unclear idea of "protecting young people in hostile home environments" and so on. I need to figure out what choices I want to make, what I really want to do in life, what kind of person I want to be. So far, I enjoy writing... it's something I do naturally enough. But I'm afraid no one will understand me. No one thought Galileo was right when he said the Earth revolved around the Sun. Perhaps no one will accept that humans are not helped by machines, they merely operate them, use them, sell them, and entice other humans into assembling in a vast game of interpersonal competition; and worse, become the technological extension of an organic center which is disjointed. What if that's why people ghost me so much? What if people fear me?

starcats 02/16/2020

February

It's only mid February. I just applied for the Associate Project Engineer position where I work. As I started to review the materials: access codes, mind maps, keys that expire, test preparation guides, I started to feel incredibly sad and hurt, like I was drowning in razor knives. I was very happy before, giving myself a pat on the back after a lot of hard work, but I started to work myself into an intensely sad state over all of this. I think it may always depress me to see educational content kept behind lock and key. I think the reason why I feel that way has to do with my hopes as a kid... I didn't have the freedom to be myself, and I thought libraries or schools could be places where people could become themselves, fit into society, and so on. It hurts me to see all this knowledge behind timers, locks, and keys. It seems like it's all designed to steal your money and time. Learning itself isn't valued. It's the ability to sell the learning material that generates capital that's valued by the salesperson of the encrypted learning material.

Computers cannot therefore be instruments which people use to better themselves socially by way of "free access" educational materials, because computers are electrically powered combinatorial and cryptographic calculating machines that only do what you tell them to. By this, I mean to point out the primary functions of computers. The primary function of computers is to encode and decode information, implying that the encoding and concealment of information is one of the computers primary functions (anti-free access). The secondary

function of computers is to consume materials in the real world through sophisticated assembly (anti-liberation). Consequently, a salesperson may say "Computers help mankind." but there is no efficacy. Rather, the machines become more complicated, the hours required to build walls increases, the time required to learn increases, and the barriers between strata of human beings harden with metal and encryption... I don't think I want to learn how to build these things. For some reason, it makes me very sad. But then again... maybe it makes me sad for good reason.

I noticed that when I come home to my new apartment, especially while I'm worried my parents were sexually abusive, that I forget to lock the door. I have every intention to lock the door, but I fail to do it. Contemplating this evoked memories of a strange old phrase I had in my head as a child: "rules are like doorknobs." If there was sexual abuse, it would have been before the cystoscopy I had before I was even 10 years old. But it's too horrible to think about. My analyst suggested the cystoscopy performed on me may have been torture. Could this be right? She told me a story recently about a girl who couldn't make sense of death "the angel won't let me in" she said to her mother, because her father died and wasn't able to say much else. Perhaps "rules are like doorknobs" is similar, some kind of mark on my memory of something unspeakable. When I contemplate this phrase, I hear the subtext behind it say "always to be unlocked" and I question if there isn't some psychic connection between my failure to lock a door, my desire to be safe, my interest in free access to information. S visited me, which was ultimately sad, but he reminded me how odd it was that I'd walk around the kitchen like a cat. Since I was a small child I walked around on my toes like a cat, like the Pokemon Mewtwo, because I'd enjoy pretending the Pokemon had "invisible high heels" and was therefore above needing them. Basically, it seems like I copied this Pokemon, the only Pokemon with hips and boobs and a tail that, to some, may resemble a tucked penis, and used it as a way to be female without being female. What's more, is I looked at the Pokemon card for Mewtwo, and I noticed it's two attacks: "Psychic" and "Barrier" and considered, for the first time, my interest in "psychic walls" started here. I glanced at the flavor text of the card.

"A scientist created this Pokémon after years of horrific gene-splicing and DNA experiments."

Mewtwo is also dominated by an Italian master (Giovanni), like me when I was dominated by my parents. Mewtwo's power is restricted by armor designed to make the Pokemon more obedient. Mewtwo's armor even makes it look like the Pokemon's wearing a bra, too. I remember watching Pokemon, thinking to myself: "Is this something I can watch? Are those boobs?" I wonder if I related to Mewtwo's torment, his chattering mind. It's horrible and sad to imagine, but I started to think that maybe it's true. Maybe the cystoscopy was just a mask for something worse. I used to sleep with my parents. I won't be dishonest and say I have memories I don't have, but I have been worried lately. Maybe I needed a powerful Psychic Pokemon in my head to cope with something psychic. Maybe I didn't need to know everything.

Maybe I shouldn't feel bad about psychic barriers. Maybe I shouldn't feel bad about mechanical cryptography being used to hide information from enemies. Maybe... I have enemies! Maybe I deserve to be safe. Maybe my roommate deserves to be safe. Maybe I should lock the fucking door. I'll just lock the fucking door and keep it locked. Not everyone needs to know me. Not 100% of everyone is welcome in my life... It's been a rough two weeks. I ended up browsing for pictures of Mew. Mew looks like such a starcat, I thought. Earlier, I wrote about wanting to be independent and playful, like a starcat. I'm still not sure, but maybe Mew could be my name.

Last week I ran into my old grade school crush. She's a lesbian, like me. I felt really nice around her, her girlfriend and friends. We went out to dance and drink. We got brunch, like I used to do with K. We got back to her place and crashed to watch music videos... I felt really good. Just being around other girls was really therapeutic, affirming, and energizing. I felt a good bond between us; I think it's nice that even after all this time we still love each other. I didn't realize that it has been a year already since I started HRT. I feel like I'm in a better place, and I'm making sure that I'm staying afloat alright. With my hours (3 PM – 11:30 PM M - F) I haven't been out as much as I'd like. What's happening in my world? Well, I don't speed-listen to quite as many books. I've been reflecting and reconsolidating memories. Like the extent of my parent's abuse, or, if I feel like I'm going to identify as lesbian or open. Kristen Stewart's pretty hot, yet also fairly gay and open identifying. I joke about it. Well so what if I went to an Andrea Gibson concert and cried like when Tasha Yar died. Or like how I went to see Tig Notaro alone to cheer myself up and realized we both mock sign Adele's Hello. Maybe just maybe I watched Star Trek Voyager for the lesbian subtext between Kathryn Janeway and Seven of Nine. What's gay about that, huh? One day, when I was speed-listening to The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis, I heard Lacan say:

“Sublimation is nonetheless satisfaction of the drive, without repression. In other words—for the moment, I am not fucking you, I am talking to you. Well! I can have exactly the same satisfaction as if I were fucking. That's what it means. Indeed it raises the question of whether in fact I am not fucking at this moment.”

And I spontaneously thought: “Ha! Then I definitely won't see a Lacanian psychoanalyst because they'll soon conclude I am speed-listening to fuck my ears with sound at 600 words per minute to repress my desire to have a vagina.” I made that joke without missing a beat. Is that stand-up comedy material? It's what I thought many years ago while I speed listen to Lacan, back when I cared what Lacan had to say. But surely there's nothing too gay about fucking my ears with sound at 600 words per minute. Right? I used to think: “Ah there's no way that can be me. There's just no way I'm some infinitely salty born without vagina lesbian girl speed-listening to books in a pathetic attempt to get humanity over and done with, cause that would be too cringey.” These days things just seem to fit. You know what? If Tig can deal with being called a guy sometimes, so can I. At work, my 90 day appraisal went well. My

supervisor encouraged me but I'm concerned I'm being misdirected since he did not respond to my proposal for a month. Before this, my sense of being ghosted was bad enough to contact human resources. All of my concerns were met, I thought. I will be able to attend my support group again, and I'll be able to advance in some direction. But am I being misdirected? I'm looking forward to the next few years of life. My analyst left me with this phrase:

Walt Whitman: "Now, Voyager, sail thou forth, to seek and find."

It reminded me of Star Trek Voyager, I said.

starcats 04/03/2020

March

It's the month of a global pandemic. I'm very lucky to have work and benefits, like sick leave... I decided not to meet my psychoanalyst in person because I do not want to get her or her partner sick. Although, I'm afraid of how long this can go on. I posted a very long update to facebook this March. Over a year had passed since I started HRT and I hadn't said much of anything. I know I'm not like others. I don't like trans memes; it was hard for me to accept that I was barely coping with dysphoria; I don't like feeling incomplete, still. A lot of memories of my father's cruel treatment of me resurfaced, like how he'd suddenly say something negative about lesbians when I was a kid. I feel like he might have been testing me. In retrospect, I think he was reading me: seeing if "the lesbian" was still in there buried. I explained that all I seem to do is reflect. I don't really have a life anymore besides my work and my memories. I can't bare to imagine a professional future and I still see hopelessness in every technology and philosophy... Many people said my thoughts and processing was beautiful. I simply felt a compounding sense of sorrow that I hadn't updated anyone on anything in so long. I do not even post pictures of myself very much. I still don't entirely like me.

Somehow my father saw my post, that night he sent me an email, with the subject "remember who you really are" and an old photograph of me, with a pained expression (I hate being photographed) and a more mannish face, wearing a coffee shirt at the Southwest Diner. Considering that my post had a lot to do with memory, it's clear that he wanted me to remember a time when I was miserable and under his control (able to be photographed). In my post I hinted strongly that my parents were medically abusive to me as a small child. The more doctors I speak to, the more it seems that kidney stones in kids is very rare, more rare than adults, and the more it seems likely that I was hurt on purpose. Maybe it wasn't necessary for the kidney stone to be treated invasively. My parents probably moved me around as kid and lied to me about my learning disabilities to hide what they did. I used to be scared of knowing what the scene in my first book meant, but now I think I understand... Recently I read that it's common for abused people to write over and over in an attempt to understand their lives.

I thought about my first book. The main character observes all the world, he knows people who hide their memories are less than who they are. He is blinded by Irene... maybe I as an author wouldn't see her. She has two others with her, and she takes the main character to witness a strange scene. The main character's boss is a child, and Irene puts her brain in that child's body, then puts her body in a closet after changing the settings on her HUD to "Do Not Disturb." The child's abdomen is sliced open, because that's where the adult brain is. Irene is female, but she takes control of the boy's body. She kills the others because they're not needed anymore. The violence, for the main character, is unbearable... he thinks it's just the beginning. As I reflect more and more, I've started to notice that, starting with Mewtwo, virtually all of the role models I had growing up were psychic women, like Kes, who's telepathic, or Seven of Nine, who's very beautiful, yet isn't socialized as female because her ego was destroyed as a child by machine-assisted thought-sharing telepathy.

I'm sad. I don't know what I have to offer the philosophy professor. I can't put the value of my writing into words to the publisher. I don't have any faith in technology to make the world any better. All I do really is work, cook, eat, sleep, make playlists, and cry. My old friends haven't reached out to me. My old friend hasn't indicated that she's happy, and when I went back through our messages I read that she was worried dysphoria was adding fuel to a preexisting flame. She said something happened back in January 2016 but has no idea what happened then. She said she's scared of knowing... I didn't exactly remember reading this, but when I did I was scared too suddenly. That's why I looked at my first book, because it scared me. I thought, if my head could hide what my family did to me, then maybe her head was hiding something. What do I even do if neither of us are trans and we're just broken people trying to support each other? Maybe that lesbian bartender I thought I connected with was just another hurt soul... Maybe there is no real me. I had this thought, that maybe one day 10 or 15 years from now, she could try to get ahold of me, only she'd be a man or something else. I don't know. Some days I have strange daydreams where I meet her on accident and she's not well and tells me everything. Or I have daydreams where I meet him or her and she's rich and I'm just average, but content to be alive. I feel like I should accept not knowing. I don't know what's next for me. Because of COVID-19, I've been contemplating death again.

starcats 05/03/2020

April

I'm a few days late with this entry. It's hard to believe the virus has already killed over 2,000 people in Illinois. For my safety I've been isolating as much as possible; I go to unpopular grocery stores for food when I need to. I started drinking a little bit more than I used to, both as a way to relax and as a way to support a favorite bar. I'm coming out of my shell more and more. I joined a facebook group for butch cooks. I joined a Discord for late blooming lesbians. I really enjoyed connecting with people like my inner self, although I'm not perfectly sure I'm a

lesbian accepting myself as one makes me feel more at ease. I even brought back some fun childhood memories, like when I used to watch Xena: Warrior Princess. Maybe I even watched “The L Word” in secret. I swear I remember imitating some scenes. I enjoyed talking to a newfound friend who I explained some of my early influences to. Her masters thesis was on how people use fiction and fantasy as a testing ground for ideas, so she was about as curious about me for sharing my story I was for her insight. She said something that's very right about Seven and I: we're both people who struggle with individuality. I know I used Seven as a model for adapting to my childhood, but it worked a little too well. So far I hadn't really been able to explain how Seven of Nine, Ray Kurzweil, Alan Watts, and Terence McKenna, became involved in my thinking so directly, but for once in my life I noticed I could. I decided to let her access my books even though I'm not too proud of them, as I'm still searching for an academic path.

I liked my therapist's image of me emerging from a parental fog... I know for the last decade I had a hard time processing all of my feelings. Despite the deaths, I feel calm and relaxed this month. I spent a bit of time organizing my thoughts, including many of my older writings. I was pleased to uncover something I wrote from 2010: the original names I had in mind for an early draft of my first novel. Turns out I wanted to name the main character “Neil” in memory of Neil deGrasse Tyson, and “Annie” in memory of a Nine Inch Nails song: “The Becoming” in which Trent talks about a past love interest. The lyrics go: “Annie... hold a little tighter... I might... just slip away.” My name would have been “Ann” if I were born female because my parents use their middle names as the first names of their children; my mother's middle name was Ann, so that would've been my name if I were born female, but I was born a boy so I became Joseph. Well, it was shocking but not surprising to read this. It felt like proof. Finding this was very much like finding out the real meaning of my coat. I think when you're contemplating decisions as big as the ones I'm thinking of it's helpful to find everything that points to my inner truth. I've gained a greater sense of calmness lately... It was a few weeks ago I dreamed I was examining myself in the mirror, and my face had been so dry the night before it had a huge gash on the side. Maybe Rose is right: this is a sign I'm seeing myself a bit differently.

Certainly, I feel a lot of peace. I'm alone, but I don't feel lonely. COVID-19 caused me to think about people I love, like my therapist. I also thought about N because at one point she told me she said she was afraid her body was too fragile to endure HRT without a doctor's supervision. If she was fragile like she said, I imagined the virus could make it hard for her to breathe, and she could even die. I ended up sending her a few friend requests one night. I didn't expect her to accept but she did. As usual though she didn't respond very much. At first I said I was worried, but that got nothing. And next I shared an image of Mewtwo I found I asked my cousin to draw for me when I was 10 years old. I told N that I still remember asking my cousin to draw a picture of Mewtwo for me, only I knew in my head that my parents wouldn't allow me to have

a picture of Mewtwo naked, so I was more pleased to have him draw the version where Mewtwo's wearing the armor Giovanni designed to make Mewtwo obey him, like I had to obey my parents. "I walked on my toes, back then." I was 10 years old... I knew I was sharing something remarkable with her, but she didn't say anything in response like she should have.

I expressed concern regarding N's 8 month long silence, as well as the lack of positive feedback on her life and mental state. While I seemed to do a lot of reflection and inner work, it's not clear to me at all that she's done the same. The comment I made about I said about work made her think... I think I'm the only person to read her blog and I noticed she revived it to talk about the way she handles work. Revisiting my older writings caused me to remember details of my first novel more freshly... The main character begins writing in an "heirloom notebook" because it's oldness ensured no one affiliated with the monarchy would use advanced spying technology to read the main characters private thoughts. Three years ago N told me she wrote poems and destroyed notebooks so no one could read them. But my drawings as a kid probably signified I had been hurt by my parents, so something about N's whole situation didn't seem quite right, and that worried me. I said I was worried but she didn't say anything in response. I thought I should say I was sorry because, after all, she may have added me only to mute me. Very quickly she assured me that wasn't the case and she had been busy and she was sorry. I'm glad she's still active and some part of her wants to talk. I think N's blog suggests she's processing her life and wants to communicate somehow, that talking to me makes her think, however, I feel like the way she avoids talking to me means she's worried I'll make her think more than she's ready to. If she truly needs to heal like I think, recovery could take time. I find myself questioning what to say at sometimes, but Rose praised me for my sensitivity which helped me feel a bit better. Recently I've also started talking to more friends... I'm starting to date people I think. I enjoyed my recent visit to Emmenegger Nature Park. I think hiking could become a regular thing.

starcats 05/31/2020

May

I'm organizing my thoughts as I prepare to move. It's been a hell of a month. 5000 people in Illinois are dead. I had a lot of things on my mind... On Mother's Day, my father sent me an email: "Remember who you really are. No matter what you do, you'll always be a man with a cut off dick." Again I didn't respond, but I had a disappointing talk with a surgeon a few days prior, so it was easy to become a bit upset by the attack, even though I mostly felt empty. A day after I learned some people at work (I don't know who) complained I sounded condescending... Seven of Nine was called out for being rude too; a friend reminded me how much she struggled with becoming an individual earlier. The idea that I could survive my upbringing but not adjust life in the outside world raised my anxieties over the fear I'd never become an individual; I ended up extremely upset and later cried uncontrollably. Earlier I learned the team performing

transgender surgeries locally is very new, too new for my comfort level. I knew I'd feel utterly depressed if I had my testicles removed and experienced lifelong pain reminiscent of the time the NERI medication my parents forced me to try, which felt like my testicles were being crushed by bricks and throwing up. The urologist couldn't provide the assurance I wanted. I'm going to talk to the plastic surgeon there, but I've already told myself I don't need to use them and will move on.

My birthday came and went. I turned 30, and I felt really great about all the inner work I've done, all the inconveniences I've overcome, and how much inner peace I feel. I'm self-supporting. I have a lot of savings. I don't speed-listen to books constantly. I escaped from escaping. Things got even better the more I embraced being lesbian. Ultimately, I've come to realize it's more exhausting being dishonest with myself about how I feel... I've realized a major reason why accepting this has been so hard is because seeing myself as lesbian entailed seeing my parents as punishing me for being lesbian since I was very young. Maybe, in a way, they're lesbians themselves. I noted how the acceptance brought a sense of peace and quiet to my thoughts. I noticed I felt significantly happier at work without the self-attacking and relentless questioning. For the first time in my life I think I'm starting to see work as work, rather than a kind of prison. Yet a few days after I turned 30, my mail arrived: I received a package from my father. It was very suspicious to say the least. It was older technology. Inside the envelope there was a transfer cable for copying files from computer-to-computer, and a paper which asked you to go a few steps further and synchronize your computer with software downloaded from an HTTP (not secure) website. I destroyed the device, needless to say. The package was mailed to me just a few days after I updated my profile picture on facebook for the first time in months.

Still, I had these things circulating in my head quite a lot lately. I tried to reach out to a few people for balance but they didn't respond. I knew I was transgender and nothing was going to change that. There is simply no way I'll return to wearing men's clothing. And there's no way it will ever become morally acceptable to me to seduce gay men. I opened up to one or two more lesbian friends. I just do an insane amount of gay shit, plus I had books and plays that scream: "I want different genitals but have anxiety about it." and I was embarrassed. I opened up to people I didn't think I'd open up to about it at all, and again they understood. I felt better, and yet again I felt worse; I was processing the medical options in vogue and my recent let downs regarding the quality of the medical options available. I had to heal from my old habit of readily dismissing gender theory on the grounds that brain transfer technology wasn't available and never would be. I reflected, and I began processing how I my approach vector to transitioning may be very different from others. I worried I was still saving myself for something unavailable and so I was doomed to disappointment no matter what. I had every reason to doubt I'd feel pleasure or joy after sexual reassignment surgery because I didn't trust trans people to be honest. Except I knew this had to be a mistake: I knew I had to trust others like me, so I caved and I made contact again with a friend. She's going to talk to me more in the

months to come. While much of this weighted on my mind, I started to think of killing myself more. I decided I needed to hit my therapist up for a phone call (which I never do) and in that window of time where I waited for her to respond to my text with her call, my roommate dropped the news on me that he wanted me to move out.

I was in shock but my therapist guided me back to normal; she suggested I see this less as a betrayal and see this more like a reward. I haven't been able to order clothes online since COVID-19 hit anyway (no drop point for packages); since my roommate's partner started coming over our interactions have been awkward. I was really upset. I helped his partner move out when she dumped him for becoming trans male. I have an opposite work schedule. I'm the cleanest roommate you could ask for. I buy stuff for us all. I volunteered to drive his partner around after they wrecked their car. I introduced his partner to text to speech reading and installed it on her computer because the seizure they had while driving induced vision problems. I sacrificed two apartments for this one. I filled a financial void after his old partner left. I allowed his new partner to stay when I was asked, when I could have said no and prevented this problem. And now that his partner is having a difficult time with their mother he wants to forget everything I did and give me the smallest window for moving I've ever been given. I just started electrolysis. My roommate used the fact I had \$5000 in savings as a talking point to segue into his decision. After footage hit the web of a police officer murdering a black man in cold blood (George Floyd), the entire nation erupted into protest. I'm looking forward to the future, since I'll be more free to be me; I'll learn more about myself, good and bad. I'm leaving this month with a lot of friends, a better worth ethic, and a more honest state of mind... I've also been communicating with a friend and philosopher, and another who's a publisher. I told her that much of my writing could be thought of as repressed trans lesbian travel writing. Turns out her son is gay and transgender too. I think living life authentically is just talking to others and having real conversations. I plan to examine my thoughts and thought structures.

starcats 07/01/2020

June

Major changes this month. It already feels like the longest month of the year. Because of my roommate's request, I needed to find a new living situation in 30 days, and I did. Now I live alone. It was utterly depressing at first, not because of my roommate but because I was processing medical science and its limits, but I already feel not having a roommate to please has improved my concentration. My place is large, but it lacks central AC. I chose a larger cleaner place over a place with temperature controls. Also, my landlord allowed me to have a pet without paying the additional pet rent, so maybe I'll allow myself a cat.

