



Contents

COPYRIGHT	2
LOVE, UNFORTUNATELY	4
LOVE	5
POWER PLANT	7
I PUT A SPELL ON YOU	8
SOULS DANCING LIKE SPARKLERS	9
NOTTING HILL	11
THE NEW PLAN	13
SILVER TONGUE DEVIL	14
PLATO	15
DREAMS	17
WORSHIPPING WOMAN	18
ROMANTICISM	19
TORMENT	21
.....	23
MY BEAUTIFUL 100 HECTARES	24
BABYGIRL	26
LOVE II: TRANSFERENCE	28
PROJECTIONS	36
Faith (The Loveable Rebel)	36
Zamokuhle (The Superior Man)	37
Senzo (The Devilish Romantic)	39
Modise (The Fallen Woman)	43
Kevin (The woman to worship him)	45
Tebogo (The Elusive Woman of Perfection)	46
REFERENCES	52
Arts. Humanities. Sports	54

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LOVE, UNFORTUNATELY

Unfortunately I am in Love and I don't know what happened

An omission I concede is weak and fragile

But I am vulnerable...

I don't know what happened,

I don't know what went wrong

It happened so quickly

It wasn't my intention

It wasn't the goal,

I don't know what happened,

I don't even know what it means.

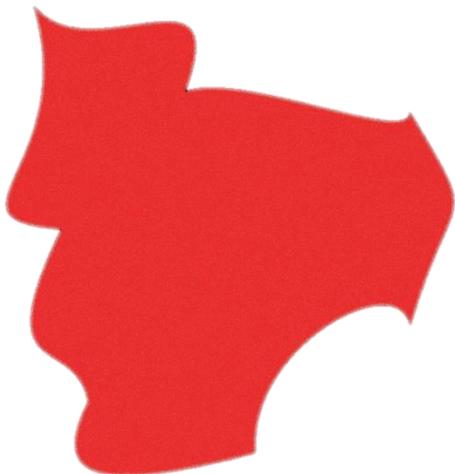
I never was the falling in love type.

I feel frustrated and naked,

I feel powerless and meek,

I don't know what to do,

I just don't know what happened...



LOVE

I want to talk about love. I am excited about this one. It's a funny subject because we all have an opinion on it. But is love subjective or the Universal truth- a fact? A fact is something that is dead, in and of itself. It has no consciousness, no will to power, no motivation, no action. Is it something of the senses only prevalent in the objective world? I think you get a lot of answers to this question. Mine is very technical because I view the human body as the inhibitory structure of the soul and hence my hypothesized statement would be the process of the physiology and psychology reacting to desire. I don't think that's it anymore. I have a problem with the word desire. It has connotations of instant gratification and expedience. Hence my statement on love is not so farfetched from "Love is gratifying our desires in a rational way". That's not it. I am better than that. Maybe the change of heart is the result of reading too much Plato and Socrates.

For the record, I now understand Plato and Socrates views and we are on the same page. I think the world is metaphysical and because of that I think love should transcend into the metaphysical. The realm of the mind, soul and spirit. I think the world of senses in regards to "love" might be blurred. Simply because the world of senses can only decode limited data; the world transcends into something more and broader. Let's take into account the race between the Hare and the Tortoise. To derive a point scientists conduct a race and give the Tortoise 15 minute head start over the Hare. Even with that the Hare surpasses the Tortoise to "win" the race. However all that happens in the objective world, the world of senses; for realistically it's impossible for the Hare to win let alone catch-up. As such the criteria on love should accommodate metaphysics- the mind, the soul with the elements of the world, namely senses.

