

The Feminine Blur, Part 1



Thisbe by John William Waterhouse, 1909

by [Carl Nelson](#) (January 2022)

Traditionally, the feminine was immanent in the material world, animating it. The feminine's role was to inspire the

masculine. The feminine represented the male's spirit, and as such was a selfless, inchoate, rather 'blurred' entity which when forced to indentify itself, did so through things such as boat names, artworks and titles such as, "I am Bill's wife." Traditionally, this feminine, let's call her Feminine 1.0, generally self-corrected. Self-examination and humility were as much a part of her nature as were nurture, empathy and imagination. (However, when she wasn't nurturing children, she also "launched a thousand ships.")

The feminine has typically been those traits associated with women, but the feminine is truly a gender distinction, gender being such as "the range of characteristics pertaining to, and differentiating between femininity and masculinity" but which exists within both sexes. Generally the feminine gender stereotype has been to be relational, gentle, nurturing, verbal, tactful, risk adverse, and enduring. And one is held to be feminine, whether a woman or a man, as to the extent that their character bears these features. In short, Feminine 1.0 tended to stay in her situation and was easy for the masculine gender to place, that is, to stay within the mandate – discipline and structure being important priorities of the masculine gender.

Wife Poem #19

Dependability

She helps her mother
and helped my mother.
She cared for my dad
and hers.

She's a dependable heart.

Whereas much is written about the beauty
of beauty
and the mystery
of mystery.

Not much is written about
the beauty and the mystery
of dependability.

But isn't the strangest thing
this thing that is always there
throughout all the vicissitudes and drama,
the corruptions and disfigurements,
as if it weren't even part of this world?

Feminine 2.0 however, desires more. Feminine 2.0 wants to lead and not operate in a support capacity. Feminine 2.0 wants feminine goals and demands the agency to procure them. Feminine 2.0 intends to become the reality rather than to express herself through the reality. Agency was the object of the first Feminist Wave. And these cultural negotiations are well along the way to becoming finalized. Men and women in our culture are generally granted the same opportunities.

Lately however, Feminism has morphed with the Xtreme Feminine 2.0B upgrade. These Feminists have gone beyond wanting equal agency, to being the agency. So it's off with T.S. Eliot's "Objective Correlative" of the original feminine, where the feminine inspires the masculine world, and on with Antonin Artaud's Theatre of Cruelty, which is, according to scholar Nathan Gorelick, "a spasm in which life is continually lacerated, in which everything in creation rises up and asserts itself against our appointed rank."

My brother once said in answer to Freud's question, "What do women want?"

"They want it all," he declared matter-of-factly.

Well, in fairness, this is probably true of every organism. Every organism desires all it can get, even more, and well into its demise.

But I also think my brother recognized the alien threat. A conscious nature is essentially a nature that can recognize itself and recognizes others when stepping outside of itself.

The conscious mind is a mentality with boundaries. The feminine is a sensibility without boundaries.

We are quite fortunate that most men and women are mixtures of the masculine and feminine. Otherwise we could never communicate and watch each other's backs. What a deplorable state!

Feminists, however, with the Xtreme Feminine 2.0B upgrade – whose goals extend beyond mere agency – do not want it all, I believe, because they think they are all. They do not recognize the legitimacy of the masculine for a like reason that the Crown did not recognize the independence of its colonies. These Feminine 2.0B are not and never could be aggressive or act aggressively, because it is all them. It would be as nonsensical to say that we are tyrannical in the use of our feet or hands. When these Feminine 2.0B act, it is only to take back what is rightfully theirs. In political terms this unfolds as Black people cannot be racist, Victims cannot be either oppressive nor aggressive, and the Poor cannot be greedy. There is no accounting for “trade-offs” in this mentality, as that would imply another point of view. As my mother used to say when I asked why I couldn't wear something, “Because I have to look at you.”

So what do these women want?

The modern ‘liberated’ women, generally, have wanted access to male agency, whereas these Xtreme Feminine 2.0B basically... seek your identity. This (seemingly) final Feminine 2.0B wave, which is presently cresting, does not find negotiation valid, because it does not find you valid, and is therefore implacable. I think this is what my brother implicitly cursed.

