

The Anti-Binary Reality And Its Invalid Defamers

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There exists now in our time a special strain of that same addictive venom against all things free, true, intelligent and decent that had ravaged all the developments of human life since our first infantile reaches out of all-encompassing despotism ... barreling straight ahead back into its maw.

There exists now a specialized fanatical movement of hurried regression made accessible to the average white American to make every single day overcast with the smog of industry, blaring hypocrisy and velvet religious curtains with which to obscure the real, plain deal signed onto in November of last year.

There exists an urge to destroy the enlightening sunshine of life itself, subtle and bold alike.

There exists a far-sweeping motion of the ghosts of old orders, of sad old people (who situate these old orders as altar pieces) and their sycophant careerist offspring against the destinies of the bright, inquisitive, young and daring.

One uniquely pronounced thorn of the venomous structure of hatred (mind virus) is its rabid obsession with the gender/sex nightmare, of how to possess certain people as property for as long as possible through the coercive inscriptions on their souls and merely optional faculties shaping their impressions that mark them as either an inseminator or a fetus-bearer, or — by happenstance, by the immutable lived details of their own character — a demonic spawn of “god’s” adversary.

I confess that I am quite exhausted with words on gender; with desperate toothless shows of mere outrage against the fascist menace; with refusal to organize sufficiently as needed in armed fashion and become the turn. But I am invigorated still by the tirelessness of the foes, and moreover, I know that this struggle is among the bravest dashes upon its field toward the foe which had slain all previous possibilities, made the field itself and cast the rigged die to set the terms. I know what my caliber is, I know what protects the prongs of hell on Earth and in a sense I know it all to be hopeless. I go on defiant anyway. *Il me faut ...*

it is that bravery — that “**because I wanted to**”, that **doing it anyway** — that is to inspire the nerve to save ourselves as individuals ...

... *vivre ma vie!*

In bitter moments such as now: a sort of futile clarity in screaming into the ether, trying to make the basic situation easy to digest, hoping desperately that we might tackle more important shit. Here it is: **People simply want to be how they are in their hearts and souls so they are not constantly thinking about killing themselves.** Expressing this and politely correcting incorrect references to oneself is not any new tyranny, but an earnest response to lifetimes of microscopic tyranny, at best perpetuated by those unaware.

Let this paragraph ring certain — I desire an honest coming together. I desire the basic good faith of all peoples. I desire for all of us to meet beside the river; for all of us to contemplate the day, say our thanks to our gods [if any], to each other, share a good meal and define each of ourselves on terms that bring understanding — gently bringing *that realization* that one had simply been mistaken, perhaps slightly prideful, even harsh — opting at that moment for the newly-shown way that is fruitful, kind and constructive. I desire the point at which we all may meet eyes, grin and continue through the sunlight, deconstructing the thorny bramble of old orders, planting in its place the nourishing tree of hearts poured out into the commons of our new and everlasting joys ...

but a considerable segment of people here and now have been shaped into ungodly pious monsters, finding a sour, smirking contentment in that longstanding tyranny, knowing those innocents are suffering under its dictates. Knowing they themselves, the oppressors, are carrying on a long tradition of white madness, deriving a sick sense of divine approval in being the lowest, most vile variant of “human”.

Let us keep this particularly unshakable lot oblivious of history as long as possible. Let them relish stupidly in their errors. For we in the know always find our own higher *justice* in the resolve of those who are simply correct. Who are simply in tune with what is, has been and always will be. The temporary futility of the fight is part of the growing pain.

In the dead eyes of those monsters whose forefathers were seated in the iron sights of Captain John Brown, **the Tranny must be killed to truly Kill Freeness**, because a happy trans person is far freer than any of the sad lot. Freeness, to the slaver, the cruel parent, must be killed so all are made slaves to White Jesus and his patriarchs, so all within the tiny circle at the top may profit for eternity off the duped labor of uncreative simpletons below, keeping social and economic organs in motion, never daring to cause themselves the growing pains of thinking and acting critically. Only swallowing the subduing shit fed to them.

I could not begin to think of my own caste in the same way these simpletons are trained to think of me, because I could not obsess over myself in the same fanatical ways they do. (I had already been a transphobe before knowing I was trans. I know the mindset too well to be shocked by it.) I grow too nauseous of the same intense shit repeated over and over without interruption. But not for those who never had anything worthwhile in their lives to begin with. Not for those who had discarded the gold-shining promise present in every single life.

We transgender people are, in every day, spoken of like we had fallen from the sky ten years ago, going on to become the greatest plague of Names and Pronouns to ever inconvenience entitled cisgender white people and keep them up at night. To ever be living challenges to the poisonous entitlement to making a cover judgment of a stranger or an acquaintance, either grabbing tits and asses or saying “Hey, bro.”