One of my favourite movies follows a bachelor fresh from a divorce; gets the power to read what women are thinking. What Women Want starring Mel Gibson is a beautiful tale of someone operating in different realms simultaneously. And the result is that he wins with the female species. He manipulates and regulates their emotions with the greatest of ease. There is a specific scene wherein he is in the process of engaging in coitus with one girl he destroyed mentally in a coffee shop. In the process of the activity -kissing, the girl expresses her discomfort in Mel Gibson's methods and efforts – all this she expresses in her own subjective head unaware that Mel Gibson can hear. The results? Mel Gibson makes mental notes and ends up giving this girl the best sex of her life. She even exclaims "You are a sex-god"- all this communicated in the realm of the mind. So is this scenario "love"? No, despite the fact that Mel Gibson has met the conditions, it does not qualify simply because Mel Gibson is in breach of security. He exploits to access a position of power and love is not a power-struggle.

Love has something to do with what Common expressed in one of his songs "Lovestar". I will just review a couple of lines. "I am the sun God, Let me warm you". Those lines paint a picture of nurture and warmth and goodness. It has connotations of protecting something that is most valuable to you. The words guide and never lead astray. They are full of serenity and peace. They are pure like white snow and give the image of a fireplace or a bonfire with the family sitting around. Again he states "God's most beautiful creation let me mould you." Immediately enforces the image of warm hands welcoming and hugging you. Hands with no judgement. Hands that have legs in them and know what they are doing. Hands that will protect and clear the path for you to flourish and excel. Hands whose life purpose is to ensure that you are happy; because if you are happy then the hands are fulfilled in their destiny. Common's "Lovestar" is mind-sex, it is matter for spirit and soul and what I liken love to be like.

Does love have vision? Based on the accumulated data- yes, if it's genuine love, it gives you a hint of what could be in the future if you set yourself right. It doesn't have eyes though; that's a different proposition because we don't really see people, we just see shadows. When you are in love, the barriers are lifted temporarily and you see what's really there and it's magical and overwhelming. Overwhelming because it excites you and contains beautiful possibilities for you and the beloved; and it's effective because you know yourself through someone else. You transform through pursuing the good of the other.

The subject of love is always complicated because lines are always blurred. Blurred because we are often intoxicated with the image we create in our minds of the beloved. Its madness. I do not know what to attribute that to. Perhaps our repressed desires or it could be our primitive desires. Is love a psychological condition or disease of the physiology? Sometimes the urge is uncontrollable like a scorching inferno blazing through the calm forest. It is so bad that sometimes emotion regulation becomes impossible. Time freezes, your perceptual reaction slows down leaving you in a sedated-like state meanwhile, your mind blank like a canvas- what madness is this? Russian writer Fyodor Dostoevsky expressed in his book "Notes from the Underground" that he tried to be in love and the result is that he suffered greatly- interesting sentiment. Funny how our senses rule our lives like dictators. I mean when we fall in love, we have butterflies in our stomachs- I don't know what to make of that physiological process anymore; I used to think it was magical.

Yes, we just have to include metaphysics in the subject of love because without it. The definition of love would be to gratify our desires in a rational way. And it can't be that because at a very basic level we can be identified as negative and positive terminals – meat and flesh even; while love is the language of the world, something that is forever and without bounds. An entity that transcends everything.

So in my analysis of love; Love is not gratifying desire, love is not sex. Love is a perfect seduction process conducted by the unconscious or sometimes conscious. It requires time, patience and plenty of mirroring. It is effort, real effort and requires you to be at the peril of the beloved sometimes simple because it builds and consumes energy generated by the other. Love is give and take- but mostly to give because it amplifies the soul of the other- elevating both of you to realms unimaginable. Beauty leads us along like a ladder towards the promised land- the soul. Love is a longing for perfection. Love is a demon, it consumes and demands more and more. Love is a longing for truth. Love is the longing for wisdom, knowledge and beauty- eternal beauty. Love is the longing for the perfection of the soul. Love is timeless- immortal- eternal; no lover believes in time. Love is to get a friend a book because a book is a combination of spirit of matter- information which is matter when consumed becomes Spirit to the mind. Love is to mutually share music or other things that constitute as art. Love is to share passions. Love is helping your beloved towards his or her journey of self-actualization. Love is being with someone who will never give up on you. Love is your best friend. Love is your family. Love along with art are the only things that make life worthwhile; because like we established life is tragic and full of heartaches and the only thing we have to look forward to is boredom, suffering and death. In my conclusion if you want "Love", don't be a fool. Delay gratification and expedience; go long on the exponential chart- in other words take your time, never rush anything.