Before I could enter my home, I needed to say goodbye to N: I wanted to cut past demons out of my life. So far I haven't talked about N here, but N's name online was nik. I looked after nik

since she was 16, however she broke contact with me when I started taking hormone replacement therapy. Likewise, she didn't comment on my experience as a trans female, and didn't comment on my parents hostility towards me in February. This bothered me greatly because I invested a lot of love, care, and concern for nik's future. Early on I showed her the “star tracker” program my grandfather created, and she explored machine learning in astrophysics months later. I complained secrecy was an obstacle to young people and all people learning: I expressed genuine despair and extreme pessimism regarding technology's promise if, in the end, society was bound to be a struggle between project managers and the people being managed. The high cost of higher education exemplified a trending problem that society wasn't generous enough to give people the time to understand these projects; I feared information technology would only harden social barriers with metal and encryption as time went on. It seemed nik's response was to me was the curriculum she designed to teach young people STEMs in 2018; I took pride in watching her grow, she was 17 years old. I felt I was having a positive effect, and the idea I saved her life one time also gave me strength and added to my self worth.

However, I often felt like nik was hurting me with abusive silences, was not genuinely trans (because I did not want to share HRT medicine with her I concealed my transgender feelings), and was making fun of me behind my back. Her abusive silences only enforced this idea in the following months. Once she said “No one can help me. Only I can. It's all internal.” and stopped communicating to me entirely for months, and I began to fear dysphoria was just a mask for the preexisting issues she alluded to. I asked her why she was creating profile images who resembled me, why her blog was called “crushv” shortly after I told her I developed a crush on her (my last name starts with v), why her facebook profile picture changed to an image of a sad woman on September 18th (the day I blocked her), and hasn't been changed since... for a 9 month span of time. I couldn't tell if these signs were signs of malice or possibly love (the long duration of the selection signaled love as a possibility), and I asked her if she wasn't affectionately teasing me. She blocked me. I felt distressed, but I also wanted to figure out what could be so stressful with nik's work. It already concerned me she hadn't bothered to change her name. nik seemed like she had the potential to be very beautiful, but she didn't show her beauty to her facebook friends, only this picture that pointed at me: a painting of a black-aided woman with oriental qualities.

In real life, nik hadn't become Nik or Nikki or any feminine variety of Nick; professionally, like on her professional website and LinkedIn, nik was simply Nicholas. I also learned the “start up” program created by nik was more like an “add-on” to an already existing program offered by the CDC (Charleston Digital Corridor), known as the Code Camp Kids program. Inferring things couldn't be right (because Nicholas's profile suggested she had been employed their for over 3 years), because she never told me she instructed others in any capacity, I worried Nick could be involved in some kind of pedophilia ring. Days after I poked around, the Twitter,

facebook, and Instagram for the camp was removed. I thought maybe the image of the sad woman was a cry for help. I thought the “CS Upstart” program nik created with the help of her friend was really a mask, so I wouldn't see the underlying organization of evil nik was a part of. None of my inferences were provable, however. What I found most shocking was the way nik failed to ever mention she was a coding instructor, despite my longstanding interest in code and learning in general. And because the Code Camp was in South Carolina, it seemed that much more implausible to believe in nik's claim to be homeless in July. It seemed like there were two niks: one with the freedom to fly to another state for years, and another who claimed to be unable to talk by voice due to their parents frequent spying.

Unfortunately, nik also raved about a drug commonly used to on pedophiles (cyproterone acetate), which added to my concern that pedophilia may be nik's underlying “internal” issue. nik didn't tell me work was stressful until I mentioned I may have been sexually abused when I was 10; a factor which gave credence to the idea that my revelation about my past abuse encouraged her to hint at her status as an abuser. For some time, I had been trying to figure out the reasons for nik's silence; maybe she was just caught up in her own internal world, maybe she couldn't speak about the unspeakable, but she could still point towards work in this way. I remain conflicted. On the one hand, nik pursued interests I valued, making me want to remain a part of her life for life. On the other hand, nik seemed potentially manipulative. It seemed like there were two niks. One nik, who merely pretended to be transgender, and another nik, who makes fun of those who are. nik's inability to relate bothered me, and her insular friendship with highly judgmental people made the “two nik” idea seem credible. Also, it seemed possible that my father's attack emails and even the suspicious device I received earlier was, in actuality, nik or one of her friends, since one flurry of attack emails was sent the same day I made fun of nik's job teaching children with a Spotify playlist.

As I thought more about the future ahead, free of constantly worrying about nik, I felt my ability to concentrate improve that much more. Funneling mental energy into worrying about nik was distracting. A friend helped me see the possible humor of nik's messages. “Who honestly pours ink onto pages to hide poetry?” I agreed this seemed unlikely in 2017. It's beginning to seem more likely my compassion and empathy were exploited. Without these fears in my head, and with my acceptance of my lesbian self, I feel less worried about the dark corners of the internet, which has greatly improved my interest in learning about it. I'm currently learning about computer networks, studying to earn my CCNA. I encountered Licklider's writings on “Libraries of the Future” which comments on mankind's interaction with “recorded knowledge” which is a concern that's highly relevant to my thought; our mind's were in similar areas: he addressed a memorandum to “Members and Affiliates of the Intergalactic Computer Network” (for a long time I've been obsessed with the Borg), which I found delightful.

The feeling that something isn't quite right regarding nik hasn't gone away. I feel like Clarice from Silence of the Lambs. But most importantly, is I decided to put my happiness first. I can admit I honestly don't know if I read nik right. It's hard to do that in the clouded air of 3 years of text-only messages. Maybe the truth of the matter is I was an outstanding influence on nik in every way, and my astonishment she was fulfilling my goals was such a shock I made an inference error and assumed the absolute worst. Maybe the truth of the matter is she's merely detransitioning and ashamed. Or only wants to do drag. Maybe my letter explaining I was afraid to make her feel bad by transitioning was perceived negatively. I realized something else. When I was her age I did not have anyone there for me. The fact I wanted to be there for her makes a lot of sense given my past. I can resign my self to not knowing even if I can't help that I care. By the end of this month, I met with some friends I feel comfortable around, but I'm well aware COVID-19 cases are on the rise. I made a friend I felt I could get close to.

starcats 08/01/2020

July

This was a good month. I overcame a lot. Rid myself of demons. I became more organized and secure, better at account management. I feel more in control of my world. I actually reached out to some friends to check to see if I've been handling Nick reasonably or not. Nobody's told me I'm wrong. And that's been a big load off my mind. Quite a few people decided something was eerie or not right about the situation... possibly my empathy was exploited, yet it's hard to say. While I haven't been able to invalidate the idea Nick's involved in human trafficking somehow, I did learn the code camp already existed since 2015. Even the journalist, who wrote about the camp in 2018, told me she had no idea about the other program; she completely believed it was something Nick created and spearheaded independently, but the truth of the matter is the camp is hardly original. Maybe Nick made the program so I'd keep track of her, or something like that. I am a pretty odd character. I noticed another author wrote about the camp in June of 2019, however instead of including Nick in the story, she's cut out. This one focuses on Parker Thompson, who claims to want to spread learning to minorities, but instead the camp has a \$250 price tag... even though there are other programs in the area which are free. Thus, this particular author has seemingly written a slander piece more so than a piece written for good PR. I'm considering contacting her since I suspect she may be fishing for me, someone who knows more. It's important to be careful while considering harsh theories and ideas. I need friends. It could always be nothing. It just be a job and I could just be a person wondering why.

In my daily life, like I said, I've been organizing better... I started shopping more on Amazon. I spent a good chunk of change. Rewarding myself. Groceries, certain essentials in bulk. An air filter for my car. Clothes, many different kinds of clothes; two kinds of shoes, some fitness-related clothes. Jewelry, like there's this brand called "Jovivi" I couldn't resist. I built a home lab, a router and a switch, so I can study for the CCNA. I'm dedicated to studying for the

CCNA now, to become Cisco certified. It's grounding to work on down-to-Earth things. You know before I was in outer-fucking-space. Seeing myself make choices to do creative projects is really moving. I'm growing a plant army. Oh heck, and I got a vacume cleaner powered by power tool batteries so I can clean my apartment and my car. I've realized I'm a super nice, organized, and intelligent and creative person, whose had thier compassion and empathy exploited by imperfect people without good intentions. I've been keeping up with electrolysis and I'm not going to stop. I'm glad I've reached a higher level of openness with those closest to me. I recently got a webcam and I'm interested in making videos to connect with others more. I bet I can blow a few minds and enjoy being myself... some of my spiritual and philosophical theories are pretty interesting. I think I'm going to keep this entry short and go for a walk.

starcats 09/03/2020

August

This month I've moved on. I have a new in-network therapist. Rather than letting myself become upset, she has encouraged me to express myself creatively. For a while the phishing attacks I got on facebook were getting me down. In addition to learning more about computer networks, I've been Podcasting and teaching myself bash and Python. I'm learning a lot more and it's nice to see how capable I can be, however I discovered encountering locked learning content is very triggering. If I'm unable to access the learning material, or if the instructor failed to introduce it, I am overwhelmed with negative emotion. It's because I associate locked learning content with feeling trapped in a world where parents can torture you. This month I was so tired of the phishing attacks. I called my parents. My father hung up immediately. My mom was cheerful but fake as ever. My father accused me of bullying the family, even though I hadn't talked to anyone for over a year.

I also caved in and emailed Nick about them. I wasn't completely sure it was him, but I wanted him to know I was experiencing them and for him to stop it if he was. Even if he wasn't, I wanted refutation in writing. My therapist, also, believes it's more likely Nick is responsible... I agree. This month I read a lot about narcissistic abusers, and Nick perfectly fits the profile. It's hard. When I remember him messing with schizophrenics, or sharing screenshots mocking her friend, or gloating about being a homewrecker... It makes sense but it makes me sad. When she updated her profile pictures to girls with dark hair, she could have been playing on my fear of depressing others. When she complained about her mental state, she could have been trying to trigger me. When she pretended to create a program to teach kids code, she could have been doing that to make me care about her more. Mocking me on the side for being old, like she did when she'd share screens of chasers. Imagine that. Creating reasons for others to worry, then accusing others of chasing... constantly playing a game of showing off how crazy manipulative you can be, bystanders too afraid to call you out. I think when it came to Nick a part of me was always scared, but I hadn't accepted myself so I couldn't process why I was able to be scared. If

this is really the truth, then I suppose what's real will be revealed in time.

I forget that people are malicious. Another friend who came and went could have hacked my Discord account for some reason too... I found her on Instagram finally. And what's strange is she's a model... She was here, in my server, but now she's gone. If she's not really local, it seems more likely she was rich and entered my life to study me, because I'm an oddity. Perhaps she was contracted by some local pervert to steal my information or photographs. It's that kind of world, and I shouldn't be surprised. Trolling is an epidemic. And that's why I'm afraid to put myself out there as a philosopher... I don't want to inadvertently become an infamous troll, just because I'm blinded to the shortcomings of my own philosophy because of my personal trauma. It makes me think it's possible people do these things to me because of how I look, and I am just too stubborn to see it. My therapist has encouraged me to see I'm beautiful and intelligent, not stupid and delusional. Since I sort of am an artist, I think the only way for me to really go forward is to be more outgoing... otherwise I can't live honestly. Podcasting's a nice way for me to be seen.

It's hard to know how to live in a world where so many people lie. Nick's email response was cold. And when I look back, it's clear he was never my friend. I need to be more protective of myself. Understand that no one from a Discord server for suicide memes is bound to be mentally healthy. Like the Kelly Lee Owens album I listened to, I should start moving on. If people are seriously going to be like this, it probably means I'm worth fucking with, to them, because they're lesser inside. I think my therapist is right: I should start writing scripts for movies or become a model. If my father's going to torture me because I'm intelligent or if some teenager's going to mock me because I'm empathetic and creative or if some model's going to fuck with me because I'm beautiful, then I may as well excel at everything they can sense I'm already good at. I don't need to live the way I was. I'm growing a bit closer to the people I've recognized as good and face of evil; I'm going to foster relationships I actually like, rather than strive to fix the fallen. I'm a bit happier, though aware of some tragic ideas. This September I plan to relax and learn and take some time to paint a few paintings with a friend. Get a couch. Watch movies on the wall. Alternate between networking and Python and Podcasting and writing a new philosophical novel.

starcats 09/27/2020

September

I guess I've grown some this month. I decided it might be better to write this update sooner rather than later... I started and completed a video project. Even writing the talking points for it was hard; just having the paper in front of me was emotionally powerful, because there was so much truth in front of me I forced myself to see. Yet I did complete the video project anyway, on unpacking the past, focusing on 1990 to 2009. Everything I vocalized there was true. Yet

somehow doing this altered the way I saw my interactions with N. It's still unclear to me now if N's even real, or just a persona someone made, like a manipulative parent, I thought. N could be a bully who decided to pretend to be trans to hurt me. Otherwise I can't really make sense of all the copycatism on their part: N's work profile reads like a work of art designed to mirror my interests. And I can tell N's still keeping tabs on me just like I am still keeping tabs on them. Why are we both doing this? It seems like N might have started off pretending to be transgender with the intent to emotionally blackmail me... Life for a manipulative person on the internet must be very different when you're born into it; I grew up in an age of overhead projectors, whereas N knew the net since childhood. If I wasn't visible to myself, it makes sense that I could be visible to N, enough to enjoy manipulating or feeding on or being entertained by, and so on. And so, I've felt a lot of hurt having thought this, because the empathy and care I felt was real, but the person I thought I was empathizing with and caring for was hurtful and abusive.

Of course, maybe N doesn't know themselves. Or, maybe, N's brain just isn't developed enough to really understand that they might have hurt me... After all, I wanted to hear their voice to learn they were OK. But I only called them once when I was high on LSD, and whatever N said to me then perhaps was only something else to hurt me (I don't remember what was said only ripping the earbuds out and breaking down). I also really don't know the hallmarks of catfishing but N's mutual friend admitted to me they used to catfish people, so I imagine lying to me about being trans isn't beneath them. I was really very dangerously depressed, repressing harder because I didn't want to hurt them, while feeling hurt myself each day because I couldn't help them... when I wanted to. I want to help people. And it's really corrosive to my faith in mankind to think someone I had so much hope for was hurting me all the time intentionally. I still don't want to accept it. Sometimes I let myself think maybe some hacker or an abusive mother is controlling N, but I don't think that's true. Maybe N just enjoyed messing with me or spying on me because I'm the only person like me. I'm pretty disturbing sometimes, even to me. If I were N and I could see my internet history, I would be scared of me... I'm not really sure how obvious it would be to anyone how much I was trying to depress myself on purpose, by seeing the darkest corners of the human soul. I honestly feel straight up boring now...

I don't know. Maybe boring is good? Bit by bit I am studying Python more; it seems far more important than hacking or networking honestly, and it can do more. I think I had a sort of 'traumatic blindness' that stopped me from doing the things I was truly interested in. Maybe I forbade myself from doing just about everything I really wanted to do for most of my life? I wonder who I'll become after COVID-19 is cured. I still feel like getting a move on the SRS information gathering. On that note, I'm not sure really if the cystoscopy report wasn't deleted on purpose by N or E... Since both of them seem to have a good amount of cybersecurity type knowledge, I could have some kind of anti-cult following me. I have to bracket that idea because that's persecutory delusion territory, but then again I've accumulated a lot of evidence

that shows multiple people are involved. And yeah... I guess that makes me basically sad, at least 5 people or more just love feeding on my misery. Really the only silver lining I can think of is I've remained creative all this time. Something else that's pretty cool is I noticed how my old profile picture mirrors a scene from Ghost In the Shell; I like how the plant vines mirror the wires.

starcats 11/07/2020

October

Is this account compromised? Let's hope it's compromised for the right people. If demons are watching me, there may be angels too. My therapist said that I should take care not to be too paranoid, so I submitted a report to the IC3. It didn't happen quite like that; earlier I requested my Spotify data and confirmed the sad news that, indeed, I had created the playlist I thought prompted nik's retaliatory action, when I received 4 emails in a row from my father, with these photographs attached of me pre-HRT saying "Remember who you really are." For a while I hadn't had the timing down, but thanks to the Spotify data I could confirm to the second when exactly I created the playlist, and when I was responded to. I had a lot of love and compassion for this person so being conscious of their wrongdoing disappointed me. Internally I started applying the love I had for them back towards myself. I made the mistake of seeing myself in them and rooting for them; I shifted that sight back upon myself and felt loveable.

Lately I've also been talking more to new friends; it has been very difficult to consider a career change or socialize with this darkening my mind. Recently I talked to my cousin about overcoming narcissistic abusers. She said the abused in these situations win in the end because they're naturally gifted in empathy and can cultivate their own happiness, whereas the abuser's stuck in their misery. I agreed, and recalled to myself then the various black hat hackers in nik's family. I wrote to her then he probably was damned to remain an empathy parasite for life who targeted me because I was naturally interested in things he didn't have the mind to care about. He just likes to control people, I wrote. I felt grateful the negative experience exposed my weakness, realized that if people were willing to go this far to mess with me it only meant I had a lot to give. It seems like nik may have no self control, since my friend Anshin was seemingly hacked by nik the day after, who said to me: "If these things keep happening... It's gonna take a toll on your mind." Again I inferred that nik felt injured by my comment on their mind and felt the need to attack mine in this way.

I reflected more on the manipulative copycatism, not just from Nick but Parker too. Earlier I noted the phrase "experiential learning" which seemed like it had been derived from my server, perhaps in an attempt to bait me as a stalker. If Parker and Nick were being controlled by organized criminals, it makes sense a strategy of abusive micro-manipulations could be used to destroy me this way. I knew Nick lied in the interview about the existence of code camps for

children, and I started digging... I realized I could examine the stickers on Nick's laptop and discovered another code program, this one called "ChiCode" based in Chicago, which again is "founded" by children that were even younger than Nick. Most of them were Indian, like Parker himself. Nick commented on a threat where a webmaster stated publicly his withdraw, saying: "I feel quite hopeless about it, that things are continuing to move down a path where serious mistakes are being made, that the perfect storm is brewing and a lot of people are going to get burned." It raised the question: "Burned for what?" nik commented: "A lot of Indians are going to get killed by your collective ineptitude." I questioned if Nick's old comment on creativity being dead wasn't a clue, a cry for help, or a taunt. CS Upstart was not an original creation. And now, I recalled the unnecessary news article on CS Upstart, unnecessary because it was published in 2019 and the program was started a year earlier. Most of what was written in the article seemed to be attacking Parker, not praising him. If Parker said the camp was free, it wasn't free. If Parker was a code whiz, he was studying history and economics, not computer science. I got the vibe the author was suggesting Parker was using his minority status to harm minorities. It seemed plausible that Parker wasn't a talented coder at all.

In my conversations with nik, I was constantly being stonewalled on matters related to code. He never walked me through how to install a Python interpreter. The fact that he was a dark personality and the worst mentor figure I've ever had screamed to me that he had to be involved in something bad. I reverse image searched the photograph of Nick in bandages and found Parker's reddit account had posted a complete image in 2018; once again, the same year as the start of the program. "First Rule" was the title. Nick never struck me as the kind of person to watch the movie Fight Club, but everyone knows that the "first rule about fight club" is you don't talk about fight club. It's like my therapist said once, that even evil people sort of want to be seen. I thought this artistic expression signaled to me the existence of a club which can't be talked about. Nick could be a human trafficking victim, a sex slave, a child molester or photographer. Nick could be involved or under threat of torture. A long time ago he invited me to join an online suicide cult called the TSUKI project, somehow they were live streaming someone's pornography history (because they were hacked presumably). Nick said this was his favorite place on the internet, yet maneuvered his way into being banned from it quickly.

Nick and his friends there seemed to enjoy talking about underage girls and posted images of animated girls being tortured. It wasn't the only event I intended to discuss with Nick by voice if ever we could talk, but it was one I intended to touch on. The fact that Nick was still inhabiting some bad parts of Mastodon, still messing with me, still male at work while working for a man who can't tell if Nick's trans, the fact that the social media accounts for the camp were taken down as I poked around and the director felt this was justified in the COVID era (more advertising is better advertising) and later made a statement about the program in the media that, indeed, they are no longer catering to adults, the fact that link to the CS Upstart site on the internet was password locked and then Parker added "Mission Hack" to his profile,

seemingly an invitation for me to overextend my investigative thirst into brute force hacking my way into a trap should I poke around; the fact that this all seems aimed to counteract my inquiries; likewise, the new fact that the ChiCode program Nick had a sticker for seemingly predated CS Upstart, yet Nick can't seem to recall any code camps for kids existing; the profile the news author built against Parker who could potentially be using his minority status to prey on technologically illiterate kids, suggested this was organized crime.

I knew my feelings on the matter were not evidence. Rose told me once to wait, after E seemingly hacked me, and I did. However, I need to live too. Recently nik paused on the song "Illusion of Seclusion" to signal I was being watched. And the new information I gathered needed to be investigated by a higher power. With the evidence of hacking and a link by which to tie the hacking to the program vis-à-vis the Spotify playlist; it seemed the time was right to strike back, by giving the FBI a legal justification for investigating: uncovering exactly who is harassing me by email, and why teenage mentor figures are behaving so strangely. Earlier I read that patience and tenacity is required to catch really bad guys, so let's hope my timing is right. A few days past and I bought some oats and peanut butter on Amazon, always in bulk (packs of 6). One day afterwards, a jar of peanut butter of the same size and type and variety was left on my doorstep. Not messing around, I call the FBI later that day to update my IC3 report. I tell him about the hacking and the fraud because it's what stands out to me as what they could get the enemy for. I hear the man's voice build to a shout, asking me: "What's the crime?!" And asks if I've seen any signs of bodily harm. I recall the photograph of nik in bandages. I add: "It's strange behavior, for someone in a mentorship position." His tone changed. "I... concur." he says. I'm told my report will be updated. I don't know what will come of this, if I'm a paranoiac or if something very bad is happening or if this is all someone's game, only that the truth will be known.

starcats 12/11/2020

November

Tomorrow I talk to my therapist in the morning. Unfortunately this update is a bit late, I really dragged my feet this time because I was hoping my report would produce results sooner. Still, I have given myself new goals: I am going to convert the Alan Turing archive into easy-to-read text, then comb through it for philosophical insight. Surprisingly this hasn't been done, so for me this will be a great project to sate my curiosity and enhance my programming skill: a carrot at the end of the stick, if you will... I am also considering creating a demo where I'll talk about the ability for machines to read information instantly rather than sequentially, introducing the idea I call mechanical independence.