We have, in truth, not come about any time recent. And furthermore, coming to the part where many of you will begin panicking, our existences *as our own persons* — not as transgender or cisgender people, *but as persons* — predate any conception of gender/sex. Even considering

the stereotyped image of cave people curiously inspecting genitals and deciding whether or not someone is rapeable, even contemplating the fetishized image of the big-breasted maiden warmly greeting the musclebound war god home with two kids in tow, “Man” and “Woman” did not initialize human existence as two sides of any intrinsic coin of gender, despite whatever prevailing christian delusion about Adam and Eve taking root. We are simply dominated by *mythos* and its violence. It does not erase the fact that the earliest forms of life were completely unsexed and unsexable.

But this does not stir the considerations of fervent christians rooting their entire worldview in natalism, establishing a casual obsession with other people’s fertility as the instrument of “god’s will.” At different times of famine, war, devastation, starvation and death, the notion of *The Child* was imprinted on the christian natalist psyche as the seed of “god’s will.” But never in the history of the construction of the child was the life centered within that child caste ever allowed to create itself on its own terms. (A satanic act.) The child was never made to be to break out of its caste, both as child and as its coercive sex lending itself to a coercive gender, charting its own vital and creative course. It was birthed and intended as a merely blood-related slave, enslaved to “god’s will” as enforced by family and society.

Mythos is not reality. (Even mythos confirms me in faded ink, or in pages burned by Nazis after the fall of Weimar.) And reality is plain, bare, stoic. There have always been feminine people with penises. Some of them align wholly with the caste of “Woman.” Some align with nothing, or something unnameable coming from their own understanding of themselves. Most were given niche titles and social functions by the earliest proto-societies. Simply glancing at the details of the clergy (Gala) of Inanna, the Mesopotamian Queen of Heaven, is enough to disprove every last Ben Shapiro or Matt Walsh enjoyer into the sun instantly.

That *alignment, gravitation, inclination*, that being so clear and true in someone is **itself the confirmation** of who one is. Before the advent of bondage, its standard and its metamorphosis, *alignment*, not genitalia, not secondary sex characteristics, was understood as confirmation.

And then comes Abrahamism — obsession with the outliers of “god’s design.” Obsession with why we are what we are. Obsession with where we go to piss in public. Obsession with *how* we piss. It is all simultaneous fascination and disgust. Disgust generated from a sheltered black and white internal conception of things that glances at vibrant living matter dancing outside its window, but constantly turning itself away for fear of oneself or one’s child becoming “**Like Them.**”

“Hey, we can make money harping on about this!”

Ultimately, this obsession is built on ***The Children***, or more specifically, on using children as human shields against reality. The age-old christian tradition of sheltering children from reality and nuance, shooting down honest questions for their *sinfulness* became the standard for how christian whites bring up future adults. Permanently obscuring and denying, punishing when the truth is unearthed.

These future adults carefully unravel the velvet religious curtains imposed on them in their secretive free time. They simply want information, they want to know the possibilities of things. Simply learning, discovering and understanding outside of the church, the bible, the patriarchal demand is enough to, at best, be shunned. To do anything further is, to the foes of innocence, justification for being killed.

This obsession is also dreadfully fixated on implications of how philosophy of gender will disrupt their extended power over others; how gender relations becoming less tense and wider

expressions being more casual would upend the conventional, elementary school wisdom of dual, simplified essences and their heinous relations of punishment for deviation.

The obsession is made with heartbroken parents of trans adults in mind who worship the golden calf of grooming their children with rigid gender roles and of the trauma of the cruel punishment of innocence. The adults want to sculpt their children as refined extensions of themselves, not as sovereign beings with their own agency, as proof toward the hope that the parents' lives were not simply wasted on praying and being completely willfully stupid, but were in line with "god's sacred order."

I want to hone in on the supposedly pious and sinless adults, the "Adult Human Females/Males," who make the child who simply loves and accepts their trans relative seem like the wisest among any of them. (But of course, cisgender fervor leads one to imagine only the most vile, heinous lies about us and children being reality, when, in fact, a considerable portion of all trans people had experienced abuse as children and could never summon the desire to see that for anyone.)