POWER PLANT

She used to love the sun.

It was the assurance of possibilities and infinite dreams and potential.

It was spiritual,

Like a solar cell,

She absorbed energy and created an image of who she could be.

It was like tomorrow...

Today she sees tomorrow as yesterday,

With its regrets and unfulfilled potential.

She likens her future to a tunnel

For she has been narrowed,

Hardened,

So she boomerangs the sun's rays to the sky.

The sun is not as warm as it used to be;

She reflects,

As her only reality is to be a good parent.

Yet another sacrifice she has to make for the next generation

As she awaits the afterlife...



I PUT A SPELL ON YOU

I love Nina Simone, she was incredible. I mean "I put a spell on you" is what Freud meant by "Libido" direct translation life force, desire, vigour, energy, a flower growing from the concrete. The latest cover by "Alice Smith" is the one I love because it feels more personal and intimate; it has a lot of urgency to it and also assured and free; contradictory, it's amazing art. In the song we witness the psychology of a young lady who is just smitten; just uncontrollable desire for someone and it's subjective, it is affirmed, erected on the sky, constant, never going to change- she wants him and she doesn't care how he feels.

"I Put a Spell on you" it is so long, so patient, so seductive. A spell is so outbound, so mythical, so fairy-tale like, so attractive, and so beautiful. It is a premeditated process, the action of emitting pheromones to the environment to attract a mate with the intention of affecting the physiology- to make the prospective mate go mad. Oh, I just think it's a lost art. "Spells" attack the repressed elements in our minds, the traits that dictate behaviour and conduct- the invisible realm that the conscious mind can't pick up.

You see this dramatized on movies like Shrek. An evil witch casts a spell on Princess Fiona that turned her into a hideous beast everyday past sunset. It's a condition that Princess Fiona has been living with all her life hence she was locked up in the highest castle of the land awaiting her brilliant steed to save her and break the spell. Shrek an ogre, a foul and hideous beast saves Princess Fiona and it turns out Shrek is a nice guy. So they get to know each other a bit. Princess Fiona's behaviour changes throughout the adventure. She goes from being a spoilt princess to almost letting go and being her authentic self. And this is reflected when Robin Hood "rescues" her from Shrek and Donkey. Fiona breaks character and starts whipping Robin Hood and his men. After this action Shrek and Donkey are almost in disbelief and Fiona gives them a smug look communicating "you don't know"- that scene coincides with the Onion analogy communicated at the start of the movie.

Why? Because Onions are seductive. The brain is an Onion because of the layers and dimensions it has. Princess Fiona throughout the journey shows all her layers to Shrek and Donkey; something that was repressed in her because she was a princess. Shrek and Donkey liberated her and for the first time in her life, she experienced Being. In the end, Princess Fiona finally breaks the spell by kissing Shrek and the results are astonishing; she takes the shape of the beast she turns into everyday past sunset and Shrek thinks she's still the most beautiful thing ever. Upon hearing this, Fiona blossoms for Shrek and ultimately marries her. That's the power of a Spell.

Nina Simone opens herself to this man by proclaiming "I am yours right now", "I love you, I love you". These words she doesn't say because she wants to remain aloof, her repressed cognitive functions are saying this; the song is metaphysical, in the realm of the mind- so she is seduced, an open canvas for him, a willing participant of the most devastating crime ever recorded, his "property" for life. Hearing this as a man is so seductive so even though it seems as though she is conceding to him, she is actually luring him in, roping him in with her fingers indicating the come here sign; because she is in control, like when Eve gave Adam the apple.