Work was slow, last month... but I enjoyed getting closer to friends. My friend invited me out to ride roller coasters and I accepted. Her presence helped me feel like myself. One thing I started

to realize, is the more I feel myself, and see myself as female, trans, lesbian and gay... the less I see N as a good person. For the first time I started to tell some friends about my early experiences with them, using profiles of girls who looked like me to intimidate me, or scaring me with tall tales about their mental or emotional state. The sheer lapse of time which has passed since I was fired by my family, to the frequency of abusive emails and microaggressive changes. God, it's a lot that's wrong. I ended up recalling my therapist comparing me to Nelson Mandela, simply because I had been through hell and remained firm.

I excited myself with other projects, like the idea I may use hacking tools to read the writings of Otto Gross later. Or, I thought I might write a series about a trans lesbian history detective who wears a green coat and speed listens to text. Or who knows, maybe she's like Indiana Jones for books, saving history from the clutches of information hoarders, the likes of whom hide Otto Gross, Kafka, and Leibniz in shadows. If the series wasn't popular with anyone it'd at least be a hit to me! She could convert binaries into sound so she's like a super hacker or something.

And what else? Well. I took a Docker class and learned docker, set up a small Linux server. I've realized I probably got a touch of PTSD. Sometimes the sheer volume of people who've abruptly broken contact with me hits me, and it really makes me question why I carry on. And yet, at the same time, I was drawn to contemplate my own clairvoyance; I knew after all in my heart of hearts that humans should digitize educational institutions and they weren't doing it, and sure enough later on the Corona virus would come to teach us all a lesson. Or maybe it's me learning the lesson? I can see how, with virtual classrooms, that kids from hostile homes have no other space to go. That thought made me basically unhappy.

Towards the end of last month though I came to terms with the idea N could be a copycat stalker. Certainly, they have some form of mental illness. It's highly likely they're the one who has been harassing me and my family, and they were abusive from the start. Oddities like their shirt and bracelet and their new name, which is structurally similar to mine, not to mention these media deceptions... with multiple people involved, like it's some group effort. It's honestly the strangest thing I've ever had to deal with. I've had to go beyond myself, to share what I see to others, just to get the "reality check" I need, that something isn't right, that they're abusive, that they're taking things to extremes, that they could have a dissociative disorder, and so on. It's sad to consider a person you love could be intelligent and ill, but that seems to be what I have been dealing with here. Despite the pain I managed to be productive. Often stressed but breathing free.

1990:

Born in Misawa: Japan.

1992:

Moves to Missouri.

1994:

Kindergarten. I remember my uncle's house and his funeral (he killed himself). My parents told me his ghost visited me. I was described as stoic. Bullies locked me in a toy box. For some reason I remember thinking that girls were like boys only they had uncircumcised penises so I

was almost a girl.

1995:

My first grade school. I remember my parents arguing about me a lot. The kids would call me Vivi. I was not bullied. On the one hand my parents would say I was smart, on the other hand they would say I had oxygen deprivation at birth. I was spanked with objects. My parents gave me writing punishments where I was forced to write “I will do what I am told the first time.” until my arm felt as though it would fall off. I remember playing with my mom's girl things: ruining my eyebrows, getting nail polish on me, playing with hair spray. I remember folding my genitals inward. I remember watching StarTrek Voyager with my parents in their bed, which had scary images of “the Borg” – a single consciousness made up of billions of “drones” assimilated by millions of worlds. I remember feeling strange when my father gave me “the talk” and asked me if I stroked it. I didn't: I had been masturbating prone for some time. I felt bad. “Why do I feel different?” I remember puberty, and feeling hurt because my father was insensitive when he sang (to me mockingly): “Hair on his arms means hair on his balls.” I had sexual education classes but my mother wouldn't answer my questions on the subject. My parents wish that I be withdrawn was obeyed. My parents were reported to CPS for spanking and verbal abuse. I am sure it was around this time (2000 – 2002) that I watched an SRS video. I wanted to be a girl like Major from Ghost in the Shell, with a vagina like everyone else; I didn't want my genitals rearranged. I realized that I couldn't have what I wanted. I looked at a girl version of myself in the mirror and told her it's time for you to go away. My options at this time were “Insufficient.” to quote Seven of Nine.

2002:

My 2nd grade school. For some reason my parents were not getting along with the faculty at my first grade school. My father said my principle was a cunt. So far, I hadn't disliked any of my teachers. It was mostly my parents that yelled at me. I remember having to help my parents with their construction related projects frequently, and whenever I'd long to be a girl instead, I'd remember my father's story about how his ex wife “lied about her pregnancy to get me to marry her.” I felt like if I were a girl I'd be hated for being a manipulative female. I remember my “macho Air-force” mother screaming at me so loudly that our secretary “Lulu” would secretly call my dad to stop her from yelling her head off at me. I adored Lulu, not my parents. I distracted myself with games like StarCraft, Diablo II, and Magic the Gathering. I played cards away from my parents and was happy. A younger friend of my brother and I slept with me and kept trying to molest me. I shook violently, and I felt embarrassed because I hadn't explored my sexuality much at all. “Why does he know more than me?” I wanted him gone; I told him I didn't want to be his friend anymore and I remember him saying “You're heartless.” I was reading Aleister Crowley and the Unabomber's manifesto around this time. I listened to lectures by Alan Watts, who soothed me spiritually because his panpsychism completed the circuit of

my Borg inspired futurism: the future would make us whole and the past was already whole. I became more mystical. I had a nightmare about leaves crunching menacingly: I was mesmerized when I'd take a leaf off a tree and compared it's structure to the maps of the cities across the Earth...

Seven: "When your Captain first approached us, we suspected that an agreement with Humans would prove impossible to maintain. You are erratic, conflicted, disorganized. Every decision is debated, every action questioned. Every individual entitled to their own small opinion. You lack harmony, cohesion, greatness. It will be your undoing."

Compared to these city maps and the amount of space in outer space the Borg, as a science fiction concept, were not colossal... but titanic. Human beings were extraordinarily small, and as I faced this I'd remember Alan Watt's theological sayings that hell may be to "sink beneath the animal level" which may be a future if humans were equal in significance to the leaves. My nightmare about the menacing leaves made a weird kind of sense. In hindsight, I believe that the true reason why I fantasized about the Borg was because both of my parents are uniquely terrible at educating thanks to their "Watch me and copy what I'm doing." style of teaching. I needed to be telepathic to understand them. Did my father dislike watching me learn because I appeared feminine? Curiously, I had a borderline delusional idea that women were telepathic around this time; also, I'd openly wish to be telepathic, while internally I'd prefer to be female. I read books like "The Giver" and "Frankenstein" and "A Wrinkle in Time." Also the kids called me Vivi again. I remember my mom lost the only friend she ever had shortly after I played with a toy pointing at it, I said "It has low self esteem." My grades were not great, and even though I liked my teachers and classmates I was transferred again.

2003:

My 3rd grade school. Moving to this grade school felt strange, even wrong. Personally I felt that the true reason why I was moved was political: a disagreement between the school faculty and my parents, not a genuine need for me but a need for my parents to have school staff they could easily manipulate. It was clear right away that most of the students here were retarded or had serious emotional problems, while I mostly had problems with my parents not liking that my grades were not A's across the board. Here at the retard school my grades could be A's, so my parents were satisfied. There, the teachers did not teach me anything new and were comparably regressive, so I was free to act out, write stories that amused the class, and draw grotesque images of flesh and machines. I was confirmed but I felt it was a joke: none of us had any real choice in the matter. I left the school and never returned.

2005:

High school. I went to an all boy's high school because, according to my parents, I couldn't possibly do any High School program that didn't have block scheduling. I was attracted to

males, true, but I felt that there were many female visitors I liked, usually tomboyish types. I wore baggy clothes exclusively as I didn't want to show off my body to the guys, some of whom would spank my ass anyway. I remember this boy winking at me every day. Sadly one of the boys transferred to another school only to commit suicide by firearm soon afterwards. We weren't friends but I felt close to him, somehow... we use to exchange the peace sign in the hall. I remembered the smell of his shirt when he hugged me goodbye and how I didn't think he was going to die. "Why do humans kill themselves so often?" I wondered. I started contemplating suicide: morbid thoughts. When I was about 16 I called the suicide prevention hot line because I felt like I was going to kill myself someday. I sat in the dark of the car questioning: "How long can this go on?" I didn't get help. I understood that there was no point to creating the StarTrek matter replicator because human beings had demonized the file-sharing replicator, calling it "piracy." I despaired, because I believed no invention could ever help the world. Inventions were tools, sophisticated tools, so they could never help us.

My father left the country frequently to try to get his stolen lock "invention" made, which in point of fact he hadn't fully invented but only improved. He'd say that everything was great in China and the factory workers weren't mistreated but I didn't believe him. Whereas his invention helped a minority, I wanted to invent something that helped everyone. My dream to create an educational interface for the people's upward mobility began; however, I had not yet realized that it's impossible to materialize a vision of society because a mental vision is never material. Here at high school my best subject was Biology and English: I enjoyed drawing decorative line work and writing stories to amuse my classmates. I did well in the architectural and mechanical drawing classes and modeled things easily, and I felt dejected when my group mates didn't pull their own weight when we began a collaborative architectural project. My father made it worse when he as usual blamed the school for my project not doing very well compared to my peers, while I was more forgiving and knew that my project may have been better if we had a more effective team. My mother made the ACT experience a hell by pressuring me to medicate with NERI drugs that induced nightmares featuring a mountainous and grotesque peeling baby face comprised of maggots and stitched together bodies; it also induced intrusive suicidal and homicidal thoughts: I vividly remember imagining myself sawing my head off with broken glass and inserting tools and blades into my eyes and throat when we'd walk through the hardware store, and I also had bad sexual symptoms like painful ejaculations, which I had to restore: it really worried me that these effects could be permanent.

I felt like I had suddenly unlocked the truth for why Columbine happened: I felt dangerous and morally responsible. Because I didn't have a trusting relationship with my parents I didn't tell them, and because I wanted to protect my classmates I stopped the medication cold turkey. However my parents continued to argue with me about virtually all of my theological and political views and started insisting I medicate myself more than ever before, at the crucial time when I was now more an adult than ever and struggling to prepare for college.

2009:

It was as if they thought it were possible to medicate my atheism away, which was their true agenda. They were questioning my morals at a time when I had already been moral and made moral decisions like quitting a dangerous medication which I would only later confirm (2018) I did not meet the criteria for taking in the first place; for I had never received a diagnosis in ADD or ADHD but, so far, only had a diagnosis in written expression, which hardly made any sense considering writing was a favorite subject. Unable to endure the chaos of my home life, I asked my friend's mother if I could live with her. Even though I felt safe with her my imagination was still active with ideas that the Borg hive mind network could be a horrific site of human torture and experimenting where brains were force fed nightmare-inducing chemicals so a vast consciousness could reap the outputs: human minds could be “farmed” for math equations and other innovations useful to the collective or Artificial Intelligence in control, and because humans were already so small and insignificant it seemed unlikely to me that this prevision would not come true someday. I thought I could inspire it away. I thought I could write an existential horror novel that was so terrifying it would steer the course of human development in a better direction. I knew reality was too strong for me, but I also knew that inspiration and influence was a human-affecting force.

Around this time Alan Watts was still a big influence on me, and I felt like I deserved to smoke some marijuana when my friend offered me some to balance out the negative drug experience I had. But my second time I had a bad experience where I was nearly lost in a forest and visualized the trees twisting into bloody helixes, and when I returned I felt as though my whole entire body was “moving through peg board;” I wasn't exactly sure why, but my senses were distorted by the drug... for days. I acquired visual snow syndrome, which would last for the rest of my life. I now had suffered not one but two negative drug experiences, and I felt increasingly depressed and ashamed of my biology. I remember working the line at Chipotle, nearly crying because I was worried I'd develop an anxiety disorder like my mom. I didn't want to be like her, miserable and volcanic and controlling and loud. I continued going to college but I was deeply depressed, wounded, and what I wanted to create, the educational interface of the future was put down by an English teacher as “lofty.” I didn't know the meaning of the word. I'd later abandon my interest in the joint engineering program with Washington University and UMSL, because I believed a graphic design program was better suited to the task of creating an “escape hatch” for young people in hostile home environments. Unfortunately my visual snow made college difficult because the visual distortions made it difficult to read.

2010:

Now on my own, identifying as gay, I wanted a boyfriend. I met S and I liked him a lot. I remember showing him a Throbbing Gristle music video. In the back of my mind I remember thinking that it was kind of cool Genesis had transitioned, however I personally believed that if

I were to embark on such a journey I'd be torn apart by my relentless discontent.

Seven: "To the newest member of our crew. May all her desires be fulfilled except for one, so she'll always have something to strive for."

At this time I wrongly remembered that Genesis's wife Lady Jaye died in surgery. Also, around this time I acquired a "woman's coat" I never returned. I wrote poems about my visual snow syndrome and depersonalization. I had a falling out with my parents, not only because of the drug experience but also because of a variety of ideological and philosophical disagreements between my parents and I, which they wanted to treat with medications. I didn't understand why they were like this. I realized that my parents were not good people, but I hadn't picked up the pieces very effectively and I made it a point to avoid doctors because I distrusted them because they could be weaponized. I had a secret crush on my boyfriend's sister, K. She was a lesbian and I secretly enjoyed it when she said I was cute. I remember thinking that if I was a girl I would likely be a lesbian, however I would never be the opposite sex so that was impossible. I couldn't explain why, but I felt more like her than the gay guys I met. I loved getting wine and cheese and going on car rides with S: he introduced me to Bjork and Four Tet and that made our romance all the better. I melted when he kissed me. Later on I would move in with him, he was sweet, a good cook, I loved his guitar-playing. My time with S would be some of the best years of my life, which I sorely needed after being dominated by my egotistical father and my authoritarian mother. Something was off, however. I didn't like posting pictures of us on facebook. I stole clothes from him. I felt displaced nearly every day. Over a few years my father would do childish things, like insult my friends over Facebook, send me gay conversion therapy links, send my uncle and I vindictive attack letters; on one occasion my mother came to my apartment to inform me the world was going to end.

2011 – 2015:

A period of growth, failure, and change. At this point I had been told many times that writing was my strong suit, however I'd dismiss English as a field of study in full consciousness that famous writers seemed to write however they wanted and that majoring in English would take me away from the more important task of designing the educational interface of the future. In the so-called information age the cost of education had become more expensive than ever, and I sought to create a website for learning where the best possible educators were recorded for all to use. Doing so would decrease the prison population and lead to a happier and healthier society generally, I believed. Intermittently I attempted to write a science fiction novel with the support of my friend, and even though I constructed it in a way that was "low budget" – not requiring special effects to tell the story – my friend said it was fascinating and powerful. In the story human beings had immortal cyberbodies like Ghost in the Shell and hence they couldn't die; instead, they erased their memories. The main character, a psychiatric technician, is a memory-eraser who is kidnapped by a rogue group intent on using the main character's as a

sleeper agent to fulfill their agenda of turning the cyberbrain complex where the cyberbrains awaiting obliteration are stored in large volumes into a hive mind monster, “stronger, more evil, and more profound” to quote Nietzsche word for word.

As I continued my graphic design studies it became increasingly obvious that I was not going to acquire the programming skills I needed to produce the product I had in mind. Inspired by the artists I spoke with at the Kansas City Art Department “Art tells a story.” I started to take the idea of writing a story more seriously so I could give my visual art a firm foundation (2013). It's also around this time that I realized I could speed listen to self-created audio books, and following Chuck Palahniuk's advice that “Sometimes reading about a hell worse than your own can make the hell that is your life that much more bearable.” I began “assimilating” books at a rapid pace to sate my thirst for knowledge as well as determine what messages I should try to put into my work and what to avoid. In Chuck's Palahniuk's book “Damned” the main character dies because she smokes marijuana and goes to hell, and I thought that this similarity between that character and I was uncanny, since few people believed me when I told them I got visual snow syndrome (HPPD) from marijuana use. I cried when I realized that Chuck had written this book for his mom, when I didn't feel any love for my mom at all. I wanted to know if it was possible to read a book so outlandish and strange that simply hearing it could drive you insane, so out of self-destructive curiosity I listened to Jung's “The Red Book” and “The Nag Hammadi library” and “The Zohar” and works by Thomas Bernhard and Virginia Woolf and various philosophers, like Deleuze and Nietzsche.

Not believing much in Jungian psychology or the unconscious mind, I thought it would be interesting to write a novel unconsciously and to examine it's alleged symbology later.

Unfortunately I felt so very depressed after writing my novel that rather than performing that work I started to talk to others about my hopelessness and suicidal ideations. What few friends I did share my novel with said that there was too much thinking in it, one of whom said “It was like a rabbit hole that led to a black hole that led to a worm whole and so on.” I really wanted to be understood and to have anyone to speak to me, however no one could speak to me with a text-to-speech program that played words at 600 words per minute. On the one hand I felt that I had given myself a way to understand people better, on the other hand I, rather than making myself more accessible, had in point of fact made myself inaccessible. To my detriment, I copied Bernhard's way of typing in all one paragraph. For me, typing any other way seemed invalid as there was too much at stake to be slowed down by formatting. In this same period I became aware that Nietzsche had hit upon the same problems as I, after a cursory reading of his early unpopular lecture entitled “On the Future of our Educational Institutions” which described the clash and contradiction between compulsory and voluntary education, the spokesperson's “feigned” claim to be interested in spreading learning among the greatest number of people, and the operational and spatial limits which eternally prevent the fulfillment of those promises.

There was something familiar and not spooky about Nietzsche: I recognized that we had hit upon the same insurmountable problem in different ways. The construction of the sciences had more to do with the production of the physical object called writing which thanks to its physicality is useful for creating distance between yourself and others; writing is a “subterfuge” in the struggle for existence, and Christianity's devaluation of writing (Jesus like Socrates didn't write anything down) entices the people not to write, as the storyteller of the non-writer gains control of the crowd by professionally telling the story of a suicide. From here it's easy to understand why Nietzsche favored Judaism because the mechanical accumulating of ink onto paper with its 613 laws is useful for the creation of distancing between yourself and inferior people. Not surprisingly, I'd soon learn that while Hitler read not a word of Nietzsche, future first president of Israel held Nietzsche in the highest regard.

I was interested in mass group psychology. I drifted from this book to the next all thanks to Bernhard's way of name-dropping which, bit by bit, showed off the many facets of humanity and why it fails. Personally, I was preemptively afraid of negative reactions from my first book, which I randomly decided should have a thousand year old character who chooses to inhabit a child body. What I wanted to show was how the future could on the one hand be less traumatic for everyone, pedophiles, might on the other hand would be grotesque to us today. However because I knew too well thanks to my parents how dumb people's arguments could be (e.g. small bodies are cheaper to make, save space on overpopulated Earth), I feared that anti-LGBTQ+ people would see and misuse the images I benevolently presented to make a “slippery slope” argument that society was close to condoning pedophilia when I was a thousand percent against traumatizing real humans. My random decision to make myself and my audience uncomfortable made me uncomfortable; I felt humiliated and sad that even in a future where Ghost in the Shell cyberbrain to cyberbody transferring was possible it wouldn't matter because at such a state of technological development it was impossible to discern if it weren't more desirable for the cyberbrain to inhabit powerful “mech suit” since I had made a move to reduce the body to mere equipment. I dismissed gender theory because the problems that puzzled me were more pressing. Also S broke up with me because he didn't feel I truly loved him anymore.

2016:

My suicidal thoughts kicked into overdrive and I discovered an online depression community. By now I had become incredibly depressed by the insurmountability of the problems I had identified. I identified obedience itself as a problem that eternally reconstituted social inequality. I was still very disappointed by the widespread failure to make higher education more accessible; for example, even though Google for humanitarian reasons made it a project to scan every book on the planet it had failed to make books free. Likewise, universities everywhere despite profiting more than ever had systematically failed to create a virtual

educational system as doing so would be institutional suicide. Accordingly I had written a short piece entitled “A Formal Application Letter” which unironically argued for the college to allow me to study there for free so I may create an Artificial Intelligence, as doing so would erase my college debts once our professors were replaced by a machine. Because obedience itself perpetuated inequality there was no way a request could obviate the problem; mockingly, I wrote “The Ruiner” to demonstrate the worthlessness of Aristotelian and Heideggerian philosophy and disprove the idea that measurement tells us the truth about anything as well as show how any given request contains the power to enslave by rendering the listener obedient.

Meanwhile I had joined an online depression community and found myself immediately confronted with my own resonance and empathy with the trans people there, who were mostly younger than me. Again and again I'd be amused by an individual's sense of humor and learn that they were male and transitioning to the opposite sex. Suddenly I was concerned that if I were a young person today that I would want to transition, thanks to the increased abundance of photos of people who've transitioned successfully. Also I was concerned that these people were being pressured socially to transition when perhaps they should not, and I was now against pressuring vulnerable people into doing things that could wreck the course of their lives. Yet when I would think of transitioning I'd worry that doing so would cause S to kill himself. I'd worry that I'd become volcanic like my mother, bursting with anger and emotion as well. I knew that, aesthetically speaking, I didn't want to be a guy, however I told myself “I can't transition.” because I feared that doing so would cause a chain reaction that would hurt, or kill people. I was now roommates with K, who I routinely gave rides to every day as I struggled with my writing.