The adults obsess over transgender women specifically for one or a combination of factors. For cisgender men:

1. He hates what he sees: he hates any happiness that does not arise from curb stomping a black man or kidnapping and torturing an undocumented migrant family. He wants to Rape, Rape, Rape me. Because I'm pretty and contented in myself — the latter affecting him most heinously
2. He is aroused by femininity and androgyny melded into a specific expression. The primal bisexuality inside every living being is thrown before his heart's court in the shadow of the trans woman's curves. He makes his secret Grindr account. He lusts for, searches out for the feminine flesh brought to be by self-will behind his ugly wife's back. He is truly obsessed, concealing his words and deeds, feigning hatred, disgust. But he knows what gets him off better than his wife's birthday
3. "He" is not a "He," and that pain — a pain I've known and overcome quite successfully — has summoned a dark costume atop her true, sunshine-laden self that will sadly never be due to stupidity, aversion to true thought and general cuckholdry to the binary

For cisgender women:

1. She sees someone's inner nature blossoming into a beautiful exterior; she sees the grace of a self-owning female who happens to have entered the caste out of the other, performing many conventions better than she does. She sees this and is instantly wounded by the knowledge that her days of being the only sought-after princess are numbered in single digits
2. Her bisexuality for the trans woman is crazed, opportunistic and blood-sucking. In the exact instant that her motives are not sated, she attempts to pummel the woman with insane screeches of "MAN!"
3. Her vagina speaks in frantic babbles. It tells her that she is the owner of womanhood. She employs every tactic from screaming "Rape!" because a trans woman is using the stall next

to her, to passive aggressively policing trans access to womanhood under the guise of tepid “support”, all to try to secure her collapsing fiefdom of beauty

I have zero personal affinity with psychology. It is quite clearly a tool of capitalism to train us into never inconveniencing our would-be overlords. But by its basic analytics of obvious patterns, I am confident in the above stated lists of potential factors per each of the cis binary genders when it comes to unwell considerations of trans existences. These have been boldly verified by me and many others in our years of being what we are. I have interacted with every factor and every combination. I have never required the employment of psychoanalytic tools to confirm these; people often confirm themselves quite obviously.

As I’ve written somewhere before, gender is a language. There are no two languages on Earth that form the only acceptable tongues. It becomes only contextually necessary to speak in simplistic terms of “Men” and “Women” and “Others” because these *constructs* (conceptual inventions,) like language, were devised by human beings, left to be cemented by the vast cruelties of civilization and its mindset. Left to be a clause in the social contract none consciously sign onto.

Are there only two people in existence? Are there only two emotions, two temperaments, two configurations of a life? Are there only two animals? Are there only two ethnic origins? Dualism is the disease of those who see the shadows of themselves and claim to be “in good company.” Variety, even within the singular shape and color, is inescapable. The dualist would see to it that all forms are broken in half, the halves bound only by complex relations, never allowed the gravitation that makes them entire. They must be divided, and in their division, there is confirmed a petty, meager “whole.” The gears and pistons of “god’s plan.”

We who feel and think find out very quickly that we are ruled and threatened by militant morons who ignore living possibility for dead husks of “divinity.” The struggle of our various siblings whose expressions and self-definitions are beyond any conventional binary is tightly bound up with that of us who find ourselves situated directly within, or on the outer perimeters of, one defined caste; having come into that, flourishing, from the other. We are not different from each other if our personal alignments are different from our coercive scars from genders we have never felt close to and never could.

We then understand our immutable inclinations as the forces of confirmation, no matter what insanity attempts to rule us. We must know, in the dreadful depths of battle, that there are those who care. Authentically open-minded, deserving cisgender people are never surprised to find that everyday transgender people are just like them in all ways beside gender. One does not require to be trans in order to grasp what simply is. Their confirmation, confirmation of us transgender people as *people* by cisgender people, is not the final goal toward which we strive, but for no “confirmation” to ever be required. For *being* to simply confirm upon one witnessing. In union with our transgender and cisgender siblings, if there should ever be a genuinely healthy one, we are to inform and give opportunity for betterment — but with the full capacity to defend ourselves with deadly force when absolutely needed.

Patriarchy wants us (worthwhile men included) to always be afraid of the lesser, dominant “men” entering the room and having the final say. Patriarchy wants the child to be permanently traumatized by “Dad.” On the one hand, such “Dads” do not need to live. When one commits himself to cruelty, he has forfeited his life, his decency, his place among the living. On the other hand, we know these “men” to be weak: many can only resort to drinking, drugs, violence, blatant hypocrisy and self-annihilation in the blinding white light of pure despotic strain. They always

knew they were wrong, but continue to assert a hollow *rightness* in being forcefully unreasonable in every way. A self-defense mechanism. “Might makes right, even if you’re embarrassing yourself.”

Every motion out of cisness, or even in mild upset of it, is a blow to patriarchy. We know this because of how fragile cisgender “men” police the gendered being.