Woman are remarkable I tell you. Georgia O'Keeffe paintings depict just that. Look at that! You can't underestimate the power of art in the world. Art saves us from the horrors of the world, makes life bearable, excites the physiology, challenges the psychology, regulates one's conduct, documents experiences and feelings and saves us every day of our lives. Humankind is too awesome; what an honour.

SOULS DANCING LIKE SPARKLERS

What if we discard the world of space, time and senses- and what we make of the world and reality is just lights. Maybe, not lights but glowing sensations that are difficult like fire to screen out. In that view how amazing would love look? Using the visual aids of the little glowing sensations following each other, running, being on top of one another- it would be like beautiful dance, like sparklers dancing in the midst of darkness; it would be breath-taking. It is in that light that I now attempt to see the world; thanks a lot Plato.

I revisited "The Great Gatsby" and in that metaphysical light I observed that Gatsby had no real chance with Daisy; not in the way he wanted anyways. It was a tough task for Jay. Not because he (Jay Gatsby) was unskilled or inadequate for the task but because Tom was a skilled seducer. He was extremely proficient in that art. Don't take your eyes of Daisy too. Nick dismisses Daisy as careless and cruel but in the realm of the metaphysical can we give moral slavery a voice? No, it is simply not the nature of the Universe. Daisy's actions are justified. She too is a deadly seducer. She played on Gatsby's repressed emotions and lured Tom in closer and shut the lid tight. We see this when Daisy chooses Tom and discards Gatsby at the end; she was deadly.

Gatsby never stood a chance because everything was in his head and as a consequence it's subjective and one sided. Daisy on the other hand just wanted to be seduced, she had no real desire to leave Tom. Let's not forget she had a child with Tom and he (Tom) came from "Old Money" bloodline money. That indicates wealth and although Gatsby had just as much money, its new acquired money "new money"; Gatsby had to step in those shoes and well Tom grew up in those shoes. And that detail is vitally important with respect to the plot of the story.

Sensing that Daisy was slipping away, Tom strategically unnerves Gatsby, almost tipping him of the edge, Tom does enough to unsettle Gatsby and exposes his lack of Emotional Intelligence. EQ (Emotional Intelligence) always distinguishes classes and Gatsby takes the bait and completely loses it. Just like that the game was won by Tom. You see that's the difference between Old Money and New Money. Jay Gatsby (New Money) played the role of a gentleman. Tom (Old Money) is a gentleman. Gatsby was in uncharted territory, playing ball with the champion of the world.

Let's not forget how Tom kept Daisy's emotions engaged and active with his mistress. With that action Tom asserted his power over Daisy and kept her at bay. Resulting in Daisy experiencing anxieties and periods of unhappiness. Tom seduced Daisy and kept her at bay, adding a new dimension to their relationship, an air of mystery ensuring that Daisy would always be at his peril. Tom was magnificent!

Let's go back to Daisy somehow she had Gatsby and Tom in her hands. How did she achieve this? Daisy was too good; she did this but retaining her femininity. This is very important considering the type of men she attracts. She lures these men in by remaining their confidants, by being the trophy desired by men and most importantly by mirroring them and their tastes. Daisy knows her target market, she is in sync with herself. She is primitive; has expertise of surviving in harsh conditions. Fine Nick, she is "careless" and "cruel" but is that a bad thing if it ensures survival? Is it a bad thing even if those conditions aren't present?

Gatsby was in the presence of two serial seducers; artists in their own rights who chose to specialize in that field. He was hopeful and had an air of innocence but that's no matter in the realm of the Universe; he simply needed more time. His application and implementation was superb, he had a rate of success but it was below 40%. He needed to thread slowly and not make a mistake. In true

amateur fashion he cracked when his back was up against the wall- he missed a world cup final penalty. And while the team might still win, it was not in his hands anymore.