2017:

An online friend reveals their struggle with gender dysphoria, and my high empathy with them causes me to suffer inner turmoil I cannot show them because of my commitment to neutrality. I realized that there were a lot more kinks than I was previously aware of. Not only was I now aware that my book could inadvertently harm LGBTQ+ people, I realized that if I were to rewrite it I'd be compelled to write about the furry community's use of the cyberbody and societies reactions. By now it's fair to say that I had internalized transphobia; for I'd jokingly encourage others to fund my GoFundMe page to help me transition into a hyper-dimensional world-devouring space entity. My online friend N was one of the most intelligent members of the community and I took to liking them immediately. He was cute, and he read novels, and he was a programmer. In brief: all the things I valued. “Programmers have the potential to write the software for the educational interface of the future.” I believed. At the time, his username was “meowmeow” and my username was “starcat” so we had the cat motif going for us as well. But soon he'd tell me he was jealous of a trans girl, soon he'd tell me he tried to hang himself with a belt. When I saw the eyes of the girl he showed me, I saw my eyes. And when I

saw N's selfie I also saw my own self reflected back at me. I suddenly became afraid that N could be making a mistake that would cause them irreparable harm.

So I remained neutral as could be because I didn't want them to make a mistake that could hurt them; for I anticipated the destructive effects female hormones could cause, based on my negative experiences with drugs. I kept tabs on her. I was scared they were being manipulated into transitioning or if I was interested in transitioning and repressed it. But my memories of my past seemed chaotic and unclear. "When I had the NERI-induced nightmares, what happened to me? Is this memory... of imprisoning a female version of myself for safe keeping real?" I couldn't tell, and the fear of becoming like my mother or suffering psychological distress thanks to the "second puberty" and its emotional turbulence blocked me from trying to figure it out. For at this time I was studying everything. N was extremely jealous of a girl who reminded me of me (we had the same dark eyes), and because I didn't want to pressure them into transitioning by changing my body much less kill them inadvertently by inducing suicidal feelings of jealousy, I felt like what I ought to do is remain neutral and encourage them to make real life friends. N was raped around this time, and my inner demons told me that I could have done such a thing. Before, I'd romanticize about a partnership with them a little. I didn't want to be trans, and I toyed with the idea of remaining a man just for them, whatever it took to make them happy... things like that.

I didn't want to hurt N by talking about how I was molested when I was younger, because I didn't want to compare traumas. I let her vent to me as a way for her to "fix my head." I also questioned if the trauma was influencing N's desire to transition. Because her parents were not allowing her to transition, I felt even higher empathy with N because my parents usually preferred "restriction" type punishments. I felt like I had to keep existing for N's sake, in case there was some kind of meltdown between her and her parents, and yet, because N was 17 and I was 27, I felt it was wrong to care about her so much. As my feelings turned to love, my self-criticism and self-hate increased thanks to my buried first novel: I'd criticize myself relentlessly and tell myself that I was pedophilic. At one point I asked her if she'd date me and she said "I think I would if I was older... I'm not." and "I like you too." and that helped me not feel so ashamed, because I wanted the same thing; that is, I wanted them to be older or me to be younger so I wouldn't have to feel guilty for liking them as a person I related to really deeply. Worse for my mental health was the fact that N's case made only increased my consciousness of just how many difficult family relationships were going on everywhere on Earth.

I wrote two books: "The States" (about my overthinking as a teenager) and "The State of the Future" (a novel about my uncle trying to comprehend the world-annihilating state of the future) and philosophical essays, like "Organic Knowledge" (about how spatial enclosures prevent us from knowing things organically) and plays "The Doors" (a play about the difficulty of explaining the singularity). I was now experiencing an all time low... Even though I cared

deeply for N and badly wanted to hear her voice so I could learn if we were similar, N wouldn't speak to me by voice because of her parents frequent spying. I felt very conflicted. I anticipated that HRT would be painful. I started pushing people away from me, like K. I encouraged K to leave for Colorado like she always wanted, but the truth was I had no idea how to fix myself or find a solution to the problems I wanted to solve and I was giving up on life; I was planning to kill myself in property owned by my parents since they would be managing my funeral anyway... I figured that once she was far away, once S was far away, I could slip away, and no one would have to hear the sound of my parents voices, no one would have to see who my tormentors were, no friend would see my disgusting body in the casket. I didn't want to hold K back, nor did I want her to vegetate in St. Louis, not when she spoke of leaving so frequently. The truth is that I had no idea how to fix myself and didn't want K or anyone I truly loved to see my dead body when I committed suicide, so "The State of the Future" was written because I anticipated that living across the street from the Hoffmeister Colonial Mortuary would drive me insane.

2018:

I started working for my parents... intending to kill myself. I managed to convince my parents to allow me to rent the space above their store which had nearly always been unoccupied. Instead of going back to work for a telecommunications company I decided to sell windows and doors for my parents under the understanding that I would also be trained to install the products as well. For systemic reasons this was never done, either because of my father's poor health or my mother's incompetence with regard to scheduling. My father got bit in the dick by a dog. Meanwhile I began a new journal which takes place in the present time under the title "Lofty" in tandem with my philosophical essays on the interface of the future (since human knowledge is expressed on a surface display), as well as rhetorical promise that inventions or objects help us (the audience imagines inclusion in the word "we" which in fact contains no designations: human life is competition and clamoring: begging without end: agony). I differentiated between the actual and rhetorical. I concluded that human knowledge could not be unified by design because words sequenced are spatially distant. My thoughts turn to N, who I loved. She made another suicide attempt, and I distracted her from killing herself after I noticed her deleting all of her messages. Still she'd never converse with me. Oddly enough, contemplating N's love for programming helped me realize that the task of writing the software for the educational interface of the future would make her miserable.

Education cannot be fully voluntarized for everyone's upward mobility because humans do not learn because they find the content intrinsically interesting but rather because they are forced to by a human instructor. Human children cannot be fully free, or else they will become feral. Compressing the syllable with the text-to-speech machine may only increase the mechanical burden on the human mind, and my fear of my own monstrosity made me take the idea of

suicide more seriously. Utterly hopeless, I performed “neck durability tests” which were dangerous suicide attempts, during which I would imagine myself killing myself as a female. Also I experimented with wigs and female clothes and I felt my genuine self looking back at me. “Lofty” concludes with the general observation that human activity is largely reacting to surface displays and operating surface displays to induce reactions in crowds. The interface of the future was unable to be designed in a manner which made people more upwardly mobile because, among other things, inputs are entered into the computer “one at a time” so operational inclusion is impossible: the surface display is really a weapon of war. Yet concluding this caused me to realize that talking to N about my interests may only make her miserable, which I was disinterested in doing.

Even though I loved her in the sense that I cared about her, I felt bad that we now no longer had common ground to stand on. All I really had was this guilty feeling from having loved a person, when I had never loved a person like this before. “What did it all mean?” During this time I discovered I could cook vegan meals at home: it was the first thing I did that was all for me to make myself feel good and not bad. I'd go to the gym and listen to audio books, telling myself that I wasn't completely sure I wanted to be female, cloaking my goals in terminology like “I have divergent body goals.” I was feeling completely sick of working for my parents: not only was I disinterested in everything going on around me, but I wasn't acquiring the skills I was promised, either. I needed to do something with myself. My approach towards therapy was threefold; for I wanted to understand why I fell for N, what I could do professionally if never-ending reaction to the surface display is the human condition, and if I was really transgender. Lacking regulative negative feedback would have resulted in disastrous consequences due to a lack of balance that breaks the system (a perennial loop probably) due to circular vicious reasoning resulting in neurosis and eventually insanity.

It took many sessions for me to remember that the reason why I kept the coat I mentioned earlier was because my friend told me that the buttons were on the “female side” (perhaps a symbol of my insularity), however this was a claim I realized I never invalidated because I secretly derived comfort from my friend's remark, which by 2019 I recognized was wrong: my “woman's coat” was no woman's coat, after all... it was only one to me, and I hadn't confronted it until now. Because working as a salesperson put me into contact with male and female and gay and straight clients alike, I was having face-to-face social interactions with females and I was panged by a distracting sense of sameness I felt truly deserved the name dysphoria. For the first time I seriously looked back at my behaviors and remarks and realized that I had avoided gender theory all my life, preferring instead to contemplate social interaction in a holographically generated systemspace or speculating on the linkage between DNA's supertwisted structure and gravitational density's role in selection and sequencing and mind, even life itself, since life like gravity takes itself into itself: creating and destroying in one motion. What does all this make me? A philosopher? Some kind of writer? A fool? N said: “I

also wonder a lot: had I been in a different environment at the time that puberty started pummeling me would I consider myself trans, or would I have found other coping methods? At this point I'm looking for other coping methods but I can't find any and I'm not sure what's going on in my head. I feel like I've edited my memories at this point as well. Something about the stuff that I remember seems not right. Have I lied to myself to reassure myself? If so, why?"

2019:

If N's remark meant that N wasn't really trans, then I felt I needed to be there to say that it was perfectly OK to change your mind. People make mistakes, as I happen to know. I didn't understand why N would avoid speaking to me. And yet she'd come out of nowhere and share with me a song that would hit me like a lance through my heart (Recovery by Rival Consoles), then attempt suicide the same day. I kept processing my behaviors, thinking about how I stole clothes from S, how I wore the same things, how in the past I claimed small articles of women's clothing from the lost and found back from my days working at Target in 2015, how I didn't correct people when they called me the female pronoun on the phone, how my 2002 "women are telepathic" idea seemed strangely tied to the remark I made later to a guy I dated in 2016: he said he was going to study gender theory, to which I said "Gender... theory? I want to be telepathic!" as if being a telepathic universal mind would somehow allowed me to transcend gender completely. Bizarrely I told myself that people who study gender theory should instead become interested in designing the ideal spaceship state. Meanwhile I'd reflect and realize that I only liked the photos I took of myself where I looked as female as possible, as close to how I'd rather be as possible. Soon I became aware that N was on HRT and the effects weren't making her crazy... I even asked her about her mental state to make sure things were alright. I remembered that I was afraid that, somehow, I'd accidentally "inspire" N to kill herself if I transitioned, because she'd feel left behind.

Even though this sounds irrational, and I guess it is, it's something I was afraid of happening; I seriously do not think I would have coped if she killed herself. I finally felt like I was free to try hormones for myself, but I was still very cautious; I asked my doctor if there was a chance that the drugs would make me more volatile and she told me "No, it should do the opposite: normally increased aggression is associated with increased levels of testosterone." My heart sank because I recognized I was wrong to be so very afraid for so long. I took the drugs and I felt happy for a change: it was very disturbing to have the man symptoms destroying me more and more each day, and it felt great to finally be going in the direction I preferred. In 2018 a friend said "Where's your self worth?" and because I was losing my hair I shaved it all off because I was just... very tired of fighting: it seemed pathetic to fight. Soon I discovered that the reduced testosterone and increased estrogen wasn't making me feel bad, but good, and rather than waking up every morning feeling like pulling a gun out to blow my brains out I was happy to see my face in the mirror looking back at me... becoming me. Except I was always

me, only I had felt that it was necessary for me to focus on what I focused on.

I'm not immune to sadness, that's not what I'm trying to say here. Even though I finally feel glad I can make friends again and tell them about what all happened to me, I have a hard time shaking the cosmic perspective I assumed to carry myself through some very troubling years of my life. I'd be lying if I said I didn't still feel sick to my stomach by the thought that things that feel like human beings will be experimented on as we experimented on the animals (for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction). I still don't get it... I don't really understand what's up with me. I don't understand what I want, or what I hope to do. It's like I've poked holes in everything... dissolving it all like a powerful acid, and even though I've returned from a place of awfulness I've only returned to a world I've destroyed and don't really belong in. I fear that, like so many writers I've read about, that all I'll do is drive the people I try to love away. I don't know where I went wrong...

starcats 06/13/2019

May - June

Days before my 29th birthday, my father confronted me about what I told my lawyer, which was everything I uncovered after months of soul-searching while my parents were out of town. I had discovered that I in fact had not been diagnosed with ADHD or any behavioral disorder (when I was 16), contrary to my parents' claims when they coerced me into taking an ADHD medication (when I was 18) to bend me to their will and force me to align my thoughts and opinions to theirs. I was looking for gender-confirming or disconfirming signs, but I discovered this instead. I then told my lawyer that I thought the evidence for my having ADHD was scanty and would not be very usable in court if he were to try, since only a report produced years after I tried said ADHD medication (when I was 21) indicated I had ADHD, which was an atypical variety anyway. When I called the doctor he explained this to me. I shared my perspective: that the drug I took in high school induced nightmarish thoughts, a phobia of doctors, and possibly visual snow syndrome, which made college life very difficult for me. I explained how this experience changed me, because I not only couldn't read very well but felt haunted and wanted to stop medical abuse in the super distant future, which I tried to do through science fiction storytelling. I came out to him as transgender, telling him how afraid I had been of taking hormones for years. I told him not to tell my parents any of this, but he did anyway, and worse caused them to fear I blamed them and may sue them for medical abuse.

Instead of my parents understanding where I was coming from, they both denied ever forcing me to take drugs, then used the same coercive bullying tactics as before to pressure me into taking ADHD, anxiety, and depression drugs to force me to become their narrow definition of normal. I refused, standing my ground and informing my father that the data supporting the idea that I am abnormal is not on his side. Even though they had been talking about leaving the

company for almost a year, retiring and leaving my brother and I to take over the company, I was suddenly rebuked and told that “we will not be subjected” to my transition, and faced a landslide of bogus complaints about my performance and rudeness and failures. In short order I am fired, evicted, and forced to sign a severance package. Communication and negotiations with my parents fail and I am unable to get my parents to behave reasonably or attend group therapy. As I type this, I am still unsure of what to do for work. Some days are easier than others, but on most days I feel broken up and sad... even though many people have extended to me their sympathy and love. It feels like I've failed at everything and I find myself frozen and paralyzed or torn up by all the directions my mind wants to go.

starcats 07/20/2019

July

I am moved out, but I am very scared and sad. I'm very worried moving out here was a mistake... After struggling to find a job for months, I ended up accepting a job at a technology logistics company in Illinois. I'm working with machines, and it's cold. I am out as trans and identifying as female, but there is still a lot on my mind. My job is very far away so a car was required, however I didn't have a car so I tried buying one. This event became a huge source of stress, because, at first, my father said No he would not cosign (I asked my mother to consider), and then he said Yes. That night he had my lawyer (his minion) threatened to come to my apartment at midnight to have me sign a document that said I wasn't fired for being trans. He was upset I told the dealer the truth. I tried calling my lawyer but my own father answered the phone. I stayed at a friend's house and cried: “my lawyer” left me because I wouldn't meet him and my father. Despite all this I got back to the dealership and discovered that there was \$1000 down on the car, so I got the car as I believed working at this company would be a viable way to pay everything off, like the replacement lawyer I required. Yet now I feel like all I did was make gigantic mistake after mistake. I believe my expenses are triple what they were, and that I am making the same, if not less. I am lonely beyond belief out here in Illinois. Everything is half an hour away. I cannot attend my support group meetings because my work schedule overrides it. I cannot stop crying...

As I reflected more on why my parents would accept me as a gay male but not a trans female, I've come to question if my grade school transfers were not all because of gender related catalysts. I've been reading a book (Transgender Studies) which makes me think I may have exhibited signs at an early age. “This is the real reason why my grade school changed three times. This is the real reason why I was placed in an all boy's high school. This is why my parents made the playroom in their store. This is why my dad would abruptly open the bathroom door so I always felt on guard. This is why I have memories of helping my mom in the kitchen and why we started eating out.” It was all to prevent me from doing anything feminine. “They can't accept me as trans because it would mean all their efforts to make me not

trans have failed.” And it goes on... I questioned why I had gravitas, and I remembered the character, Seven, and how I related to her. I really enjoyed speculating on what things would be like once Seven got back to Earth... But it's only recently that I've started to question if the real reason why I related to her is that she wasn't socialized as female. Did I copy her to survive?

And here it goes again: “This is why I move my head like a robot. This is why I have an unusual vocabulary. This is why I would draw disembodied heads connected to mechanical spinal columns resembling the one dangling from the Borg Queen's disconnected head. This is why I assimilate books and deprive them of value.” Seven often said “We will adapt.” and as I integrate switches and manage wires, I feel myself choking up as I remember that mechanical woman obsessed with efficiency, who I used to adapt. I remember reading up on artificial intelligence and the artificial womb, as a child, and watching sexual reassignment surgery videos, as a child, and thinking about how Seven was liberated from the Borg: an ego-destroying hive mind network comprised of trillions of drones made of billions of assimilated worlds, whose network spanned the galaxy, and understood that my sense of “gravitas” came from relating to a person who saw humans as small. Because if humans really were that small, then didn't I have to try to make sure the future looked alright? “Humans believe they're great, when they cannot travel to another galaxy yet.” I told myself. I remember more of my memories. I read about the technological singularity and felt disheartened that I was born “a generation too soon” to be female. I remember feeling sad when I concluded that by the time mankind created the “sense-delivery” technology to replicate the vagina, that humans at that stage would have created something resembling ego-destroying telepathy. And so gender and the sexes were destroyed: gender theory neutralized. I remember thinking of how psychonauts explored “ego death” with drugs, like dimethyltryptamine, so couldn't science be on a path to melt our minds into something new, something profoundly more monstrous than what we are now? It seemed so plausible to me; back then, I was listening to Terence McKenna and Ray Kurzweil.

I feel sad, because I've recognized how psychologically gender and telepathy became fused in my head. I feel sad and disappointed in my own head for adapting like this. I was feeling broken up because, I thought, I created distance between myself and other females, but in reality I was socially isolated from them and held myself in isolation because I was motivated to solve universal problems that were insoluble. I feel sad, for wasting my time trying to make higher education free. I feel sad because I've recognized that the reason why I felt like K is because I was a trans lesbian. I feel sad because I've recognized that the reason why I would feel destroyed if N killed herself is because she reminded me of a psychological tool I used to preserve myself. Last night I wanted to write to N, but I couldn't send what I wrote. I feel compelled to write to her when I feel broken. I wish I had not taken this job in Illinois. I wish I had sold everything rather than buying this car. I wish I didn't have this legal trouble keeping

me tethered to the state of Missouri. I wish I had moved away to the mountains.

starcats 08/25/2019

August

Three months are passed since things fell through with my parents. Yet things are better today. Last month was a bit of a dead month in terms of reading and writing, but this month, after some knot-tying at work, I was inspired to do some reading on loop quantum gravity, logical analysis, mental depth, embryology, perception, and polarity. I anticipated that anticipation itself, or functional intentional preparation for the space time distorted loops at the smallest possible scales, was itself a proof that gravity was the collective consciousness. While my thoughts are manifold they do seem to converge on the quantum gravity consciousness theory of life, although all I have to really argue for is that there is a lack of material investigating the idea. Rather than stating what gravity consciousness is, it may be better to bracket answering the "is" as an unanswerable and say merely what effects gravity has, thereby enabling me to argue that gravity is responsible for the supertwisting of DNA and formation of living things. "The Fold" by Deleuze may prove pertinent, but I anticipate disappointment.

I started to write out my commentary on various thinkers and writers in a way I hope is accessible. The living situation I set up in Illinois wasn't making me very happy, so I moved in with a trans expansive group to help a 60 year old trans person repair their home in exchange for living with them rent free. Unfortunately, they have PTSD and will not kill spiders or chase out raccoons, so I will have to do that sometime when they're off cycling. Aside from that, I'm glad I can be female without it resulting in death. I think, for a while, that was my biggest concern. Now I'm still me, I'm just more me. Looking back, it doesn't feel like I'd say "I chose to be trans." so much as I looked backwards at my behaviors: my chronology of self, and bit by bit as I integrated my memories and accepted them as real, came to a state where I was more comfortable. Now my interest in cybernetics makes sense to me, the dysphoric sense of similarity I have with females no longer disturbs me, my old habit of befriending trans people online no longer bothers me, the jealousy I feel towards the born female women I meet is recognized as a part of me. It's all here. I make more sense to myself, and what makes me who I am really isn't so bad.

Things like the fact that I don't love my parents, make sense in light of the fact that they were gas lighting me, lied about my learning disabilities, and coerced me into taking drugs to pharmaceutically torture me. They coerced me into taking pharmaceutical drugs at a time in my life when I associated drug-taking with death. I totally get how I could become secretive after that because I feared big pharma would assassinate me if I tried blowing them out for supplying parents with drugs that could turn kids into murderers. I totally get how I got deep into cybernetics because I was scared of being myself and felt like I needed to have a cyberbody to

transition in a culturally normal way, safe from the ego-erasing effects of pharmaceutical drugs, only to despair because that called to question what kinds of sense-delivery hardware I should connect to my brain, an infinite amount, including things that could bring me endless pain, resulting in a lifelong thirst for knowledge of the whole entire universe in order to determine if things would turn out unfavorably for the human race long term as they did for our cellular progenitors. After I experienced for myself the truth that hormone replacement therapy didn't hurt my brain, my continuous suicidal thoughts have vanished.

And yet I do feel sad for being so alien... I went to Chicago with a new friend, but I felt this horrible feeling of having my internal organs shredded on the way back because N talked about going there frequently and never speaks to me by voice. I beat myself up because if I had gotten on HRT sooner I would probably be less dysphoric about my hair... I fear it will take forever to get even my testicles removed, not that I know it will help me very much. I felt distressed and desperate to shut off all sources of pain, so I deleted a server that was hurting me. Various people I want to talk to me don't talk to me. I don't know why this is, but it enforces the idea in my head that I'm a horrible person, even though people call me sweetie in real life. Does N's silence mean something? Maybe she has pains of her own, maybe she doesn't wish to hurt my heart. I don't know what's going on there, but I said I was here to build them up in whatever way I could, and left her alone. I used to think I was dangerous, ugly, and old, so I would encourage N to befriend others... anyone else but me, yet now I question if I should ask her how she's feeling... I felt so broken up earlier because my two closest online friends distanced themselves from me. Both of them said they wished to let things fade that same month, so I, wishing to put as much pain behind me as quickly and efficiently as I could, offered their offer to N as well, however, she didn't accept it, she just let my comment slide past her as if I never said it. Still, I need to keep going forward. The commentary I've written on Kafka and the Wachowskis seems pretty good. I will have to write something soon on Gödel's friendship with Einstein, his belief in a hostile conspiracy to partially suppress Leibniz, and the mathematics of cryptography, later. I must add, that Alan Turing also questioned the morality of such things as mechanical cryptography, I suspect because encryption is anti-social and hence a form of war.

