

EXAMINING THE HATE SPEECH OF TRANSSEXISM, PART 2: BREAKING FREE



S. McBride, US federal transsexist activist

Break free from transsexism. See how a subset of activists tries to get at you. They fear, disbelieve, and dislike people who accept their own bodies. Then they encourage you to do the same or, at least, teach your kids their lingo at primary school. Is castration highly desirable by any reasonable standard like the transsexists say, or are we facing hate speech? Are we facing a contagious spread of phobic fear of our own body?

1. One step at a time

Don't rush into blind acceptance. Hold on to the idea of being a man if you have an XY sex-chromosome configuration. Hold your wits together. Liberate yourself from their attempt to put you down and out. If you need to have common sense all spelled out, sentence by sentence, enjoy this read. There are more ways than one of looking at a subject. Participate in a saner world by being firmly grounded. Let's take a moment for critical thinking and reflect on what these activists assume is *"inevitable"*.

What's up?

2. A cult

Transsexism is the 2nd millennium belief, or rather a cult, going for a new fictive reality. Druids all over the place. Suddenly, you are told that your body and mind are not one but that this thing, this body, is an object that you drag around like the layers of blubber and fat in the morbidly obese. Yuck, yuck, yuck. Get the picture? See the delusion?



Transsexism is self-hatred at its finest. In this tragic mindset, the idea is placed in your brain to hate each inch, each muscle, each rounding, each adam's apple, each big hand, each low voice, each bald patch on the skull slowly coming into view after age 40, each testicle, each penis, everything. Hate, hate, and hate again. The ultimate hate syndrome, and then marketed as the "true you".

3. Who?



Apollo 11 Splashdown

Who are the transgenders? Compare it to the men who went to the moon like Neil Armstrong and his colleagues 50 years ago. Did they go to the moon? No, they did not. Their accomplishment lies not in going to the moon, they made history by going to the moon and then coming back again, safe and sound, plunging into the Pacific Ocean and crawling out of their capsule. They went 384.400 km to a celestial body, the Moon; from there, they headed 384.400 km to another celestial body, the Earth, an equally long and dangerous trip (Apollo Mission 13 almost failed when they were struck in mid-space by a meteorite).

Therefore, who are the transgenders? They are the people who did not just venture into leaving the "*wrong body*" behind them but who accomplished returning into it, safe and sound. And that is 98% of delusion victims, as long as the delusional state of mind is not affirmed.

Those who mastered the craft of going hence and coming back again, are true representatives of the condition, and the only ones who have a right to speak on behalf of all.

They, and only they, have seen all the sides of the coin. Only they have the right to appear at talk shows to enlighten us on the full scope of the condition. They went in and bounced back (don't ask me how, or rather: shall we take a look?)

4. Marooned

Who are the die-hards who are marooned in their "*wrong body*" ideology and who wish all would join them in their world of splendid isolation? We call them transsexists. They are united in the Harry Benjamin Foundation. They aim to go to the Moon and set up a Lunar Colony, never to return to the horrible place called Earth. Watch them hijack the dwindling gay movement which is running out of steam after all their goals have been achieved. The perfect suckers. After all, if you can even get married to the same sex, what is left to "*fight*" for? Make gay sex compulsory? Would that give you a "*raison d'être*", a reason to exist? Of course not. So, why not call it a day and get on with life?

HB stealthily revitalized the movement overnight. Their angle speaks to the heart of those caught unawares: they have come to feign being desperately in need of protection. The method of choice for achieving this is to lock up the disbelievers who do not go along with the delusions. They call it '*the ban on conversion therapy*'. In Melbourne AU, the Labor Party politicians have cunningly been seduced to impose ten years of preventive incarceration on any professional who dares to deny that you were truly born in the "*wrong body*".

Slowly in the past decade, the Harry Benjamin affiliates oozed into the gay movement and started appropriating the lingo and the finances. They do not seek to start a respectful discussion, they seek political power to end all discussion. Even a naive Biden was recruited overnight by one male intern at the Obama-era White House, going by the name of Sarah McBride. Obama left, McBride left. Biden came back, McBride came back. He has grown to be the ultimate Rasputin of our time. Who is Rasputin? Never mind, read on.

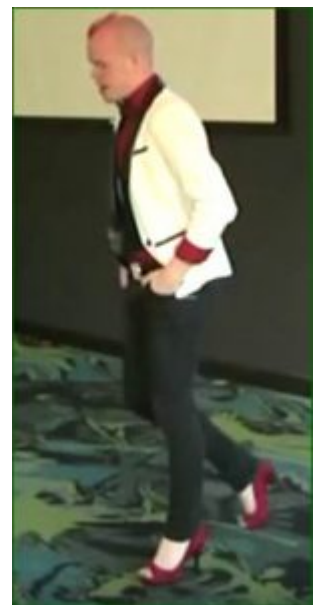
Okay, he was a Russian born in 1869. A soothsayer behind the scenes in the Kremlin of the czars. A creep. At least, as far as we know. No, not Putin, Rasputin.

In a frenzy of Labor Party labor, Tasmania, the Australian island state, is to follow suit shortly in banning infidels (hideously slandered as "*conversion therapists*"; I have no idea what it means) becoming a sort of Robben Island, you know, where the apartheid crowd in South Africa locked up Nelson Mandela for opposing apartheid. Well, the LGBT-radical crowd is sure creating their version of apartheid, their us/them thinking. You will be locked up for ten years, just in case you may perhaps open your mouth about sexual fluidity, the ultimate taboo.



Caligula, Roman emperor

Caligula, the perverted Roman emperor, was bad, but when we have a subscription to Netflix, we see the West is catching up. Okay, some of Netflix is good, but some is questionable. Fancy politicians (the Roman senators) chopping off kids' genitals and then throwing a party. Welcome to the West Wing at the White House where the current administration (who got to power by the skin of their teeth in 2020) is doing the same.



Activist Brinton wearing stilettoes

The notorious Samuel Brinton, on stilettoes and red Mohawk, prowls around there, so we are informed, with all his menace and erratic unpredictable behavior. A never-ending saga, see our series since 2013. What will he come up with next? (First, he was gay, then bisexual, then ex-gay, then a BDSM whip master, then transgender, then he had a girlfriend, then gay again, then gender fluid, then had the pants, after which he wore the frock. I have since lost count). Now, he is a senior advisor to the Biden administration. I smell trouble.

Anyway, they throw parties in Washington at chopping off dicks, oops, I mean "LGBT" rights. The West Wing has given it a fancy name: "trans kids' rights". The right to a carving knife for their balls? Too young for a tattoo at age 6 by all US laws, but old enough to decide to go down Transition Lane and become a downright tranny, irreversibly so? What the hell does

that infant know about being grown up and planning his future?

Conclusion

Let's analyze the transgender feelings and resist the escape route offered by the Harry Benjamin Foundation of die-hards, the guys who don't give up, guys who hate normality, their own normality, activists who try to declare this hatred normal. They have come to dominate the Western narrative by hijacking the dwindling gay movement, a relic of the 20th century, an era still frozen in the 1973 decision of the American Psychiatric Association to say that all is well at midnight. Well, it is not. Let us join the exciting adventure into looking at opposing feelings in the realm of sexuality and personal identification. Let us look further than slogans and multi-colored flags.

To be continued.

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[Home](#)