

umisuzume

tw: rape, trauma, csa, cocsa, abuse

1. the only inviolet

the only inviolate thing is the certainty of violation. some of us live lives of endless violation. we live and die by damocles' sword. it hangs on a thread above our heads and has us forever wishing we were dead. I call it the unpayable debt of being born. the feeling that you should have died in the womb.

a chick that is alive will find a way to break its shell. but a chick that cannot break its shell will die without being born.

schrodinger's egg is the chick that is both alive and dead.

this is a thesis about translation.

this is a thesis about the impossibility of being understood when you have crossed the threshold of such violation you are no longer human.

the thing about translation is that many people think translation only applies to foreign language and also that translation is about Words as communication tools rather than elements of symbolic meaning communicating culture and contextual intent.

when a trans person talks about gender to a cis person, they are translating their gender to be comprehensible under a cis paradigm of what gender symbolizes and functions as.

one might think that a trans person talking to another trans person about gender would not involve an element of translation. in a broad sense, it doesn't. but in the minutiae of how racial, age, class, and ability status intersects and weaves the fabric of gender, it absolutely does.

if every moment of communication even to "similar" bodies therefore requires an act of translation, then what Doesn't?

the reason why many people don't feel as if their most fundamental selves are lost in translation no matter the similarities in identity class is due, I believe, to the social contracts necessary to uphold consensus reality.

the most fundamental law of consensus reality is the tacit agreement that certain things are "real" and certain things "aren't."

consensus reality describes the way a collective society will agree implicitly that certain things compose the most essential pillars of "reality" and these concepts are INVIOLEATE. this involves things such as sex, gender, capitalism, power, disability, patriarchy, race, class, and morality. individuals are allowed a certain degree of tolerance regarding disagreements with the dominant

beliefs, but if you stray "too far" from firmly established belief systems, you will be rejected as "crazy and also evil."

threats to power are always perceived as "evil" such as the way sexual abuse victims who don't fit what I call "the innocent purity profile" will be blamed as deserving of their own rape. anyone who threatens the inviolate nature of fundamental belief systems to consensus reality is ostracized as "evil" because anything that threatens the "natural and necessary" appearance of the current establishments of power MUST be rejected on a visceral level.

there are various examples of this. one is the way that people will blandly agree that Sexual Abuse Is Bad and You Should Support Survivors but react with vehement and vicious rage and disgust at the idea of supporting sex workers with no apparent comprehension of any connection between the two. it appears to me that most people simply do not even consider the fact that if you've been conditioned (since childhood, in some cases including mine) to believe that sex is all you are worth, then engaging in sex work is but a stone's throw away, emotionally speaking.

the stone has to be thrown an even smaller distance when your trauma and abuse conditioning effectively disables you from traditional avenues of capitalist work.

smaller yet is the distance if you are transgender and even further barred entry into avenues of employment, which reduces even further if you are a trans person of color, particularly for trans women of color.

another example is doctors. most people consider the profession of medicine to be heroic. these people clearly have not spoken to any fat people or disabled people, who persistently face horrifying extents of medical abuse and willful negligence. if you are fat, doctors will refuse to treat you unless you magically become thin, blaming literally any conceivable health issue on your weight, from chronic back pain to joint issues to abdominal pain. no, they will not do anything except tell you to lose weight. and yes, they will give you the same advice to engage in such disordered eating, it is identical to the same disordered restriction as anorexia induces.

please refer to other numerous accounts of severe medical abuse for fat and disabled people available on the world wide web for more detail.

my point here is that if you refuse to believe in the fundamental goodness and moral purity of medicine, you simply become evil.

the way that much of these things work is that if you tell people that these things that they want to believe are inviolate and pure and safe and sacrosanct and sacred are actually causing severe harm, they will fight you tooth and nail in an honestly quite violent insistence that you *must* be lying or are wrong or otherwise morally corrupt and false.

they don't want to live in a world where nothing is inviolate.

unfortunately, there are those of us who do not have the privilege of Not Knowing.