My room feels like me now. My bed's here, finally. I have a spare for a guest if I need it, too. At the moment I don't have insurance, and because I feel I must care for others including my psychoanalyst I feel I must get some, to help her as much as she helped me. Before I started to take my improvement seriously, I never gave myself the tools to heal from what my parents did: I treated my art like a form of therapy like many artists seem to do. Well, that's only partially true. I did enjoy writing about characters that think as they go; for me, this was my way of creating a philosophy that was rooted firmly in real life scenarios since the characters were philosophizing in response to real world events. I'm kind of excited to be back on my feet. Today I finally moved my bed into my new place: a place away from the horrible roommates I

had in Illinois. I'm going to make some vegan sloppy joe's for a BBQ... it should turn out nice. Apart from that, I'm sort of enjoying Jung's "Mysterium Coniunctionis" which enforces the idea that Newton's universal law of gravitation is his way of conceptualizing God as an unmoved mover with infinite energy. Parallel to this I intend to read more on how hormones adapt to microgravity, real and simulated. I'm considering publishing a book, especially if doing so helps me pay expenses. A male-to-female sex change vagina may not allow me to feel what I want, but I really hate tucking and how whenever I do push-ups it feels like I'm fucking the Earth. I like the song "Turn To Salt" because it reactivates the sorrowful feelings I have of being too sophisticated for love. But this is surely nonsense? I should get over my dysphoria and start dating people. I dream of drowning... falling through space. I'm trapped in the tubes of a space station: every way out is just more of the same. It's hard to tell above from below. I woke up wrapped in blankets feeling kind of sick. I feel sincere and empathetic, but no one's close enough to hold.

starcats 09/26/2019

September

This month started off as magical. I didn't think I'd end up experimenting with cocaine or swimming naked in a pool at the top of a skyscraper with a woman who told me I looked like a beautiful woman, but there I was. We both rocked masculine names. We didn't have sex, really I was happy to make a few friends and interact socially without the terrible dysphoria pangs. Each little memory I remember from my past seems to mean more... Before, I couldn't look women in the eyes. I'd tell myself that women were telepathic then, and I'd fear I had done something terribly wrong. Memories in me exist, memories of throwing my head through glass windows while going crazy on Strattera, memories of feeling like my head was stone dead, whole cities being incinerated, where I was throwing a female version of myself into a locker by her hair, and storing her inside. And I couldn't communicate what happened to me because of the murderous thoughts: I was really afraid that the psychologists would turn me into a woman like my mother, who frequently told me she was angry enough to kill people with her bare hands. I couldn't say what happened to me because the gaslighting my father did was hard to describe. My psychoanalyst said it best: "I wouldn't have been able to say what it was like until I heard him myself. The way he sermonizes, cuts me off, tells me how to think; the way he talks, it felt like he was scrambling my brain; it was very hard to follow." I used to tell myself that what happened to me was psychic assault... I really felt like my parents were killing me. I became so unable to feel happy about the future because file sharing was demonized, higher education wasn't free, and there was no way I could see the situation that happened to me not happening again.

By then I didn't know about HRT drugs; I thought my only options were surgical, and I'd be torn apart by endless discontent. I have memories of telling myself that if I started transitioning

I'd never feel content. Such are the thoughts of trans people, I've learned. I suppose that's why I was really stricken by N when I met her. She reminded me of the things I forgot I use to do, how I'd try to look feminine or shapely in mirrors, or how I'd use my phone camera to see the distressed look and sadness in my eyes. Somehow I stopped following transgender people on YouTube after what happened to me because I wanted to be like Kes from Star Trek. Kes was telepathic, but also she was boyishly cute, and feminine like me... But she also was a species that only lived 8 or 9 years, and that's about the same amount of time I gave myself to live. I started speed-listening to books and writing like crazy, but my approach to solving my problems was all wrong... I failed in college, and my relentless search for information is just a way to extinguish the fire in my head envisaging a galaxy in flames. I pushed it all far into the back of my mind because I felt the universe was at stake. Naturally when I started talking to N I became worried: my head was full of fear.

I just wanted her to be safe, or for her parents to accept her. Except her parents didn't accept her just like my parents didn't accept me, so all the fear in me stayed. Likewise I feared that if I transitioned I'd hurt my ex boyfriend and his sister. I felt like if I couldn't hear N's voice, then I'd never really know if they were trans or not... so I kept waiting. I was afraid she'd take HRT pills and lose her head, or that if I took HRT pills and killed myself, that I wouldn't be around to help them. I went in circles, wanting to be there while being afraid for myself and them. But the fear of hurting others was controlling me the whole time. I never did have any kind of conversation with N, and this weighed down on me. I attacked myself. And sometimes I still attack myself to this day, even though I don't seem to really deserve it.

After I started transitioning... my two gay male friends stopped talking to me. Both of them wanted to part ways, and when they wouldn't answer why, I felt their silence hurting me. I tried to inform N of what was going on in my head but I was met with more silence. And because I was thinking of my parent's cruelty I was afraid this could be another form of cruelty. I suppose, as someone who subjects themselves to sound, that silence hurts me... I'd log into Discord and see the ghosts of my friends and their silence would hurt me, simply because I'd read their names. I wanted to be there for them, but I also wanted to block out the pain I was feeling... I blocked 5 or so people, and defriended 30 or more friends, people who never speak to me. I feel very sad, but not suicidal.

I'm starting to think this is planned, but every time I leave the company of my psychoanalyst some word or another stays in my brain. This time the word was "OK-ish." As I think about it, I see it denotes several degrees away from OK. I could not admit it to myself, but back when K or my other friend complained of her back-breaking breasts, it would make me feel "OK-ish" for not having any. What this does is signal to me that I feel bad for not having breasts of my own. It signals to me that, really, I've always been female, maneuvering around gender dysphoria for years. I use to help myself feel "OK-ish" by buying vans, because Vans were

conveniently in the boy's section, I was a boy, and Vans were fashionable to gay women. I wasn't just trans, but extremely trans. I'd never have a "real vagina" so it was natural for me to copy Alan Watts's divine discontent, or the perfectionism of the Borg... I didn't want to live in the world anyway, though, if I couldn't solve the problems I wanted to solve. I thought that because N was a programmer I'd meld my thinking into something with her feedback that could result in an online educational institution: a way out of hostile home situations for young human beings, and a better way into the world... And the more I failed, the more I felt like I could do no right thing...

I cannot not feel sad while writing this... I blocked N and my old friends, but I didn't block out everyone forever... I just made it slightly more challenging to reach me. I'm still an obsessive researcher. The 60 year old trans person I live with now compared me to Brownian motion; he says I need a mentor. There's nothing radically wrong with my life now... Finally, finally I've posted an update to facebook. I showed my demons to my friends, and they expressed their sympathy and love. I took care of the DWI thing at last. I'll have my license back, and all that will soon be behind me... I showed a paper to fellow with a PhD in philosophy and he recommended I write a book, not immerse myself in academic life. He characterized my writing as "breezy." Other friends support the idea of me writing a philosophical book. As of late, I've been slowly working on titles for chapters... struggling to express more exactly my concerns on how writing effects organic life: the quantum gravity consciousness theory. We'll see. To that end, I've been reading more about entropy and information, cryptography, and so on, while thinking of how this mechanical activity effects the social formations of human beings. Unfortunately, many chapters need to be written, and I have a very limited amount of time.

starcats 10/31/2019

October

I'm not sure how to describe how I feel. May I simply type? I definitely do not think constantly about killing myself anymore. I'm happy to not have this weight on my shoulders. I am able to look at my faults and explain to myself that the fact I am able to put my own self-awareness into words indicates that I am a good person. It is not a bad thing that I tried so hard to provide education to all. I'm not a failure for taking these ideas seriously. Of course it is sad to imagine that human knowledge has no humanitarian purpose, that we're all struggling in space. "There is an infinite amount of hope in the universe ... but not for us." Kafka says. If Norbert Wiener is correct in saying that "the transmission of "To-whom-it-may-concern" messages would appear to be more economically performed through the blood than through the nerves." (and, therefore, the endocrine system has a serious effect on learning and thinking...) I can postulate automatically that an isomorphistic correspondence exists between the nodes (Sefirot) of the Tree of Life (Kabbalah), the Chakras (energy centers) of the body (Hinduism), and the

hormone-production glands of the human body. Indeed, the endocrine system influences every cell and function in our bodies: the word hormone is derived from Greek, meaning set in motion. I wish to investigate the linkage between control and communication theory's cybernetic objective to uncover the art of steering and the gravatropic and endocrinological effects hormones have on bodies generally, due to the regulatory effects of these substance and their corresponding relationship to space.

Perhaps by examining hormone-production in bodies and plant bodies and cells, some overarching theory of everything can be deduced from this. I also suspect that experiencing the psychic difference induced by Turing's chemical castration and the subsequent changes of mood caused Turing to commit suicide in the dramatic fashion he did: eating an apple, the symbol of the knowledge of good and evil. I've written very little on this. Most of the time I've been reflecting... however, I have come to take an interest in the sexual production of organic spatial systems which contain codes inherited from their predecessors along the entropic tendency towards undifferentiated sameness, and by extension the preservation of control messages dwelling within spatial systems in parallel pursuit of Turing's interest in a cipher of a most general kind; for it would seem to me Shannon's theory of communication between spatial systems mirrors the thermodynamic model for the tracking of heat transfer from one spatial system to the next. And since optics is the study of the communication of visual messages, these two sciences (thermodynamics and information transfer), is especially pertinent in the study of black holes: black hole thermodynamics and the information paradox. It has already been postulated that black holes carry no entropy.

Elsewhere I've written that since there is no point of absolute rest in the universe, that entropy is eternally denied. And so there is tension and the eternal formation and deformation of organizational structures. However, the entropic tendency towards rest results in "intake" and so the "feeding" behavior we see in life: the formation of DNA's highly supertwisted structure, and the galaxy's spiral arms. Yet I've never heard a single person explain things this way. Messages order thought, and gravity orders worlds. Sadly I must remind myself that a full and complete understanding of the sex organs is required for a transition to the opposite sex to be complete and not cosmetic. Should human beings understand the sexual production of bodies entirely, that knowledge should carry with it the truest understanding of the universe possible (M Theory), it seems to me. Although, given my history of repression, it's probably the case that I am seriously incompetent.

At work I've been promoted... I will have health insurance come November. It's a huge relief, and I will greatly appreciate the sense of stability. I feel now that I could be quite homeless and still save money by showering in gyms... perhaps I may adopt a hermetic way of life and an androgynous style. I may even shave my head again, remove my testicles and alter my face permanently. I don't really care if people think I look like the Ancient One from Doctor

Strange, I simply want to register as female. I'm very grateful when people call me the female pronoun. Still, talking to people isn't always easy. I'm still very different and have a hard time connecting with others, even though I am often assured that as a trans person my story is not only common, but relatable. I may make it my goal to retire in a state without personal property tax... in solitary reflection, away and at peace. Perhaps I'll marry myself away to another country, at this point I don't know. As they say, "It's a transition, not a teleportation." I feel appreciated at work most days, and I want to apply my passion and compassion everywhere around me, avoiding writing selfishly and influencing people more directly. Rather than writing furiously, I seem to apply a greater sense of care and methodicalness to my actions. Earlier this month I sent a draft of my paper On Kafka to a website soliciting book reviews by queer folks on books. Perhaps corresponding with them will allow me to sell a book for a bit of money? I'm not sure, and anyway I'm sensitive and skeptical... I want feedback, but not the kind of brutally negative feedback that could make me suicidal again.

"It's all tied together. Thermodynamics. Cybernetics or Control and Communication In the Animal and the Machine. Information Theory. The transference of heat or sound units from one spatial system to the next. Black hole as the information-consumer. Plant gravitropism and the endocrine system in plants and human beings, so not just cybernetics but comparative endocrinology. Hormones control thinking and learning thanks to spatial relations to gravity and light. Animals are formed in darkness behind flesh and shells. Food difficulties in space due to microgravity. Loop quantum gravity and the formation of DNA. It's all tied together. Alone, alone, alone, alone alone. Localization. A quantum field theory ought to describe organic sex differentiation and . . . I am alone, just a wave in the same thing. Leave me alone. What do I do besides talk about trauma and things no one understands? People say I'm relatable. Alone. Alone. I figured I'd dress up as Major from Ghost In the Shell? Am I coming out of my shell? A double entendre? But if books are just distractions and ways of controlling people, and computers are more of the same but more complicated, then are we really improving mankind with what we are doing or slowly building walls between ourselves, until we cannot see the pains we cause? This is why you'll always be alone. People abandon you. Your parents moved you and isolated you. Your friends abandoned you when you showed them what made your scars. You're so hurt and idealistic, that you want anything of benefit to be total, when you know full well that the totalization of benefit would have a deleterious effect. Let's say there's one spatial system and another. One gives it's heat to the other, so now they're the same temperature, so now they're the same thing. Alone. Being alone and perfect hurt, that's why God committed suicide. Now we're here... trying to make it all equal and alone again, so we can do it all over again. So broken."

My mood fluctuated somewhat this month. I noticed that she must have checked up on me the same night I blocked her... I still love her so much. And her profile picture looks a little like mine. I really am too hard on myself. People do like me, worry about me, care about me. But I

still worry for human beings, if it's like I fear and our biology must change radically to live beyond Earth, then there's so much pain that can still happen. We are so disjointed already, already there has been this digesting and masking over... I'll wonder if the rest of the galaxy will be fleshed out with our descendants stressed out. I have a face made of cells, we have these companies and state representatives to mask ourselves. I dreamt I said I hated all I wrote. Our schedules are compatible, but I don't know if I should reach out or not. I could mention that I had a character in my first book with their name (Rin), only I changed it because I didn't like that bad things happened to that female character. Anyway, people are really nice, if you can find the right ones. The other night I danced some... and it's true I felt like sticking an infinite number of blades into my body sometimes, but most of the time I felt fine. I still write, and I still love the idea of going to school, but I don't know if I can afford to. I'll probably work overtime this week. I feel alien and sad. Maybe I'll cheer myself up by practicing a few repressed gay lady jokes.

Jokes are hard to do. Last Thursday I hurt, and I wrote: "I don't want to be trans... I want to be female. I want to be able to have a kid. I want to be able to have an orgasm. I want to be able to abuse testosterone like an aphrodisiac, if that's what I want. I want to be born female. This isn't a meme. I'd prefer it if I were female. Or better yet: a non-binary tomboy female. Oh? But then maybe my transness may not be taken seriously. Ha. Cool. I don't think that any of this is fun. I'm not sad, not depressed... I have a future to look forward to, only my head is full of recipes for halting my every move. I don't really do much else besides play an armchair psychologist. I'm so lonely. I don't really know what I'm looking forward to. I feel the weight of my future crushing me. I don't think I'll ever become happy..." somehow I overcame this, somehow my mood isn't bad like it was before... Part of this is because I completed my enrollment for work benefits, and part of it is the sense of independence I feel, the knowledge that I really don't care very much who says I don't seem female or not. This is how I am, and there's no other way I prefer to be. I'm sticking to being who I am... whatever that may mean, and the more I meditate, the more I see that who I am is not at all the monster I told myself I was. My commentary On Kafka was also published today, and people said my Ghost In the Shell jacket was everything. Also earlier this week, my analyst gave me hope. I think my future will be better, but also hope all of the people that effected me in life are OK. Even though I am lonely, the moments of connection and understanding I had with some of the women I met at the night club made me feel cared for, empathized with, and understood... like there was compassion and love for me, after all this time. I may go to work in my Major dysphoria costume... Happy Halloween.

starcats 11/29/2019

November

I felt different this month. What use to be a broken sense of kinship with females, an ache in

my heart, a scar on my mind (women are telepathic), feels right as rain. It's more clear to me now that my head left out these small but significant little memories and oddities for me to look back at. I suppose I could feel disappointed in my head, like I use to be when I developed visual snow, but maybe I should marvel at it's resilience. I really like that I'm being gendered as female more consistently now... people complement me quite a lot more than I expected. "Look how beautiful she is! That bone structure! Your face looks chiseled by the Gods... Can I kiss you?" I know in my heart that I would've felt like a terrible lady if I brought N down to the point that she hurt herself. So when these complements happen, which I can hardly believe, I also feel this uncanny sense that I was right. Small things hurt. If I was out there, dancing and loving life as this pretty lady back in 2017, and my online friend felt that much worse because and ended her life, I'd have felt like puking my guts out. I'd feel so fucking horrible. I think it was only after the day that I thought I saved her life that I was able to dance... I was glad she was alive. Even though I never met her I imagined myself dancing with her. I danced with many girls this weekend; I kissed a few, and I felt really connected, centered and happy. I made a new friend I felt really close to and it was just so surprising that I was feeling these feelings at all... I use to be so afraid that I'd hurt everyone.

My mother told me I was evil... but maybe she was the evil mom attacking my heart, to get me to kill myself. She told me I wasn't feminine but Machiavellian. Speaking of my parents, I put it together recently that my parents knew I masturbated like a girl at an early age; they treated me differently after that. Before then I was praised for being very intelligent and organized. My housemate encourages me not to live in the past, but I think about these facts about myself in part because I'm trying to live in the here and now. Sex seems a little terrifying when you don't feel complete and fear you never will be. And I'm still adjusting to the way I used characters from impossible futures as a way to adapt to my home life. I worry that I'll never fit in, or that my friendlessness will get me killed. Although I've made more friends, I'm still a loner.

Months ago I wrote:

"I try to make emotional maps for me to escape my misery but I'm not able to leave this stupid fantasy world I made up as this glue to keep me together so when I try to walk away from it I start to break again and I don't know what to do. I don't know how to be myself."

When I was preparing to speak to the doctors again about my transition goals I began to feel the fear and sadness that went along with not knowing if they could ever really help me. I use to use discontent with my discontent to feel content with my discontent; I use to think and act like there was some higher mission for me to do, like design a virtual educational system that wasn't a training system for slavery. But I can't. These were goals that were meant to be solutions to the difficult life I had growing up, but they're not realistic objectives anymore... The consequence of this is I don't quite have an easy time adjusting to being me.

"I mean how can I be myself if I sacrificed myself for a cause that wasn't even possible to realize. I don't hear voices but I remember the sound of my books and it's all so terrible. I wish I could woof, or run away to the mountains like my ex boyfriend's lesbian sister, but I can't be like her without a lot of surgery and other bullshit. I'll always be filling prescriptions. Why am I so sad!!!!??"

I never really liked trans memes glorifying transitioning because, in all fairness, the transition never happens. What you get is augmentation. Transitioning is something that's fundamentally sad and I hated the idea of anyone seducing someone into harming their bodies irreparably because of my experience tempered by the way my parents manipulated me into taking NERI drugs. I still feel like a failure even when my psychoanalyst tells me I'm a gift, when she assures me that a failure is not what I am.

Earlier I asked myself what all my critiquing against society really means in light of the fact that, in truth, there really was a way of existing in the world I was denying myself. "If Nietzsche or Kafka were trans, then what would their critiquing really mean?" By the same token I don't know if my books are even good. If they're just trash, then I may as well save face and delete them... But my psychoanalyst told me not to delete anything. She still encourages me to go back to school, and I really would like that. She read the essay I wrote on Kafka, she said I taught her a lot she didn't know. I changed her mind back to thinking I needed to get a higher education. She's right. I can't keep doing this; I'd like to enjoy a learning environment that also pays the transition bills. I've considered publishing some kind of philosophical biography. Perhaps there are things I can teach people... I have an unusual mind. Maybe if I were more outgoing my money problems would take care of themselves. Or maybe not. If people hated me and said I was shit... Could I take it?

What do I like? I like cooking. I like history. I like psychology. I like biology. I like making Spotify playlists. I like the idea of loving someone special to me. I hate the idea of depressing the one I love. I don't want to drive someone away because I'm melancholy or my head's in the clouds or because my heart beats to a different drum or my mind dances to a different tune. Bottom line is I'll never be female and I have an extremely bleak worldview. I shouldn't think this way. It's not healthy. I tend to overthink things obviously. It's kind of a big thing for me... If who I'm with isn't completely comfortable with me, then sleeping with them is pointless. It's not going to make me feel any better, I'd just be chasing a rush that doesn't pay off very much. I hate the idea of hurting people's feelings quite a bit. I figure this is tied to my genital dysphoria, but I stopped pursuing males. It seems immoral to seduce men gay men when I'm not a man and don't want a dick. It seems immoral to seduce gay women when I'm not a woman and I have a dick. Yet I prefer women a lot more now that the terrible "women are telepathic" dysphoria pangs stopped hurting my head. I just do. Oh yeah. I joined an sobriety pact with a group and so far I haven't had anything to drink in 2 weeks. Okay fine, so I cheated last

Saturday. Sorry.

My housemate said I had to move out by January (triggering a low point) then later they said they weren't going to let me end up in a bad living situation like the one I experienced back in July (triggering a high). I felt shellshocked and scared that my life would always be like this. I felt afraid that if Kafka wasn't widely read until 10 years after his death, that maybe I'll never have the capacity to feel OK while I'm alive. I sometimes think of how it's been 6 months since I started HRT and I'm still the same distressed overthinking human I always was. I started to think more about ending my life, just because I'm full of doubt that I'll ever find a way to live. People will always struggle in this universe. And me? I'm just tired... so tired.

Thanksgiving was nice. I forget how much better I feel in the morning waking up without all the pain I had in my heart. Some of the first things I remember when I wake up is that I do love people... what a great thing! I use to have so much negative hype when it came to transitioning... I suppose it's different to realize that it was all just because I was afraid of hurting people, because I loved those people.

Today I considered that voice blogging or Podcasting may be a viable creative outlet for me. I could turn myself into an entertaining character. I could make myself feel connected to others by sharing the breadth of knowledge I have, rather than feel alienated from others because they cannot lend feedback on what I should do with that breadth. Also all of my writing is designed to be heard by synthetic voice already. Were I to speak it aloud, it could translate pretty well. Quite a few people have told me that my voice is pretty soothing... I can see it working. I can see it failing. I can see it being a thing I do to stay busy. I could think of myself as another philosopher with a disability, one that has bad eyesight and visual snow.