The rule is ‘one person per identity’. When they take yours, you must find another. So it's musical chairs in the gender game presently as we have male athletes pushing the female

athletes out of their identities much like women have pushing men out of theirs until it's a real clusterf*ck here in America 2.0B, the year 2021. Habitual lines have grown blurred as increasingly people take up residence outside of the traditional, and the structure of things is in weird flux. It's as if an atmospheric (far off) perspective had taken over from the up close and personal experience of facts and evidentiary materials. Men ideally can become women by identifying as such, and vice versa.

The activities we perform in our traditional placeholders roles have come to be relabeled as toxic practices. We're not killed in pitched fighting across no man's lands in hand to hand combat, but cancelled because of our very nature to do so. Rather than fight and die, we rise to fight and are cancelled, like products who could never really find their market niche, or like dinosaurs who never really could get their bearings after the great meteor strike. Men are cancelled who never came to grips with the ineffable terrors of the vanishing point. Doesn't it feel as if every day we are in a war with something like that... something which sounds so much like diminishing into the inevitable, that we shudder? Sort of like when the wife tells you that ..."we have to talk"? Knowing that the only way this will ever end is with an apology. And that even this will not work, as the dispute will follow you like a stain? That there is no Criminal Statute of Limitations to the crime of abuse of the Feminine 2.0B – which is basically to be born masculine? It's as if everything solid and distinct, exactly this or that, to the woke culture were an enemy battalion come upon. And they can (and will) grant your nature no quarter.

What's it all for?

Wife Poem #12

Did I Marry a Murderer?

We're watching a TV series about the evolution of the FBI's special crime unit on serial killers. The killer we have been following is about to strike the victim we've seen him following. But currently, he is at home in the bosom of his family. While his wife is watching a late movie with the baby on her lap, the killer practices his knots with a piece of white cord. And as he pulls abruptly... Pop! The noose vanishes. The wife squints. How many women wonder if their husbands kill women and bury them beneath the shrubbery? When the Ted Bundy murder investigation was conducted, police asked young women to contact them who suspected their boyfriends, and hundreds phoned in. "There's no way you could bury a body in our backyard, and I wouldn't know it," my wife declares. "It would have to be in the woods or water," I nod. "Either sunk in the depths, or where the animals would scatter you." She evaluates that answer and nods; then discusses how she would dispose of me.

As the Feminine 2.0B Wave would have it, we are no longer sexual beings with differing duties. Rather, we are hermaphroditic beings by nature, who should be granted success equity whenever non-existent differences exhibit achievements of dissimilar value. (Hey, it's not my concept!) And the ideal activity for the newly hermaphroditic is to nurture... everything. And the proper role of the masculine portion is to support this nurturing. Moms rule. As my son recently exclaimed, voicing this mothering-spider-like-alien fear in

current vernacular, "Please don't lay your eggs on me!"

The American Way of Life over the past one hundred years has become increasingly Feminine 2.0, while our government has coincidentally evolved from governing to nurturing, of which Feminine 2.0B is simply the extreme extension.

Please Don't Lay Your Egg in Me

When these female spiders of the Third Wave unleash themselves to lay their eggs in your guts, it's a poor turn of events – that the culmination of all human aspiration should be as a gelatinous media. But there's no arguing when that black arachnid chanteuse inches forward, jointed limb by limb, proboscis waving, so as to insert its spawn. Don't waste your breathe with a scream!

"The business of America is business" is a quote attributed to Calvin Coolidge given at the advent of the 20th century. However, under the Obama Administration the role of government was nurturing Small Business with government programs and resources, tax cuts, the Affordable Care Act, capital access, contracting transparency (so that governmental quotas were met), etc. In other words, our current government really put its hands into the guts of America in order to implement its nurturing. And of course this nurturing requires a lot of expertise and direction, that is restrictions and regulations, so of course business must be disciplined to accept the current fact that "You did not build that," as President Obama famously said. The New Enhanced Feminine 2.0B has overtaken our government, planting its eggs, which in turn has overtaken

our identity as it merges with industry into fascist ranks of pupae.

Big Government

Sometimes I lie in bed at night
trying to imagine how big the government is
until I pass out.
And summer times I sometimes,
lie on the grass
and name each constellation
as a separate bureau.
That constellation there.
The big one.
That's the Department of Health, Education and Welfare
with a total budget this fiscal year 2015
of one trillion twenty billion dollars.
Each season new bureaus populate the skies.
All these nebulae of governmental bodies,
move away from us at light speed
in a grand expansion!
...entities upon entities
beyond
the furthest reaches of visible light.

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