But because I love Jay Gatsby wholeheartedly I want to end this post in a manner that is most flattering to him. It must have been magical when Daisy was in his arms. The sun must have been smiling at him. The wind and storms must have been in sync with him. He must have been really at peace and for a moment it must have felt like he won life and to a point he did because he died identifying with what was most authentic to him. And when he made love to Daisy and we switch on the metaphysical light, viewing only the glowing sensations; it must have been like two souls dancing like sparklers.



NOTTING HILL

I want to talk about one of my favourite movies – Notting Hill starring Julia Roberts and Hugh Grant. I loved it. It was released in 1999 and I only watched it in 2005. I was mesmerised by it – it was amazing. I couldn't stop thinking about it. I thought the script was phenomenal. The acting was world class. I was introduced to Hugh Grant in that movie and well, I already knew who Julia Roberts was. I was a fan of hers after this movie – she was magnificent! I mean Anna Scott a Hollywood actress who makes about \$15 Million dollars a movie meets a “nobody” who operates a book store that specializes in travelling material in the middle of nowhere (namely Notting Hill); it's a mismatch on paper, it simply doesn't happen – it's a story-line written in the stars.

Everything about the movie is almost magical. The story breaks down boundaries; it's unique, it's fresh, it's mythical, seductive and surreal. The story follows William Thacker who owns a travel bookshop in a small, intimate town known as Notting Hill. Divorced, he now lives with his friend Spike in an apartment that's in the area of the book shop. His book shop is not making much money. One day, while working in his shop a famous actress named Anna Scott walks in to purchase a book. To give you a perspective, Anna Scott is a world famous actress who even wins an Oscar towards the end of the movie. She is a big actress who demands at least \$15 Million dollars per movie. Anyways, she meets William Thacker and they engage in dialogue – friendly dialogue, professional dialogue – consumer and producer dialogue. Anna Scott buys a book and proceeds with her life.

Amazingly the pair meet again. The meeting is somewhat unpleasant this time. On his lunch break, with a coffee at hand, William Thacker runs into Anna Scott and they connect. It was a violent connection that resulted in William Thacker spilling her coffee on Anna Scott. It wasn't a conscious interaction, they simply collided at the corner – there was nothing sinister in the interaction. William Thacker didn't mean to collide with Anna Scott and vice-versa. Conceding and being courteous, William Thacker apologizes and offers Anna a restroom. Considering William's house was about 8 yards from the accident scene, Anna agreed to make use of the service.

The Alchemists believe that everything in the world is an omen. They believe that everything that happens once can never happen again; but anything that happens twice will surely happen for a third time. The encounter provided a second meeting for Anna & Scott. For a second meeting signals fate, the inevitable – destiny. Finally they get to the apartment and it's so seductive of Anna's part. Firstly, everything is in 6's and 7's; the dishes are dirty and stacked on the sink, plates are all over – the overall impression is just bad. However, it lacks a woman's touch, it's raw and “bachelor-like”, it's care-free and wild – the place is almost liberated and “natural-like”. I think it hits the nail on top of the head in terms of Anna's repressed emotions and desires. It is everything that Anna wants and the opportunity is too good for her to let it pass.

In this encounter of course she has the power. She has the lure of Celebrity – the most seductive force ever. The lure of celebrity works so much because it's all psychological – it's fairy-dust, not real, all made up and effective. Effective because the brain always wants to be distracted and seduced – real things don't do it because they are almost noble and “Christian-like” – the mind requires outrageous things, impossible things, things that exist outside the apparent world. This lure of celebrity she has on William Thacker works because he is compliant with everything she puts on the table. It's an interesting interaction because he wants to be seduced – it's probably his unconscious but his taking his time sensing that he'll get an opportunity. I think he thinks he has a chance – subconsciously of course. And maybe he does have a chance but that's Anna Scott – his chances are surely slim.