I was so embarrassed I felt like K. Or K's girlfriend. Or the lesbian bartender. Or the other lesbian bartender. Or just women in general. I'd think: "Well who the fuck are you to say you feel like these people!?" And just dig into myself... It didn't seem right for me to just plop into the world right after being in an all guy's high school for 4 years and to think and feel these things. It's no wonder that my psych suggested a diagnosis of adjustment disorder. Adjusting to developing visual snow was hard. I hope that independence brings me peace. Now that I can cook very well, establishing a tolerable routine might be the thing to bring me contentment. Learning what makes me feel content has taken me quite a while, but I think it's a good thing...

starcats 12/27/2019

December

My whole spirit's improved. It's only getting easier to be myself. I feel more confident that I'll be committed to being me no matter where I go. I felt pressure to obtain the best insurance but it's clear that people I expect I can trust don't always have my interests at heart. Not many

people have the same heart as me. A little bit each day, I find my true friends, my true tribe, my true self. I used to feel so much shame surrounding the idea that I could be gay and trans and female. Not so much anymore. The old friends I had that left me can stay behind forever. I don't need them anymore. I don't need to make people like my father happy any longer.

The day after Christmas, my father sent me an email from his phone saying that I'm only doing this to hurt them, that I'd always be a man or mutilated man, no matter what I do or what I wear. I wish it were so simple, but my father is simply wrong: If I wasn't a woman I wouldn't have stole clothes from my ex. If I wasn't a woman I wouldn't be stalking trans women trying to see how I could become one. If I wasn't a woman I wouldn't feel euphoric being and becoming one. I don't need to waste my life making people like my father happy. It was a mistake for me to put N's happiness and well-being and safety above my own... I poured my everything into the task of undoing what my parents did to me after high school, and I felt utterly worthless by the time I met her. I figured I was too weak at the time, so maybe she could see the value in what I wanted and pull the torch out of my tired dead hands. Perhaps she didn't want me to transition because on some level she knew? She never encouraged me. Maybe I was punishing myself for failing. I did not manage to create software to liberate people like her from parents like hers (parents like mine), so I punished myself by letting her go ahead of me. It's hard to say. There are so many ways one can describe the past.

I feel great that all the agony I had associated with my mistake, pain and shame connected to the idea that I had misrepresented myself as a gay male, has washed away. I'm able to go out and dance. I went to a fucking dance church. I can see myself teaching Yoga. Teaching people how to speed-listen, sharing my story as a way to give people a tool. I can see myself being everywhere... being happy. Truly independent at last. I feel I may have a real interest in psychology. Although work has been very stressful, I'm working on networking my way out. I'm not made for building server racks for hours on end. I'm happy in some ways that the place I work prompts so much thinking about my failed ideas and broken dreams. I love Rose. For the first time earlier I was scared that she could actually die. It's really nice to care about new people. It'd be nice to meet someone that could make me forget I ever had a broken head and heart. In June I had this dream she came out of her armor... the armor, twisted black. Black like ink, twisted and angular like words on a page.

Reparenting myself with a machine has been interesting... considering my family lied to me so much, had so much pain, narcissism, egoism, harsh judgments, meanness... If I was a survivor, why wouldn't I have done what I did? I'm planning to move out of the decrepit spider-infested raccoon home now that I'm insured and relatively stable financially. I'm contemplating writing another book, multiple books, all the time. Maybe I'll make a Medium account. Maybe I'll do Podcasting. Maybe I'll end up teaching people how to speed-listen to audio books; after all the people who made the most money during the gold-rushes was the people supplying the

prospectors. I could see that being quite profitable during this so-called information age. I've been reading about the history of human computer interaction and the collapse of library science and the rise of the information age: digital libraries, enterprise 2.0, data-harvesting techniques and services aimed at optimizing revenue flow. I feel that if I can understand what people want that I can apply my sales background with my genuine interest in history to become a real bridge between the technology logistics company and it's clients, all while allowing me to learn more about technology and psychology.

I was thinking of writing a book about my parents, entitled "The Remainers" based around the idea that in the past trans people didn't transition: they remained. It would let me explore my past, how my parents lied to me and abused me. I know I'd find it painful, so I'm not ready to write a book like that. I can see myself describing the limits of human freedom within it's pages though. So perhaps I will? I thought of more so-called jokes: "I think me liking dick was a phase because I was steadfastly gay. So gay that when I was listening to Terrence McKenna on O.G. YouTube back when I was 9, I remembered him explain that the Gnostics were kinky. "They were gay, the Gnostics, because they couldn't let the evil Demierge steal another soul away from the light and create another body prison." I remember Terrence saying. And I, bring a young gay trans person, knew that I absolutely could NOT let an evil God make another body prison. That's it! I didn't want to create body prisons because I had body dysphoria. Duh! Now that I'm transitioning I'm remembering all the steps that led me to eclipse one gay with another gay."What's funny is this really was something I thought about; I just couldn't make myself say it cause it makes me cringe too fucking much. Because I am not sure yet that I won't get fired, I'm considering applying to other jobs. One can't be too careful, and now that I feel I have a way of talking and describing myself as valuable I can envision me fitting-in elsewhere.

starcats 02/01/2020

January

This update is late, but January marked the start of a new year. I'm very happy with myself. I moved into a great place, and I've made friends in the process. Not close friends, but alas, maybe it's better I learn boundaries with friends. It's hard to believe it'll soon be a year since I started HRT. HRT changed me on several levels. It dissolved my suicidality. It prompted enough mental peace by freeing me from the fearful anticipation of negative psychic experience for me to mindfully self-reflect in a way that allowed me to understand myself more. Even when I'm doing something mundane or boring I still feel happier that I'm going along in a direction I prefer. I also had my first sex experience with a female this month. She was really nice; she was an MMA fighter, which I liked. I felt really close to her personality and build and I really longed for us to become good friends so I could learn to be a better female, but unfortunately she ghosted me. Too bad, I liked the idea of her helping me train my body. At one point she said I was "so beautiful" but, perhaps, maybe I rubbed her the wrong

way, or did wrong by informing her she was my first. I'm not sure. I didn't get very upset. I did after all smile for days afterwards. I think my psychoanalyst's comment helped: "The best sex organ is the mind." because it freed me from the fear of "not being the same" enough. I ended up sending her a recipe for her enjoyment, but also as a private joke, because Buddhists will honor the dead by leaving out food to feed them (ghosts).

My hair has started curling naturally, which reminded me of Betty Boop a little. I really do look more female than male now, and I'm really loving the transformation. A few sessions ago I teased out this idea: "If my father had a female name it would probably be Robin, but I don't quite know if I remember anyone ever calling him that." Well, a week later my curling hair reminded me that my father said Betty Boop (a cartoon girl with curly black hair) was his favorite cartoon character, Betty and Tweety bird. Combined, the two images make sense as symbols of my (presumably) "father's" female identity. Growing up, as my mother was a captain in the Air Force, he fancied calling himself "Mr. Mom" and, in retrospect, I can see my father being vehemently opposed to me becoming girl at an early age, because as an adult he never transitioned. I now have a recording of my father's voice where he said: "Doctor David Sauls used to tell me the horror stories of people who go through sex reassignment surgery."

In retrospect, that may mean that my father is a "would-be" transitioner. A remainer. I could see my mother's volcanic anxiety disorder being a reaction to arguments with my father. She was the parent who accompanied me to the doctor's when the cystoscopy was performed (a procedure that allows your doctor to examine the lining of your bladder by way of a tube or cystoscope being inserted into your urethra) to inspect my kidneys; for one day the pain in my kidneys was so bad I collapsed at school, so if my mother was being attacked and blackmailed by my father, threatening to demonize her as an accomplice in child abuse, it would make good sense that her anxiety would shoot sky high. I vaguely remember my Dad telling me that this or that compound would guarantee a kidney stone, but I can't say for sure. I was just a kid. These are things that ended up coming to mind while pondering if I should consider myself "lesbian" or "open" or what, which in turn generated questions concerning the nature of my parents relationship. At some point, my parents removed all the signs of Tweety and Betty and a pin-up girl. Was it after child protective services were called on my parents? In retrospect, I think so.

I've been processing what things I do for myself and what things I do for others, what are the things I really enjoy, what things really fascinate me. Alan Turing's mind interests me, because he holds a dual fascination with plants, organic life, consciousness, and machines. There can be no doubt that it was the interest in experiential divergence in lifeforms that prompted him to produce mechanical proofs of that very organic self-encipherment, due the evidence of him reading "Natural Wonders Every Child Should Know" at an early age, and if the long-term consequence of that organic self-concealing entailed a split in the human sphere of organic consciousness and the overwhelming probability that humans could and would develop into

something profoundly more monstrous than what they are now. It seems like that could be the true reason why Turing killed himself by eating an Apple: a symbol of knowledge of good and evil. He learned something you're not supposed to know. As I consider my early experiences, I've recalled playing the childhood game "real or pretend" in which I differentiate, say, a cartoon bird from a real bird, and so on. The goal of the game seemed to be to get me not to be afraid of scary images on television: I was probably 5 years old. Anyway, I thence became stricken with the realization that the images of human beings flying through space in spaceships equipped with space-folding engines was not a future in store for us... something radically different was the true future for human beings, it seemed to me. Within the sphere of cellular life, the smaller lifeforms diverged and became colossally opposed forces called animals. In my opinion, this is the true way to understand Nietzsche and Turing.

Nietzsche: "Freedom of Will-that is the expression for the complex state of delight of the person exercising volition, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the executor of the order-who, as such, enjoys also the triumph over obstacles, but thinks within himself that it was really his own will that overcame them. In this way the person exercising volition adds the feelings of delight of his successful executive instruments, the useful underwills or under-souls-indeed, our body is but a social structure composed of many souls-to his feelings of delight as commander."

Nietzsche read Dr. Roux's work on the "Struggle of Parts in the Organism" (despite the impact of this text on Nietzsche's mind translations are difficult to acquire in English, suggesting repression), which uses metaphoric language to describe the inner worlds of organs the same language one would use for human social structures, like cities and so on. For a long time, the future didn't seem very worth it to me. The catastrophe of computers is that they only do what you tell them to. You enter one code at a time. It does one task at a time. You create a control flow and a task flow. You create chains of sign determinacy. But there can be no operational inclusion in this. In fact, to some degree, writing itself is a form of symbolic encryption and simultaneously an antisocial activity which excludes others while at the same time consuming and demanding the production of physical resources for its activity. Even if knowledge is expressed in the form of writing it can do little else besides trigger more reactions which fail to achieve its promise, which is imaginary. All knowledge expressed in human language is code, and hence it cannot be universal knowledge.

A theory of everything may be impossible after all, but a careful examination of ourselves: the degrees of human freedom, may show us more about the real universe, I thought. I couldn't invent anything to help mankind. By my reversal, no one could. I couldn't see the light for a long time... until I saw it within me: the kindness within me. I was so afraid of accidentally hurting everyone around me for my mistakes: my mistake not to talk to doctors, my mistake to identify as a man, as gay, as someone who wasn't interested in transitioning when I was, that I

gradually let the finer details of my final graphic design project fade away. It was just a card designed to help people cope with being a cyborg... only I conveniently forgot the main character was a girl. Instead of going back to college I wrote science fiction where the State could own your cybernetic body. A world people couldn't run from. A world without choice. An existential horror novel where the suicides itching to run away from the world would find themselves trapped in frozen bodies. A Heads Up Display reads: "We are taking you back to the central rehabilitation complex for rehabilitative oblivation of toxic memes we've found in your consciousness. Please wait." I felt so depressed after I wrote that book, but I also hated it. I hated that the problems I portrayed in it were so difficult to puzzle out.

I let time pass and I avoided making myself happy. Oftentimes I'd encounter women and I'd feel this uncanny sense that they were really like me, to such a degree that I questioned if they were actually male to female trans and could possibly help me. They weren't. These were born female people, and I had dysphoria. But since I was living alone I felt able to test my feelings. By cooking. By going to the gym. By looking at clothes. I got a wig and things just to see how I'd feel. "Here it is again. It's here and it's real." I'd tell myself. And the more I accepted myself as female, the more the memories that I repressed flooded back into my consciousness. The lone pair of women's sunglasses I owned finally made sense, as did my coat. I had these comfort objects with me the whole time. Artifacts of dysphoria. Now instead of feeling disconnected from my body I am able to integrate my old memories and feel okay again. I can also forgive myself for keeping tabs on N for almost 3 years. I think that because I wanted badly to create a solution to the situation she was in, it was impossible for me to imagine transitioning as I heard her complain for years. I couldn't endure the idea of causing that kind of suffering... so I ended up being a stalker, calling myself a creep every day, and hating myself instead. But my reaction had nothing to do with N, she should know, it was just my life and the experiences that tempered my consciousness that made me react that way. She definitely shouldn't feel blamed. She still doesn't talk to me. I still worry about her... I would hate it she went through 10 years of hell like I had.

As hard as things have been for this year of HRT, I seriously feel and believe that things are vastly better. I do think I should do more things for myself. Buy myself clothes. Be nicer to me. Not beat myself up as I used to. I truly feel like I am on the right track. I care about my life. I care about my health. This month, I also talked to a publisher. I mean to write an index of what I've written so far through carefully considering what foot I want to put forward. What am I trying to say? What am I concerned about? What is my message? What are my goals? When Seven of Nine was a member of the Borg collective she had "no choice" but to go along with everything it said, so it makes sense that I'd relate to her for that reason. I grew up feeling like I had no choice, which in turn made me think of being everything at once, which in turn made me unable to make decisions besides the vague, lofty, unclear idea of "protecting young people in hostile home environments" and so on. I need to figure out what choices I want to make,

what I really want to do in life, what kind of person I want to be. So far, I enjoy writing... it's something I do naturally enough. But I'm afraid no one will understand me. No one thought Galileo was right when he said the Earth revolved around the Sun. Perhaps no one will accept that humans are not helped by machines, they merely operate them, use them, sell them, and entice other humans into assembling in a vast game of interpersonal competition; and worse, become the technological extension of an organic center which is disjointed. What if that's why people ghost me so much? What if people fear me?

starcats 02/16/2020

February

It's only mid February. I just applied for the Associate Project Engineer position where I work. As I started to review the materials: access codes, mind maps, keys that expire, test preparation guides, I started to feel incredibly sad and hurt, like I was drowning in razor knives. I was very happy before, giving myself a pat on the back after a lot of hard work, but I started to work myself into an intensely sad state over all of this. I think it may always depress me to see educational content kept behind lock and key. I think the reason why I feel that way has to do with my hopes as a kid... I didn't have the freedom to be myself, and I thought libraries or schools could be places where people could become themselves, fit into society, and so on. It hurts me to see all this knowledge behind timers, locks, and keys. It seems like it's all designed to steal your money and time. Learning itself isn't valued. It's the ability to sell the learning material that generates capital that's valued by the salesperson of the encrypted learning material.

Computers cannot therefore be instruments which people use to better themselves socially by way of "free access" educational materials, because computers are electrically powered combinatorial and cryptographic calculating machines that only do what you tell them to. By this, I mean to point out the primary functions of computers. The primary function of computers is to encode and decode information, implying that the encoding and concealment of information is one of the computers primary functions (anti-free access). The secondary function of computers is to consume materials in the real world through sophisticated assembly (anti-liberation). Consequently, a salesperson may say "Computers help mankind." but there is no efficacy. Rather, the machines become more complicated, the hours required to build walls increases, the time required to learn increases, and the barriers between strata of human beings harden with metal and encryption... I don't think I want to learn how to build these things. For some reason, it makes me very sad. But then again... maybe it makes me sad for good reason.

I noticed that when I come home to my new apartment, especially while I'm worried my parents were sexually abusive, that I forget to lock the door. I have every intention to lock the

door, but I fail to do it. Contemplating this evoked memories of a strange old phrase I had in my head as a child: "rules are like doorknobs." If there was sexual abuse, it would have been before the cytoscopy I had before I was even 10 years old. But it's too horrible to think about. My analyst suggested the cytoscopy performed on me may have been torture. Could this be right? She told me a story recently about a girl who couldn't make sense of death "the angel won't let me in" she said to her mother, because her father died and wasn't able to say much else. Perhaps "rules are like doorknobs" is similar, some kind of mark on my memory of something unspeakable. When I contemplate this phrase, I hear the subtext behind it say "always to be unlocked" and I question if there isn't some psychic connection between my failure to lock a door, my desire to be safe, my interest in free access to information. S visited me, which was ultimately sad, but he reminded me how odd it was that I'd walk around the kitchen like a cat. Since I was a small child I walked around on my toes like a cat, like the Pokemon Mewtwo, because I'd enjoy pretending the Pokemon had "invisible high heels" and was therefore above needing them. Basically, it seems like I copied this Pokemon, the only Pokemon with hips and boobs and a tail that, to some, may resemble a tucked penis, and used it as a way to be female without being female. What's more, is I looked at the Pokemon card for Mewtwo, and I noticed it's two attacks: "Psychic" and "Barrier" and considered, for the first time, my interest in "psychic walls" started here. I glanced at the flavor text of the card.

"A scientist created this Pokémon after years of horrific gene-splicing and DNA experiments."

Mewtwo is also dominated by an Italian master (Giovanni), like me when I was dominated by my parents. Mewtwo's power is restricted by armor designed to make the Pokemon more obedient. Mewtwo's armor even makes it look like the Pokemon's wearing a bra, too. I remember watching Pokemon, thinking to myself: "Is this something I can watch? Are those boobs?" I wonder if I related to Mewtwo's torment, his chattering mind. It's horrible and sad to imagine, but I started to think that maybe it's true. Maybe the cystoscopy was just a mask for something worse. I used to sleep with my parents. I won't be dishonest and say I have memories I don't have, but I have been worried lately. Maybe I needed a powerful Psychic Pokemon in my head to cope with something psychic. Maybe I didn't need to know everything. Maybe I shouldn't feel bad about psychic barriers. Maybe I shouldn't feel bad about mechanical cryptography being used to hide information from enemies. Maybe... I have enemies! Maybe I deserve to be safe. Maybe my roommate deserves to be safe. Maybe I should lock the fucking door. I'll just lock the fucking door and keep it locked. Not everyone needs to know me. Not 100% of everyone is welcome in my life... It's been a rough two weeks. I ended up browsing for pictures of Mew. Mew looks like such a starcat, I thought. Earlier, I wrote about wanting to be independent and playful, like a starcat. I'm still not sure, but maybe Mew could be my name.

Last week I ran into my old grade school crush. She's a lesbian, like me. I felt really nice around her, her girlfriend and friends. We went out to dance and drink. We got brunch, like I

used to do with K. We got back to her place and crashed to watch music videos... I felt really good. Just being around other girls was really therapeutic, affirming, and energizing. I felt a good bond between us; I think it's nice that even after all this time we still love each other. I didn't realize that it has been a year already since I started HRT. I feel like I'm in a better place, and I'm making sure that I'm staying afloat alright. With my hours (3 PM – 11:30 PM M - F) I haven't been out as much as I'd like. What's happening in my world? Well, I don't speed-listen to quite as many books. I've been reflecting and reconsolidating memories. Like the extent of my parent's abuse, or, if I feel like I'm going to identify as lesbian or open. Kristen Stewart's pretty hot, yet also fairly gay and open identifying. I joke about it. Well so what if I went to an Andrea Gibson concert and cried like when Tasha Yar died. Or like how I went to see Tig Notaro alone to cheer myself up and realized we both mock sign Adele's Hello. Maybe just maybe I watched Star Trek Voyager for the lesbian subtext between Kathryn Janeway and Seven of Nine. What's gay about that, huh? One day, when I was speed-listening to The Four Fundamental Concepts of Psychoanalysis, I heard Lacan say:

“Sublimation is nonetheless satisfaction of the drive, without repression. In other words—for the moment, I am not fucking you, I am talking to you. Well! I can have exactly the same satisfaction as if I were fucking. That's what it means. Indeed it raises the question of whether in fact I am not fucking at this moment.”

And I spontaneously thought: “Ha! Then I definitely won't see a Lacanian psychoanalyst because they'll soon conclude I am speed-listening to fuck my ears with sound at 600 words per minute to repress my desire to have a vagina.” I made that joke without missing a beat. Is that stand-up comedy material? It's what I thought many years ago while I speed listen to Lacan, back when I cared what Lacan had to say. But surely there's nothing too gay about fucking my ears with sound at 600 words per minute. Right? I used to think: "Ah there's no way that can be me. There's just no way I'm some infinitely salty born without vagina lesbian girl speed-listening to books in a pathetic attempt to get humanity over and done with, cause that would be too cringey." These days things just seem to fit. You know what? If Tig can deal with being called a guy sometimes, so can I. At work, my 90 day appraisal went well. My supervisor encouraged me but I'm concerned I'm being misdirected since he did not respond to my proposal for a month. Before this, my sense of being ghosted was bad enough to contact human resources. All of my concerns were met, I thought. I will be able to attend my support group again, and I'll be able to advance in some direction. But am I being misdirected? I'm looking forward to the next few years of life. My analyst left me with this phrase:

Walt Whitman: "Now, Voyager, sail thou forth, to seek and find."

It reminded me of Star Trek Voyager, I said.

starcats 04/03/2020

March

It's the month of a global pandemic. I'm very lucky to have work and benefits, like sick leave... I decided not to meet my psychoanalyst in person because I do not want to get her or her partner sick. Although, I'm afraid of how long this can go on. I posted a very long update to facebook this March. Over a year had passed since I started HRT and I hadn't said much of anything. I know I'm not like others. I don't like trans memes; it was hard for me to accept that I was barely coping with dysphoria; I don't like feeling incomplete, still. A lot of memories of my father's cruel treatment of me resurfaced, like how he'd suddenly say something negative about lesbians when I was a kid. I feel like he might have been testing me. In retrospect, I think he was reading me: seeing if "the lesbian" was still in there buried. I explained that all I seem to do is reflect. I don't really have a life anymore besides my work and my memories. I can't bare to imagine a professional future and I still see hopelessness in every technology and philosophy... Many people said my thoughts and processing was beautiful. I simply felt a compounding sense of sorrow that I hadn't updated anyone on anything in so long. I do not even post pictures of myself very much. I still don't entirely like me.