If one is coercively assigned “Male” at birth and pursuing manhood, one is almost always sized up as “Not man enough” by unintelligent male peers. But if one is coercively assigned “Male” and pursuing womanhood, one is immediately, reflexively thrown back into the caste of “Man” without a thought given to her *not* being a man in any way, no matter how much estrogen, operations and or therapy has made her as what she actually is in every sense of being.

We must always emphasize that the patriarchal mindset is necessarily hostile to intelligence, because intelligence and facts (“facts” meaning evident realities such as trans women being women and climate disaster being due to ecocide) are always counter to fascist, paternalist thinking of people in terms of property, duty, punishment, productivity and a certain, streamlined “future.” Intelligent, critical examination will routinely unearth projection, manipulation and bum rushed logic employed to shield the fascists’ exercise of malice. They love to posture as sensible, informed, smirking Chads simply wanting *The Children* to be “safe” from *The Transgenderism*, while in the next moment, when casually confronted with facts and realities, they will stumble and mumble their way out of the problem they worked themselves into, doing astonishing mental and verbal acrobatics to deny the obvious.

After frustrated delusion, if not a sensible hearing one out, comes the rage. White patriarchs become more hysterical than they imagine women or minorities being when they are denied, in any measure, their absurd demand for control over others. The simple notion of a literal “god” who is both white and male imbues them with particularly self-justified fury; anything goes if it is interpreted to please the simultaneously merciful and wrathful “god” of Abraham.

This kind of **reaction** is simply **unhealthy** and **unworthy** of power. (What should ever deny this *mode* of reaction, yet in the hands and contexts of women like me? In that of other downtrodden individuals who would fight beside me? Why should we not be like the patriarchs but with a far better purpose?) At the current rate, the end point of all patriarchal “men” is screaming, wailing suicide, if not the firing wall with all the people who tried to make life better on the trigger-end.

Humankind should not continue stupid, divided, isolated and hostile. People make choices. I *did* choose to be alive, I did choose to **not** undo myself. And therefore, in a sense, I both *chose* and *had no choice* in being myself in full. For patriarchy, there is no being oneself in full. There is only suffering. Even for the patriarchs. “Rub some dirt in it,” all the nauseating bullshit. There is no room for real emotion, real substance, real fruition and adaptability. Only the same tired Confederacy. Only the same ardently-chased idol of gold. Only the same sour smile at another’s hurt. And then the deathbed.

Would you like to know in simple terms what *truly normal people* think? “As long as it doesn’t hurt me, I really don’t care. **And in that same breath — I am willing to learn.**”

I feel that if any togetherness is to truly come about in a healthy, sustainable way, we have to come back to this basic center. There has to emerge a practical intolerance for militant stupidity in every sense and every setting. What is its purpose, of speech that questions another’s worthiness of dignity and respect? Is it “just expressing an idea?” Or is it instigating dehumanization? My womanhood is not debatable, nor is it any *idea* or *opinion*. It is what you respect, or you never

meaningfully engage with me. It is what you shut the fuck up and learn to give due humility to, or you don't get to express shit to me.

Togetherness... something I loathe and move against... is simultaneously there, sitting in wait, when truly needed. I still see (I see, not believe) a potential to be together as *individuals* steering so-called "humanity."

But because of *taboo allure*, because of that *love of allure*, because of the love of always having an enemy, we require a conscious, proactive combating of not simply transphobia and wider queerphobia, but the notion of black-and-white reality altogether.

The winds had never once blew in one of two directions. That is my argument proven true. There are winding currents, bracing stiff breezes and sexless atoms whirling and compacting all at once.

Living beings are not different. What is to be done about everything stemming from the trans question? Are we only to go on perpetually with the "go fuck yourself, go get a job and get out of my sight" attitude we dispense upon everything, even when it is impossible for someone like me to be employed and housed? (Is this *unemployableness* not the spark to a transformative powder keg?) Are we to reconcile with inner and outer, with a healthy consensus arising from obvious yet advanced reasoning? Are we to turn on our neighbors and our friends and family? Are we to simply die and get out of the way for the Musks and Dons of the world to no longer rush out the backdoor, but brazenly have photo ops at the front doors with the bags of wealth that resigned laborers have made?

The turn happens gradually — not in any reformist sense or activist sense. It happens in the exact same manner as in the different contents of the battles of our lineages of tyranny. The times simply change. And all the tyrants want it back how it was, eternally.

Do not let them have their way. Do not be toothless. Do not be a soft target. Ever.

Follow through with how change cements into **betterment**. Follow through with delivering enlightening portions of insight, or snuffing out poison everywhere you can.

Our living expressions, their innate confirmations, are altogether responses to what is not, in truth, "Real," but rather the product of fearful, desperate artificial social divisions. We who are free individuals know that we are the vital sprouts from intelligent sunshine. We intend to bring on the day.

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