I have spent decades struggling with both the demons that plague humanity and the demons that plague me. By demons, I mean questions, answers, ideas, problems, fears, hopes, dreams, nightmares, horrors, and all the other things that cross my mind and test my sanity. I have often been overwhelmed. Not surprisingly, the personal issues have been the most troubling and difficult to resolve, but the more universal concerns blow like a hurricane inside me, forcing me to seek shelter in the eye of that storm. I have never been able to take refuge in the trivialities of my own life, and by that I mean, the problems I have make it impossible to take anything for granted. That includes not being able to overlook the way my internal conflict has driven me, opening my eyes to the endless conflicts people struggle with individually and universally. Even though many of the problems I face are unique to me, I am not unique in having problems and so many problems are universal.

I am certainly not alone in taking the problems of the world upon my shoulders, pondering them in the manner of someone who believes that problems are solved by those who see them, and yet lacking the means to do much more than think about them. Still, thinking is the essential next step; thinking about problems can teach you how to think about problems, and that has been my main preoccupation since I was a child struggling with a problem I dared not admit to having. The problems of my childhood are very much still a part of my life, and these unsolvable paradoxes have forced me to ask questions that most people are uncomfortable pursuing.

At some point, I realized that the answers we choose to ask, and more importantly, choose to answer, ultimately define the boundaries of our existence. There are a lot of questions we all ask that few people choose to answer, choosing instead to accept what they are told is an answer and never seriously challenging it. I saw that as choosing not to think, and as far as I can tell, it is the world’s biggest problem. I do not condemn it, however, because I know how much effort and energy it takes to think things through to completion. In the world we live in, if we’re not being paid to think, if we make our living doing anything else, it is almost as if we are being paid not to think; our attention is so divided no one has time to think, and the lack of thought diminishes our capacity for critical thinking.

As fond as I am of the practical benefits of critical thinking, there are other kinds of thinking that are equally important and equally disrupted in modern life, things like creative thinking, enlightened thinking, existential thinking, and even magical thinking. For any given mood or emotion, there is a corresponding type of thought, a state of mind that has its own rules and caveats. As human beings, we are wired for far more than pure rational thought, which is simply stating the obvious. By placing so much emphasis on rational thought, we have gradually neglected our emotional intelligence and lost touch with thought processes we now perceive as instinct and intuition. On an individual basis, people find ways to harness and cultivate the power of these different thinking states; as with rational thought, it takes time and effort—it has to be perfected through regular practice and refinement.

I have explored as many forms of thinking as I could in search of a solution to a problem that could not be addressed entirely by rational thought. As of this moment, there is no rational explanation for the gender identity conflict I have been plagued with my entire life. I am not able to explain why I have a female personality in spite of having been born and raised male. I cannot explain why, in spite of teaching myself how to think and act like a man, doing so for prolonged periods of time causes my mental faculties to break down. I cannot explain any of it, except to say that I am who I am and changing that to conform to what I am, physically, would cause me to cease to exist. All of my attempts have resulted in nervous breakdowns that left me in a catatonic state from which I emerged with my original, female identity.

Conforming to the body I had was the rational solution, and it does not work. Changing my body to conform to my identity is rational, assuming that “who I am” is as—or more—important than what I am. Of course, the transformation of a body from male to female does not seem to be within the scope of possibility for medical science up to this point. Before I could resign myself to something less, I turned my attention to exploring all imaginable possibilities. To me, it was a matter of survival; I could not afford to dismiss magic or miracles as possible means of transformation. I was forced to begin asking questions that most people shy from asking. I did not have a philosophical interest; I required practical and unambiguous results.

I had no idea where to begin such a search, and I certainly did not have the resources for an ambitious quest, but I did have the ability to ask questions that would help me to define what it was that I was looking for. I focused on the desired result, learning as much as I could about anatomy and physiology, biology, chemistry, and physics. I thought about what had to change, and what would have to happen in order for that change to occur. I was encouraged by science as often as I was discouraged, because it was clear that science had identified aspects of realty that were seemingly invisible, intangible, or inscrutable and the key to discovering new truths was being able to ask the right kinds of questions. I began to question everything, taking nothing for granted.

Thinking became my main preoccupation, and if some of the things I thought so hard about were beyond the bounds of rational thinking, I remained critical and practical in how I dealt with topics many consider irrational. Along the way, it struck me that many of them needed to be thought about, needed the benefit of a more modern perspective. It is well past time someone looked at things like magic and miracles and asked what these concepts truly represented and how they could be addressed intelligently. In a world where virtually everyone wonders if there is any real meaning or purpose in existence, or feels that there is more to existing than we know, it is essential to ask ourselves what that meaning or purpose is and what lies hidden in what we do not know.

Identity

Will include posts on gender issues

Psionics

Will include posts on topics related to the psyche

I wish, in every detail to my satisfaction, to be Alexandrea Victoria Morgan.