Somehow my father saw my post, that night he sent me an email, with the subject "remember who you really are" and an old photograph of me, with a pained expression (I hate being photographed) and a more mannish face, wearing a coffee shirt at the Southwest Diner. Considering that my post had a lot to do with memory, it's clear that he wanted me to remember a time when I was miserable and under his control (able to be photographed). In my post I hinted strongly that my parents were medically abusive to me as a small child. The more doctors I speak to, the more it seems that kidney stones in kids is very rare, more rare than adults, and the more it seems likely that I was hurt on purpose. Maybe it wasn't necessary for the kidney stone to be treated invasively. My parents probably moved me around as kid and lied to me about my learning disabilities to hide what they did. I used to be scared of knowing what the scene in my first book meant, but now I think I understand... Recently I read that it's common for abused people to write over and over in an attempt to understand their lives.

I thought about my first book. The main character observes all the world, he knows people who hide their memories are less than who they are. He is blinded by Irene... maybe I as an author wouldn't see her. She has two others with her, and she takes the main character to witness a strange scene. The main character's boss is a child, and Irene puts her brain in that child's body, then puts her body in a closet after changing the settings on her HUD to "Do Not Disturb." The child's abdomen is sliced open, because that's where the adult brain is. Irene is female, but she takes control of the boy's body. She kills the others because they're not needed anymore. The violence, for the main character, is unbearable... he thinks it's just the beginning. As I reflect more and more, I've started to notice that, starting with Mewtwo, virtually all of the role models I had growing up were psychic women, like Kes, who's telepathic, or Seven of Nine, who's

very beautiful, yet isn't socialized as female because her ego was destroyed as a child by machine-assisted thought-sharing telepathy.

I'm sad. I don't know what I have to offer the philosophy professor. I can't put the value of my writing into words to the publisher. I don't have any faith in technology to make the world any better. All I do really is work, cook, eat, sleep, make playlists, and cry. My old friends haven't reached out to me. My old friend hasn't indicated that she's happy, and when I went back through our messages I read that she was worried dysphoria was adding fuel to a preexisting flame. She said something happened back in January 2016 but has no idea what happened then. She said she's scared of knowing... I didn't exactly remember reading this, but when I did I was scared too suddenly. That's why I looked at my first book, because it scared me. I thought, if my head could hide what my family did to me, then maybe her head was hiding something. What do I even do if neither of us are trans and we're just broken people trying to support each other? Maybe that lesbian bartender I thought I connected with was just another hurt soul... Maybe there is no real me. I had this thought, that maybe one day 10 or 15 years from now, she could try to get ahold of me, only she'd be a man or something else. I don't know. Some days I have strange daydreams where I meet her on accident and she's not well and tells me everything. Or I have daydreams where I meet him or her and she's rich and I'm just average, but content to be alive. I feel like I should accept not knowing. I don't know what's next for me. Because of COVID-19, I've been contemplating death again.

starcats 05/03/2020

April

I'm a few days late with this entry. It's hard to believe the virus has already killed over 2,000 people in Illinois. For my safety I've been isolating as much as possible; I go to unpopular grocery stores for food when I need to. I started drinking a little bit more than I used to, both as a way to relax and as a way to support a favorite bar. I'm coming out of my shell more and more. I joined a facebook group for butch cooks. I joined a Discord for late blooming lesbians. I really enjoyed connecting with people like my inner self, although I'm not perfectly sure I'm a lesbian accepting myself as one makes me feel more at ease. I even brought back some fun childhood memories, like when I used to watch Xena: Warrior Princess. Maybe I even watched "The L Word" in secret. I swear I remember imitating some scenes. I enjoyed talking to a newfound friend who I explained some of my early influences to. Her masters thesis was on how people use fiction and fantasy as a testing ground for ideas, so she was about as curious about me for sharing my story I was for her insight. She said something that's very right about Seven and I: we're both people who struggle with individuality. I know I used Seven as a model for adapting to my childhood, but it worked a little too well. So far I hadn't really been able to explain how Seven of Nine, Ray Kurzweil, Alan Watts, and Terence McKenna, became involved in my thinking so directly, but for once in my life I noticed I could. I decided to let her

access my books even though I'm not too proud of them, as I'm still searching for an academic path.

I liked my therapist's image of me emerging from a parental fog... I know for the last decade I had a hard time processing all of my feelings. Despite the deaths, I feel calm and relaxed this month. I spent a bit of time organizing my thoughts, including many of my older writings. I was pleased to uncover something I wrote from 2010: the original names I had in mind for an early draft of my first novel. Turns out I wanted to name the main character "Neil" in memory of Neil deGrasse Tyson, and "Annie" in memory of a Nine Inch Nails song: "The Becoming" in which Trent talks about a past love interest. The lyrics go: "Annie... hold a little tighter... I might... just slip away." My name would have been "Ann" if I were born female because my parents use their middle names as the first names of their children; my mother's middle name was Ann, so that would've been my name if I were born female, but I was born a boy so I became Joseph. Well, it was shocking but not surprising to read this. It felt like proof. Finding this was very much like finding out the real meaning of my coat. I think when you're contemplating decisions as big as the ones I'm thinking of it's helpful to find everything that points to my inner truth. I've gained a greater sense of calmness lately... It was a few weeks ago I dreamed I was examining myself in the mirror, and my face had been so dry the night before it had a huge gash on the side. Maybe Rose is right: this is a sign I'm seeing myself a bit differently.

Certainly, I feel a lot of peace. I'm alone, but I don't feel lonely. COVID-19 caused me to think about people I love, like my therapist. I also thought about N because at one point she told me she said she was afraid her body was too fragile to endure HRT without a doctor's supervision. If she was fragile like she said, I imagined the virus could make it hard for her to breathe, and she could even die. I ended up sending her a few friend requests one night. I didn't expect her to accept but she did. As usual though she didn't respond very much. At first I said I was worried, but that got nothing. And next I shared an image of Mewtwo I found I asked my cousin to draw for me when I was 10 years old. I told N that I still remember asking my cousin to draw a picture of Mewtwo for me, only I knew in my head that my parents wouldn't allow me to have a picture of Mewtwo naked, so I was more pleased to have him draw the version where Mewtwo's wearing the armor Giovanni designed to make Mewtwo obey him, like I had to obey my parents. "I walked on my toes, back then." I was 10 years old... I knew I was sharing something remarkable with her, but she didn't say anything in response like she should have.

I expressed concern regarding N's 8 month long silence, as well as the lack of positive feedback on her life and mental state. While I seemed to do a lot of reflection and inner work, it's not clear to me at all that she's done the same. The comment I made about I said about work made her think... I think I'm the only person to read her blog and I noticed she revived it to talk about the way she handles work. Revisiting my older writings caused me to remember details of my

first novel more freshly... The main character begins writing in an “heirloom notebook” because it's oldness ensured no one affiliated with the monarchy would use advanced spying technology to read the main characters private thoughts. Three years ago N told me she wrote poems and destroyed notebooks so no one could read them. But my drawings as a kid probably signified I had been hurt by my parents, so something about N's whole situation didn't seem quite right, and that worried me. I said I was worried but she didn't say anything in response. I thought I should say I was sorry because, after all, she may have added me only to mute me. Very quickly she assured me that wasn't the case and she had been busy and she was sorry. I'm glad she's still active and some part of her wants to talk. I think N's blog suggests she's processing her life and wants to communicate somehow, that talking to me makes her think, however, I feel like the way she avoids talking to me means she's worried I'll make her think more than she's ready to. If she truly needs to heal like I think, recovery could take time. I find myself questioning what to say at sometimes, but Rose praised me for my sensitivity which helped me feel a bit better. Recently I've also started talking to more friends... I'm starting to date people I think. I enjoyed my recent visit to Emmenegger Nature Park. I think hiking could become a regular thing.

starcats 05/31/2020

May

I'm organizing my thoughts as I prepare to move. It's been a hell of a month. 5000 people in Illinois are dead. I had a lot of things on my mind... On Mother's Day, my father sent me an email: “Remember who you really are. No matter what you do, you'll always be a man with a cut off dick.” Again I didn't respond, but I had a disappointing talk with a surgeon a few days prior, so it was easy to become a bit upset by the attack, even though I mostly felt empty. A day after I learned some people at work (I don't know who) complained I sounded condescending... Seven of Nine was called out for being rude too; a friend reminded me how much she struggled with becoming an individual earlier. The idea that I could survive my upbringing but not adjust life in the outside world raised my anxieties over the fear I'd never become an individual; I ended up extremely upset and later cried uncontrollably. Earlier I learned the team performing transgender surgeries locally is very new, too new for my comfort level. I knew I'd feel utterly depressed if I had my testicles removed and experienced lifelong pain reminiscent of the time the NERI medication my parents forced me to try, which felt like my testicles were being crushed by bricks and throwing up. The urologist couldn't provide the assurance I wanted. I'm going to talk to the plastic surgeon there, but I've already told myself I don't need to use them and will move on.

My birthday came and went. I turned 30, and I felt really great about all the inner work I've done, all the inconveniences I've overcome, and how much inner peace I feel. I'm self-supporting. I have a lot of savings. I don't speed-listen to books constantly. I escaped from

escaping. Things got even better the more I embraced being lesbian. Ultimately, I've come to realize it's more exhausting being dishonest with myself about how I feel... I've realized a major reason why accepting this has been so hard is because seeing myself as lesbian entailed seeing my parents as punishing me for being lesbian since I was very young. Maybe, in a way, they're lesbians themselves. I noted how the acceptance brought a sense of peace and quiet to my thoughts. I noticed I felt significantly happier at work without the self-attacking and relentless questioning. For the first time in my life I think I'm starting to see work as work, rather than a kind of prison. Yet a few days after I turned 30, my mail arrived: I received a package from my father. It was very suspicious to say the least. It was older technology. Inside the envelope there was a transfer cable for copying files from computer-to-computer, and a paper which asked you to go a few steps further and synchronize your computer with software downloaded from an HTTP (not secure) website. I destroyed the device, needless to say. The package was mailed to me just a few days after I updated my profile picture on facebook for the first time in months.

Still, I had these things circulating in my head quite a lot lately. I tried to reach out to a few people for balance but they didn't respond. I knew I was transgender and nothing was going to change that. There is simply no way I'll return to wearing men's clothing. And there's no way it will ever become morally acceptable to me to seduce gay men. I opened up to one or two more lesbian friends. I just do an insane amount of gay shit, plus I had books and plays that scream: "I want different genitals but have anxiety about it." and I was embarrassed. I opened up to people I didn't think I'd open up to about it at all, and again they understood. I felt better, and yet again I felt worse; I was processing the medical options in vogue and my recent let downs regarding the quality of the medical options available. I had to heal from my old habit of readily dismissing gender theory on the grounds that brain transfer technology wasn't available and never would be. I reflected, and I began processing how I my approach vector to transitioning may be very different from others. I worried I was still saving myself for something unavailable and so I was doomed to disappointment no matter what. I had every reason to doubt I'd feel pleasure or joy after sexual reassignment surgery because I didn't trust trans people to be honest. Except I knew this had to be a mistake: I knew I had to trust others like me, so I caved and I made contact again with a friend. She's going to talk to me more in the months to come. While much of this weighted on my mind, I started to think of killing myself more. I decided I needed to hit my therapist up for a phone call (which I never do) and in that window of time where I waited for her to respond to my text with her call, my roommate dropped the news on me that he wanted me to move out.

I was in shock but my therapist guided me back to normal; she suggested I see this less as a betrayal and see this more like a reward. I haven't been able to order clothes online since COVID-19 hit anyway (no drop point for packages); since my roommate's partner started coming over our interactions have been awkward. I was really upset. I helped his partner move out when she dumped him for becoming trans male. I have an opposite work schedule. I'm the

cleanest roommate you could ask for. I buy stuff for us all. I volunteered to drive his partner around after they wrecked their car. I introduced his partner to text to speech reading and installed it on her computer because the seizure they had while driving induced vision problems. I sacrificed two apartments for this one. I filled a financial void after his old partner left. I allowed his new partner to stay when I was asked, when I could have said no and prevented this problem. And now that his partner is having a difficult time with their mother he wants to forget everything I did and give me the smallest window for moving I've ever been given. I just started electrolysis. My roommate used the fact I had \$5000 in savings as a talking point to segue into his decision. After footage hit the web of a police officer murdering a black man in cold blood (George Floyd), the entire nation erupted into protest. I'm looking forward to the future, since I'll be more free to be me; I'll learn more about myself, good and bad. I'm leaving this month with a lot of friends, a better worth ethic, and a more honest state of mind... I've also been communicating with a friend and philosopher, and another who's a publisher. I told her that much of my writing could be thought of as repressed trans lesbian travel writing. Turns out her son is gay and transgender too. I think living life authentically is just talking to others and having real conversations. I plan to examine my thoughts and thought structures.

starcats 07/01/2020

June

Major changes this month. It already feels like the longest month of the year. Because of my roommate's request, I needed to find a new living situation in 30 days, and I did. Now I live alone. It was utterly depressing at first, not because of my roommate but because I was processing medical science and its limits, but I already feel not having a roommate to please has improved my concentration. My place is large, but it lacks central AC. I chose a larger cleaner place over a place with temperature controls. Also, my landlord allowed me to have a pet without paying the additional pet rent, so maybe I'll allow myself a cat.

Before I could enter my home, I needed to say goodbye to N: I wanted to cut past demons out of my life. So far I haven't talked about N here, but N's name online was nik. I looked after nik since she was 16, however she broke contact with me when I started taking hormone replacement therapy. Likewise, she didn't comment on my experience as a trans female, and didn't comment on my parents hostility towards me in February. This bothered me greatly because I invested a lot of love, care, and concern for nik's future. Early on I showed her the "star tracker" program my grandfather created, and she explored machine learning in astrophysics months later. I complained secrecy was an obstacle to young people and all people learning: I expressed genuine despair and extreme pessimism regarding technology's promise if, in the end, society was bound to be a struggle between project managers and the people being managed. The high cost of higher education exemplified a trending problem that society wasn't generous enough to give people the time to understand these projects; I feared

information technology would only harden social barriers with metal and encryption as time went on. It seemed nik's response was to me was the curriculum she designed to teach young people STEMs in 2018; I took pride in watching her grow, she was 17 years old. I felt I was having a positive effect, and the idea I saved her life one time also gave me strength and added to my self worth.

However, I often felt like nik was hurting me with abusive silences, was not genuinely trans (because I did not want to share HRT medicine with her I concealed my transgender feelings), and was making fun of me behind my back. Her abusive silences only enforced this idea in the following months. Once she said “No one can help me. Only I can. It's all internal.” and stopped communicating to me entirely for months, and I began to fear dysphoria was just a mask for the preexisting issues she alluded to. I asked her why she was creating profile images who resembled me, why her blog was called “crushv” shortly after I told her I developed a crush on her (my last name starts with v), why her facebook profile picture changed to an image of a sad woman on September 18th (the day I blocked her), and hasn't been changed since... for a 9 month span of time. I couldn't tell if these signs were signs of malice or possibly love (the long duration of the selection signaled love as a possibility), and I asked her if she wasn't affectionately teasing me. She blocked me. I felt distressed, but I also wanted to figure out what could be so stressful with nik's work. It already concerned me she hadn't bothered to change her name. nik seemed like she had the potential to be very beautiful, but she didn't show her beauty to her facebook friends, only this picture that pointed at me: a painting of a black-aided woman with oriental qualities.

In real life, nik hadn't become Nik or Nikki or any feminine variety of Nick; professionally, like on her professional website and LinkedIn, nik was simply Nicholas. I also learned the “start up” program created by nik was more like an “add-on” to an already existing program offered by the CDC (Charleston Digital Corridor), known as the Code Camp Kids program. Inferring things couldn't be right (because Nicholas's profile suggested she had been employed their for over 3 years), because she never told me she instructed others in any capacity, I worried Nick could be involved in some kind of pedophilia ring. Days after I poked around, the Twitter, facebook, and Instagram for the camp was removed. I thought maybe the image of the sad woman was a cry for help. I thought the “CS Upstart” program nik created with the help of her friend was really a mask, so I wouldn't see the underlying organization of evil nik was a part of. None of my inferences were provable, however. What I found most shocking was the way nik failed to ever mention she was a coding instructor, despite my longstanding interest in code and learning in general. And because the Code Camp was in South Carolina, it seemed that much more implausible to believe in nik's claim to be homeless in July. It seemed like there were two niks: one with the freedom to fly to another state for years, and another who claimed to be unable to talk by voice due to their parents frequent spying.

Unfortunately, nik also raved about a drug commonly used to on pedophiles (cyproterone acetate), which added to my concern that pedophilia may be nik's underlying "internal" issue. nik didn't tell me work was stressful until I mentioned I may have been sexually abused when I was 10; a factor which gave credence to the idea that my revelation about my past abuse encouraged her to hint at her status as an abuser. For some time, I had been trying to figure out the reasons for nik's silence; maybe she was just caught up in her own internal world, maybe she couldn't speak about the unspeakable, but she could still point towards work in this way. I remain conflicted. On the one hand, nik pursued interests I valued, making me want to remain a part of her life for life. On the other hand, nik seemed potentially manipulative. It seemed like there were two niks. One nik, who merely pretended to be transgender, and another nik, who makes fun of those who are. nik's inability to relate bothered me, and her insular friendship with highly judgmental people made the "two nik" idea seem credible. Also, it seemed possible that my father's attack emails and even the suspicious device I received earlier was, in actuality, nik or one of her friends, since one flurry of attack emails was sent the same day I made fun of nik's job teaching children with a Spotify playlist.

As I thought more about the future ahead, free of constantly worrying about nik, I felt my ability to concentrate improve that much more. Funneling mental energy into worrying about nik was distracting. A friend helped me see the possible humor of nik's messages. "Who honestly pours ink onto pages to hide poetry?" I agreed this seemed unlikely in 2017. It's beginning to seem more likely my compassion and empathy were exploited. Without these fears in my head, and with my acceptance of my lesbian self, I feel less worried about the dark corners of the internet, which has greatly improved my interest in learning about it. I'm currently learning about computer networks, studying to earn my CCNA. I encountered Licklider's writings on "Libraries of the Future" which comments on mankind's interaction with "recorded knowledge" which is a concern that's highly relevant to my thought; our mind's were in similar areas: he addressed a memorandum to "Members and Affiliates of the Intergalactic Computer Network" (for a long time I've been obsessed with the Borg), which I found delightful.

The feeling that something isn't quite right regarding nik hasn't gone away. I feel like Clarice from *Silence of the Lambs*. But most importantly, is I decided to put my happiness first. I can admit I honestly don't know if I read nik right. It's hard to do that in the clouded air of 3 years of text-only messages. Maybe the truth of the matter is I was an outstanding influence on nik in every way, and my astonishment she was fulfilling my goals was such a shock I made an inference error and assumed the absolute worst. Maybe the truth of the matter is she's merely detransitioning and ashamed. Or only wants to do drag. Maybe my letter explaining I was afraid to make her feel bad by transitioning was perceived negatively. I realized something else. When I was her age I did not have anyone there for me. The fact I wanted to be there for her makes a lot of sense given my past. I can resign my self to not knowing even if I can't help that

I care. By the end of this month, I met with some friends I feel comfortable around, but I'm well aware COVID-19 cases are on the rise. I made a friend I felt I could get close to.

starcats 08/01/2020

July

This was a good month. I overcame a lot. Rid myself of demons. I became more organized and secure, better at account management. I feel more in control of my world. I actually reached out to some friends to check to see if I've been handling Nick reasonably or not. Nobody's told me I'm wrong. And that's been a big load off my mind. Quite a few people decided something was eerie or not right about the situation... possibly my empathy was exploited, yet it's hard to say. While I haven't been able to invalidate the idea Nick's involved in human trafficking somehow, I did learn the code camp already existed since 2015. Even the journalist, who wrote about the camp in 2018, told me she had no idea about the other program; she completely believed it was something Nick created and spearheaded independently, but the truth of the matter is the camp is hardly original. Maybe Nick made the program so I'd keep track of her, or something like that. I am a pretty odd character. I noticed another author wrote about the camp in June of 2019, however instead of including Nick in the story, she's cut out. This one focuses on Parker Thompson, who claims to want to spread learning to minorities, but instead the camp has a \$250 price tag... even though there are other programs in the area which are free. Thus, this particular author has seemingly written a slander piece more so than a piece written for good PR. I'm considering contacting her since I suspect she may be fishing for me, someone who knows more. It's important to be careful while considering harsh theories and ideas. I need friends. It could always be nothing. It just be a job and I could just be a person wondering why.

In my daily life, like I said, I've been organizing better... I started shopping more on Amazon. I spent a good chunk of change. Rewarding myself. Groceries, certain essentials in bulk. An air filter for my car. Clothes, many different kinds of clothes; two kinds of shoes, some fitness-related clothes. Jewelry, like there's this brand called "Jovivi" I couldn't resist. I built a home lab, a router and a switch, so I can study for the CCNA. I'm dedicated to studying for the CCNA now, to become Cisco certified. It's grounding to work on down-to-Earth things. You know before I was in outer-fucking-space. Seeing myself make choices to do creative projects is really moving. I'm growing a plant army. Oh heck, and I got a vacuume cleaner powered by power tool batteries so I can clean my apartment and my car. I've realized I'm a super nice, organized, and intelligent and creative person, whose had their compassion and empathy exploited by imperfect people without good intentions. I've been keeping up with electrolysis and I'm not going to stop. I'm glad I've reached a higher level of openness with those closest to me. I recently got a webcam and I'm interested in making videos to connect with others more. I bet I can blow a few minds and enjoy being myself... some of my spiritual and philosophical theories are pretty interesting. I think I'm going to keep this entry short and go for a walk.

starcat 09/03/2020

August

This month I've moved on. I have a new in-network therapist. Rather than letting myself become upset, she has encouraged me to express myself creatively. For a while the phishing attacks I got on facebook were getting me down. In addition to learning more about computer networks, I've been Podcasting and teaching myself bash and Python. I'm learning a lot more and it's nice to see how capable I can be, however I discovered encountering locked learning content is very triggering. If I'm unable to access the learning material, or if the instructor failed to introduce it, I am overwhelmed with negative emotion. It's because I associate locked learning content with feeling trapped in a world where parents can torture you. This month I was so tired of the phishing attacks. I called my parents. My father hung up immediately. My mom was cheerful but fake as ever. My father accused me of bullying the family, even though I hadn't talked to anyone for over a year.