when you disagree with a core tenet of consensus reality, people will simply reject it as Part of (Their) Reality, either by accusing you of lying or by refusing to believe that's the case or by casting a judgment of moral corruption and evil.

calling someone evil for threatening your sense of what is sacred and sacrosanct about the way the world works is the easiest form of righteous dismissal.

the way all of this circles back to translation is in the way that People Who Know that what is thought sacred and "good" and safe and sacrosanct is actually *not* inviolate, and in fact gets violated all the time, people like that (people like me) have to translate ourselves, our lives, our experiences to People Who Don't Know (and probably won't believe us.)

in a way, the people who know nothing is inviolate, and nor is it sacrosanct, live in "a reality many people don't want to believe is real." we live in a reality outside of (consensus) reality that for a more harmonious society, those in it will deny.

this creates a fissure, a gap, a fundamental sense of translation that must be in operation to communicate. who am I that must know these things in my reality that I also know will not be believed by those in the dominant one? who am I, and who do I have to be, to talk to those who would undergo a cataclysm, an apocalypse, if they were to believe me?

I have to reshape who I am in those communications, those explanations of selfhood and identity, in a way those

other people in the other, more dominant reality, will understand.

I have to speak their language to be understood.

to speak my own "language," from the native context of my own "(un)reality," relative to the consensus, would doom me to absolute non-comprehension.

I have to translate who I am and the world that shaped me into a meaning that will be parsed by natives of what is essentially another dimension.

if a chick cannot break its shell, it will die without being born. but some of us break our shells only to live with the unpayable debt of having been born. we live feeling, knowing, intimately that our existence is undeserved in a way that can never be repaid.

how, now, am I supposed to explain that to someone who doesn't already know?

there are some things that are untranslatable.

2. what does it take (it takes for heaven to forsake you)

learning another language almost necessitates an element of emergency and vital desperation in the sense that there's a reason why your native tongue isn't enough. why would you learn another language, and well and truly be transformed by the learning, if you felt safe in your mother tongue?

learning another language and being transformed by the learning... it's cataclysmic. it is world shattering. and if you don't need to undergo the cataclysm of ending the world as you know it, then... why would you?

if the world feels safe to you, if that mother tongue's methodology of thinking feels safe to you, then what reason, what motivation, could you possibly have to spend the lifelong journey of transformation that acquiring another language necessitates?

for me, there was and is a sheer alienation and abandonment in my native english that forced me to find a way out by immersing myself in another language and linguistic philosophy.

many people "want to learn another language," but if the depth of that desire is too shallow, it is too flimsy to survive the linguistic / sociocultural / philosophical revolution (and apocalypse).

a lot of white anime fans (and oriental fetishists) learn japanese only on a language level, and they speak it like westerners because they simply never underwent that transformation that requires immersion and reimagining of how another "world" works. they speak japanese wholeheartedly believing in their white superiority and the orientalist mindset of //exotic and inferior//.

I've met countless people who want to learn japanese because they like anime and manga and jrpgs, but they wash out once they realize that the commitment isn't a matter of weeks or even months, but spanning years without concrete reward. it's a lifelong commitment.

when you learn another language, it grows with you. and you grow with it. for the rest of your life.

it's not for everyone.

can you learn a language without ever having to touch the glass walls, the unsacred boundaries, the unsacred and the unknowable boundaries, of your native tongue?

you aren't supposed to realize that the world you live in, linguistically and culturally, isn't the only one. the linguistic methodology of thought that you were born into is supposed to be enough. it's supposed to be home. a sanctuary. you're supposed to feel safe there.

can you even learn another language with any intimacy if you've never known the particular sensation of such alienation it becomes a linguistic abandonment?

if you are still safe in your homeland, why would you go anywhere else?

I think... I think the only time you can ever really know another language is if you have nowhere left to go.

and that is something I have known with such vicious and vital desperation to escape the confines of my linguistic and literary landscape that...

I ask, can you ever learn another language if you wouldn't die without it?

3.

that the only inviolate thing is the certainty of violation
where does that violation begin? it doesn't matter; it
always has been