I also caved in and emailed Nick about them. I wasn't completely sure it was him, but I wanted him to know I was experiencing them and for him to stop it if he was. Even if he wasn't, I wanted refutation in writing. My therapist, also, believes it's more likely Nick is responsible... I agree. This month I read a lot about narcissistic abusers, and Nick perfectly fits the profile. It's hard. When I remember him messing with schizophrenics, or sharing screenshots mocking her friend, or gloating about being a homewrecker... It makes sense but it makes me sad. When she updated her profile pictures to girls with dark hair, she could have been playing on my fear of depressing others. When she complained about her mental state, she could have been trying to trigger me. When she pretended to create a program to teach kids code, she could have been doing that to make me care about her more. Mocking me on the side for being old, like she did when she'd share screens of chasers. Imagine that. Creating reasons for others to worry, then accusing others of chasing... constantly playing a game of showing off how crazy manipulative you can be, bystanders too afraid to call you out. I think when it came to Nick a part of me was always scared, but I hadn't accepted myself so I couldn't process why I was able to be scared. If this is really the truth, then I suppose what's real will be revealed in time.

I forget that people are malicious. Another friend who came and went could have hacked my Discord account for some reason too... I found her on Instagram finally. And what's strange is she's a model... She was here, in my server, but now she's gone. If she's not really local, it seems more likely she was rich and entered my life to study me, because I'm an oddity. Perhaps she was contracted by some local pervert to steal my information or photographs. It's that kind of world, and I shouldn't be surprised. Trolling is an epidemic. And that's why I'm afraid to put myself out there as a philosopher... I don't want to inadvertently become an infamous troll, just because I'm blinded to the shortcomings of my own philosophy because of my personal trauma. It makes me think it's possible people do these things to me because of how I look, and I am

just too stubborn to see it. My therapist has encouraged me to see I'm beautiful and intelligent, not stupid and delusional. Since I sort of am an artist, I think the only way for me to really go forward is to be more outgoing... otherwise I can't live honestly. Podcasting's a nice way for me to be seen.

It's hard to know how to live in a world where so many people lie. Nick's email response was cold. And when I look back, it's clear he was never my friend. I need to be more protective of myself. Understand that no one from a Discord server for suicide memes is bound to be mentally healthy. Like the Kelly Lee Owens album I listened to, I should start moving on. If people are seriously going to be like this, it probably means I'm worth fucking with, to them, because they're lesser inside. I think my therapist is right: I should start writing scripts for movies or become a model. If my father's going to torture me because I'm intelligent or if some teenager's going to mock me because I'm empathetic and creative or if some model's going to fuck with me because I'm beautiful, then I may as well excel at everything they can sense I'm already good at. I don't need to live the way I was. I'm growing a bit closer to the people I've recognized as good and face of evil; I'm going to foster relationships I actually like, rather than strive to fix the fallen. I'm a bit happier, though aware of some tragic ideas. This September I plan to relax and learn and take some time to paint a few paintings with a friend. Get a couch. Watch movies on the wall. Alternate between networking and Python and Podcasting and writing a new philosophical novel.

starcats 09/27/2020

September

I guess I've grown some this month. I decided it might be better to write this update sooner rather than later... I started and completed a video project. Even writing the talking points for it was hard; just having the paper in front of me was emotionally powerful, because there was so much truth in front of me I forced myself to see. Yet I did complete the video project anyway, on unpacking the past, focusing on 1990 to 2009. Everything I vocalized there was true. Yet somehow doing this altered the way I saw my interactions with N. It's still unclear to me now if N's even real, or just a persona someone made, like a manipulative parent, I thought. N could be a bully who decided to pretend to be trans to hurt me. Otherwise I can't really make sense of all the copycatism on their part: N's work profile reads like a work of art designed to mirror my interests. And I can tell N's still keeping tabs on me just like I am still keeping tabs on them. Why are we both doing this? It seems like N might have started off pretending to be transgender with the intent to emotionally blackmail me... Life for a manipulative person on the internet must be very different when you're born into it; I grew up in an age of overhead projectors, whereas N knew the net since childhood. If I wasn't visible to myself, it makes sense that I could be visible to N, enough to enjoy manipulating or feeding on or being entertained by, and so on. And so, I've felt a lot of hurt having thought this, because the

empathy and care I felt was real, but the person I thought I was empathizing with and caring for was hurtful and abusive.

Of course, maybe N doesn't know themselves. Or, maybe, N's brain just isn't developed enough to really understand that they might have hurt me... After all, I wanted to hear their voice to learn they were OK. But I only called them once when I was high on LSD, and whatever N said to me then perhaps was only something else to hurt me (I don't remember what was said only ripping the earbuds out and breaking down). I also really don't know the hallmarks of catfishing but N's mutual friend admitted to me they used to catfish people, so I imagine lying to me about being trans isn't beneath them. I was really very dangerously depressed, repressing harder because I didn't want to hurt them, while feeling hurt myself each day because I couldn't help them... when I wanted to. I want to help people. And it's really corrosive to my faith in mankind to think someone I had so much hope for was hurting me all the time intentionally. I still don't want to accept it. Sometimes I let myself think maybe some hacker or an abusive mother is controlling N, but I don't think that's true. Maybe N just enjoyed messing with me or spying on me because I'm the only person like me. I'm pretty disturbing sometimes, even to me. If I were N and I could see my internet history, I would be scared of me... I'm not really sure how obvious it would be to anyone how much I was trying to depress myself on purpose, by seeing the darkest corners of the human soul. I honestly feel straight up boring now...

I don't know. Maybe boring is good? Bit by bit I am studying Python more; it seems far more important than hacking or networking honestly, and it can do more. I think I had a sort of 'traumatic blindness' that stopped me from doing the things I was truly interested in. Maybe I forbade myself from doing just about everything I really wanted to do for most of my life? I wonder who I'll become after COVID-19 is cured. I still feel like getting a move on the SRS information gathering. On that note, I'm not sure really if the cystoscopy report wasn't deleted on purpose by N or E... Since both of them seem to have a good amount of cybersecurity type knowledge, I could have some kind of anti-cult following me. I have to bracket that idea because that's persecutory delusion territory, but then again I've accumulated a lot of evidence that shows multiple people are involved. And yeah... I guess that makes me basically sad, at least 5 people or more just love feeding on my misery. Really the only silver lining I can think of is I've remained creative all this time. Something else that's pretty cool is I noticed how my old profile picture mirrors a scene from Ghost In the Shell; I like how the plant vines mirror the wires.

starcats 11/07/2020

October

Is this account compromised? Let's hope it's compromised for the right people. If demons are watching me, there may be angels too. My therapist said that I should take care not to be too

paranoid, so I submitted a report to the IC3. It didn't happen quite like that; earlier I requested my Spotify data and confirmed the sad news that, indeed, I had created the playlist I thought prompted nik's retaliatory action, when I received 4 emails in a row from my father, with these photographs attached of me pre-HRT saying "Remember who you really are." For a while I hadn't had the timing down, but thanks to the Spotify data I could confirm to the second when exactly I created the playlist, and when I was responded to. I had a lot of love and compassion for this person so being conscious of their wrongdoing disappointed me. Internally I started applying the love I had for them back towards myself. I made the mistake of seeing myself in them and rooting for them; I shifted that sight back upon myself and felt loveable.

Lately I've also been talking more to new friends; it has been very difficult to consider a career change or socialize with this darkening my mind. Recently I talked to my cousin about overcoming narcissistic abusers. She said the abused in these situations win in the end because they're naturally gifted in empathy and can cultivate their own happiness, whereas the abuser's stuck in their misery. I agreed, and recalled to myself then the various black hat hackers in nik's family. I wrote to her then he probably was damned to remain an empathy parasite for life who targeted me because I was naturally interested in things he didn't have the mind to care about. He just likes to control people, I wrote. I felt grateful the negative experience exposed my weakness, realized that if people were willing to go this far to mess with me it only meant I had a lot to give. It seems like nik may have no self control, since my friend Anshin was seemingly hacked by nik the day after, who said to me: "If these things keep happening... It's gonna take a toll on your mind." Again I inferred that nik felt injured by my comment on their mind and felt the need to attack mine in this way.

I reflected more on the manipulative copycatism, not just from Nick but Parker too. Earlier I noted the phrase "experiential learning" which seemed like it had been derived from my server, perhaps in an attempt to bait me as a stalker. If Parker and Nick were being controlled by organized criminals, it makes sense a strategy of abusive micro-manipulations could be used to destroy me this way. I knew Nick lied in the interview about the existence of code camps for children, and I started digging... I realized I could examine the stickers on Nick's laptop and discovered another code program, this one called "ChiCode" based in Chicago, which again is "founded" by children that were even younger than Nick. Most of them were Indian, like Parker himself. Nick commented on a threat where a webmaster stated publicly his withdraw, saying: "I feel quite hopeless about it, that things are continuing to move down a path where serious mistakes are being made, that the perfect storm is brewing and a lot of people are going to get burned." It raised the question: "Burned for what?" nik commented: "A lot of Indians are going to get killed by your collective ineptitude." I questioned if Nick's old comment on creativity being dead wasn't a clue, a cry for help, or a taunt. CS Upstart was not an original creation. And now, I recalled the unnecessary news article on CS Upstart, unnecessary because it was published in 2019 and the program was started a year earlier. Most of what was written

in the article seemed to be attacking Parker, not praising him. If Parker said the camp was free, it wasn't free. If Parker was a code whiz, he was studying history and economics, not computer science. I got the vibe the author was suggesting Parker was using his minority status to harm minorities. It seemed plausible that Parker wasn't a talented coder at all.

In my conversations with nik, I was constantly being stonewalled on matters related to code. He never walked me through how to install a Python interpreter. The fact that he was a dark personality and the worst mentor figure I've ever had screamed to me that he had to be involved in something bad. I reverse image searched the photograph of Nick in bandages and found Parker's reddit account had posted a complete image in 2018; once again, the same year as the start of the program. "First Rule" was the title. Nick never struck me as the kind of person to watch the movie Fight Club, but everyone knows that the "first rule about fight club" is you don't talk about fight club. It's like my therapist said once, that even evil people sort of want to be seen. I thought this artistic expression signaled to me the existence of a club which can't be talked about. Nick could be a human trafficking victim, a sex slave, a child molester or photographer. Nick could be involved or under threat of torture. A long time ago he invited me to join an online suicide cult called the TSUKI project, somehow they were live streaming someone's pornography history (because they were hacked presumably). Nick said this was his favorite place on the internet, yet maneuvered his way into being banned from it quickly.

Nick and his friends there seemed to enjoy talking about underage girls and posted images of animated girls being tortured. It wasn't the only event I intended to discuss with Nick by voice if ever we could talk, but it was one I intended to touch on. The fact that Nick was still inhabiting some bad parts of Mastodon, still messing with me, still male at work while working for a man who can't tell if Nick's trans, the fact that the social media accounts for the camp were taken down as I poked around and the director felt this was justified in the COVID era (more advertising is better advertising) and later made a statement about the program in the media that, indeed, they are no longer catering to adults, the fact that link to the CS Upstart site on the internet was password locked and then Parker added "Mission Hack" to his profile, seemingly an invitation for me to overextend my investigative thirst into brute force hacking my way into a trap should I poke around; the fact that this all seems aimed to counteract my inquiries; likewise, the new fact that the ChiCode program Nick had a sticker for seemingly predated CS Upstart, yet Nick can't seem to recall any code camps for kids existing; the profile the news author built against Parker who could potentially be using his minority status to prey on technologically illiterate kids, suggested this was organized crime.

I knew my feelings on the matter were not evidence. Rose told me once to wait, after E seemingly hacked me, and I did. However, I need to live too. Recently nik paused on the song "Illusion of Seclusion" to signal I was being watched. And the new information I gathered needed to be investigated by a higher power. With the evidence of hacking and a link by which

to tie the hacking to the program vis-à-vis the Spotify playlist; it seemed the time was right to strike back, by giving the FBI a legal justification for investigating: uncovering exactly who is harassing me by email, and why teenage mentor figures are behaving so strangely. Earlier I read that patience and tenacity is required to catch really bad guys, so let's hope my timing is right. A few days past and I bought some oats and peanut butter on Amazon, always in bulk (packs of 6). One day afterwards, a jar of peanut butter of the same size and type and variety was left on my doorstep. Not messing around, I call the FBI later that day to update my IC3 report. I tell him about the hacking and the fraud because it's what stands out to me as what they could get the enemy for. I hear the man's voice build to a shout, asking me: "What's the crime?!" And asks if I've seen any signs of bodily harm. I recall the photograph of nik in bandages. I add: "It's strange behavior, for someone in a mentorship position." His tone changed. "I... concur." he says. I'm told my report will be updated. I don't know what will come of this, if I'm a paranoiac or if something very bad is happening or if this is all someone's game, only that the truth will be known.

starcats 12/11/2020

November

Tomorrow I talk to my therapist in the morning. Unfortunately this update is a bit late, I really dragged my feet this time because I was hoping my report would produce results sooner. Still, I have given myself new goals: I am going to convert the Alan Turing archive into easy-to-read text, then comb through it for philosophical insight. Surprisingly this hasn't been done, so for me this will be a great project to sate my curiosity and enhance my programming skill: a carrot at the end of the stick, if you will... I am also considering creating a demo where I'll talk about the ability for machines to read information instantly rather than sequentially, introducing the idea I call mechanical independence.

Work was slow, last month... but I enjoyed getting closer to friends. My friend invited me out to ride roller coasters and I accepted. Her presence helped me feel like myself. One thing I started to realize, is the more I feel myself, and see myself as female, trans, lesbian and gay... the less I see N as a good person. For the first time I started to tell some friends about my early experiences with them, using profiles of girls who looked like me to intimidate me, or scaring me with tall tales about their mental or emotional state. The sheer lapse of time which has passed since I was fired by my family, to the frequency of abusive emails and microaggressive changes. God, it's a lot that's wrong. I ended up recalling my therapist comparing me to Nelson Mandela, simply because I had been through hell and remained firm.

I excited myself with other projects, like the idea I may use hacking tools to read the writings of Otto Gross later. Or, I thought I might write a series about a trans lesbian history detective who wears a green coat and speed listens to text. Or who knows, maybe she's like Indianna

Jones for books, saving history from the clutches of information hoarders, the likes of whom hide Otto Gross, Kafka, and Leibniz in shadows. If the series wasn't popular with anyone it'd at least be a hit to me! She could convert binaries into sound so she's like a super hacker or something.

And what else? Well. I took a Docker class and learned docker, set up a small Linux server. I've realized I probably got a touch of PTSD. Sometimes the sheer volume of people who've abruptly broken contact with me hits me, and it really makes me question why I carry on. And yet, at the same time, I was drawn to contemplate my own clairvoyance; I knew after all in my heart of hearts that humans should digitize educational institutions and they weren't doing it, and sure enough later on the Corona virus would come to teach us all a lesson. Or maybe it's me learning the lesson? I can see how, with virtual classrooms, that kids from hostile homes have no other space to go. That thought made me basically unhappy.

Towards the end of last month though I came to terms with the idea N could be a copycat stalker. Certainly, they have some form of mental illness. It's highly likely they're the one who has been harassing me and my family, and they were abusive from the start. Oddities like their shirt and bracelet and their new name, which is structurally similar to mine, not to mention these media deceptions... with multiple people involved, like it's some group effort. It's honestly the strangest thing I've ever had to deal with. I've had to go beyond myself, to share what I see to others, just to get the "reality check" I need, that something isn't right, that they're abusive, that they're taking things to extremes, that they could have a dissociative disorder, and so on. It's sad to consider a person you love could be intelligent and ill, but that seems to be what I have been dealing with here. Despite the pain I managed to be productive. Often stressed but breathing free.

December

I'm feeling better about 2021. Last year was difficult. I spent a lot of time just processing my life, avoiding writing or distracting myself so I could focus on understanding myself. Learning I was repressed, emotionally blackmailed, sexually bullied, etc... Accepting the past, then trying to make peace with it rather than simply forgetting... Getting familiar with my own qualities, like how driven or curious or caring I can be. I figured out someone I thought I liked was abusing the mentally ill, they were mentally abusing me and I was just too repressed to understand it. If it's true life doesn't give you what you want, it gives you what you need, then what I needed was a mirror. If they were mirroring me, they did prompt a lot of reflection which ultimately helped me accept myself. It still makes me sad, but this was the only thing I could value, so I took the good from it and left the rest behind. A friend's feedback helped me see: "While it's true we are pieces of everyone else who has touched us, this individual took that to an extreme." I couldn't make any sense of it. I couldn't make sense of why I was being stalked. I tried really hard to understand why I felt so bad and confused about them, why they

singled me out or why they'd build their social media presence around intimidating me. "Why me?" Why is your every profile picture a reference to starcat? Why rave about cypertrone acitrate (which is used on pedophiles), get a job working with children, then act like you're suffering from a mental illness? Why wait until I post something and then post something in reference to me the day after? Why the copycatism? Why wear a bracelet like mine? Why have a name that, like mine, can sound male or female: from Nick to Taylor? And if the emails are from Taylor, not my father, then why would I experience that level of hate? I still don't know the full truth, but I know enough to know something's wrong.

Throughout all of this I'd sometimes feel so afraid and full of self doubt I'd visit this woman who changed her name to Phoenix, because she was an out and proud lesbian who I felt comfortable around, and because she went through hell and's still going strong... I contribute a greater sence of wellness to my decision to report Taylor. Ever since I found them I had questions. It didn't seem right they were exposing themselves publicly. Depression servers shouldn't be used as a funnle to sexualize young people, I thought, so I pressured the "lewd spin-off" server owner to ban all members under 18. If it enraged nik I cut that funnle off, that could've prompted them to start tormenting me. They seemed quite unsure they were trans, and told me straightforwardly they were unstable mentally and emotionally. I felt hurt and scared for them right away, yet I couldn't do anything about it. I looked past the signs of intimidation and sexual bullying. With my current perspective, think it's possible they're trans and they only attacked me to feel better about themselves. That isn't as henious as being an actual predator, but it's still dissapoiting to me. It was only last week I realized my tweet to Xena Jones was public, so it wouldn't be hard for someone to infer I was trans and repressed since 2013. I watched the movie Inside Out this Christmas. It made me remember my parents changed my school 4 times and how hard that would've been mentally. I started crying because so many of my memory orbs were blue. I had memory orbs of Taylor that were yellow, for a while, but now they're just blue. When people tell me I'm beautiful or that I look like a actress or a model, it hurts some because in retrospect it seems like I was at least partially only targeted because of how I looked. And I don't complain about it on facebook because I don't know how. It's not healthy, but I've been keeping sadness in a circle and no one knows.

To my credit, I did start opening up. Someone I care about said: "Remember to remember yourself. What and who matters to you. Always give power to yourself by pursuing your natural gifts and sincere personality." which was very uplifting when, yet again, Taylor changed their profile picture to refer to me the 1st of December. Why would they bother to track me after being blocked? Why would you do that every single day? I felt really hurt and my manager could see how sickened I was. There's a lake outside of where I work I think of drowning in when I get like that. He asked me if I needed to go home early. I said no thank you. It was painful but my friend's comment helped me to "remember to remember myself." and I felt happy and at home in my body. I remembered that throughout my life I cared more

about other people's feelings than mine, and it was alright for me to remember myself. For a while, I used the wheels I made philosophically to shred my hope and self worth. By the time I joined the 2meirl4meirl server I had already tormented my empathy, I was afraid my ideas were toxic and I deleted messages because I was scared of depressing people. It didn't occur to me anymore that I could've been depressed because I didn't want to be irremediably different from women or that I wouldn't see normally again because I lost my good eyesight to visual snow. I lost the ability to see myself. It wasn't till I made a venn diagram showing all of Kes's and Seven's qualities I shared that I saw how I overlapped with those characters, but nik didn't: they were dark, secretive, jealous, and removed. Yet they told me their family was abusive so I cared because I want to make everything better at the cost of my own self. Reporting them was still love. I requested a large chunk of time off and planned to travel to isolate, study, or travel to a nature park.

I started dating. I made a couple more friends at work because I've been more talkative. And to my credit I started learning more about programming in December. I started to tell my boss about what was happening to feel less sad at work. My sadness was starting to feel like a mental disability, and I don't want that. I started telling prospective partners about the stalking. I owe it to them, they must know I have abusers who might make their life difficult. I connected with a woman from Belarus who I really like, she's tactile and good at luring me out of my shell. Before we even met I enjoyed telling her my story. She's a photographer so I enjoyed sharing my story through images. We walked around the park, she took photos of me; we went to the museum in the park and held hands. Unlike others there was a spark between us and I felt okay for a change. She cares about what I think and how I feel; I'm able to communicate to her and feel close to her. When she sees something's wrong with me, cause a memory induced a change, I don't keep sadness in a circle: I express it and she sees. I feel more like myself when I'm with her. We can hug and kiss and dance and feel as one. We talk about the universe and she sees my heart and knows there's something big inside. I did go to a nature park alone this month... I'll do it again. Although she is partnered, the friend who reminded me to remember myself has a girlfriend who's partnered too. I hope to learn from her as well. Unexpectedly I didn't spend the holiday season alone, my new friend kept me warm and I felt blessed and happy. New Years day I thought I wanted to forget the past and go for math or psychology or philosophy. I don't think I will ever forget the past, but I can make peace with it. I can see and appreciate my resilience, compassion, and drive. I've retained my spirit and my voice in spite of everything... I care for what and who matters. I feel at peace here and now.