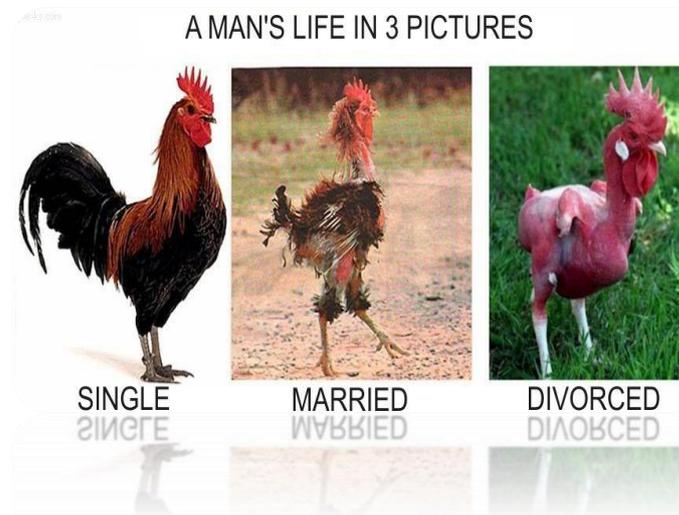
I still think his apartment seduced Anna Scott though. He (William Thacker) had a great persona too. I mean a small business owner in the area of Notting Hill to a Anna Scott; a big Hollywood actress who went to Notting Hill to get away from "everyone" is good. William Thacker is not back to look at, his well-mannered and intelligent. I think he was too good for a Anna Scott. If you are a Anna Scott, you can't have a defence for that. For someone in Anna's position, William Thacker was too irresistible. He provided an alternate reality that was just too good. And you see this during the movie. In their first date, Anna Scott is perfect. Perfect in the "movie" terminology in the sense that her make-up and wardrobe is excellent – everything seems to flatter her - though in a date, she still looks like a film-star. However as the movie progresses, she learns how to be a "normal girl". She let's go more – she becomes free and as a result falls in love. That's the thing with William Thacker, she got Anna where it hurts most – primitive desires. He didn't do it consciously, I feel that was the force of the Universe.



THE NEW PLAN

I think that it was expected. The mind surprises me every time. It's so primitive, so effective. What an engine. I think it was too tough. The mat kept on being swiped off the floor. The concrete was unstable, it didn't have floor muscles. We just kept moving like pawns in a chess game. Strategic? I think it's subjective. I just wanted something to hold on to, I couldn't stop the world from spinning. She threw in a rope and I have been holding on ever since. I couldn't let go, didn't want to let go, didn't want that part of me to wither. It was a reflex – the amygdala, I was constantly under attack and I just protected myself. But I notice you held the rope too. A great grip, the rope was rigid and erected on a skyscrapers foundation. You stayed on with me. I think it's magical; something that transcends into invisible realms. I think you get it – this life thing. I think you tough, a trait that is so seductive. I think you're smooth like a lioness with a pray on its sight. You open minded. You a Kanye West fan; the ice-breaker, the common route, a little point on the exponential chart we can zoom in and explore; music, art, classified under the humanities – what makes life bearable. You didn't make it easy for me. You were too good. I couldn't let go of the rope, it was between life and death. Because if I do, then my whole world crumbles. I am in a unique position to be witnessing the guy who will attempt to pull the mat from my feet. His heading towards my way and I don't want an interaction with him so I think I will just get off the mat. I think I'll also let this rope go now. Kanye West is doing trap and making 7 track albums in any case. And while I still can't stop the world from spinning, I can move with it; I am equipped. I have such a long way to go, its critical I get the foundation phase just right. I ask that you let go of the rope on your side.

I just want something that's just mine. Something that is subjective and particular like taste and art. The alternative route, an empty canvas, custom made and specialized – something brand new. That's the new plan.



SILVER TONGUE DEVIL

He told me that I am the most beautiful girl he has ever seen. That I have everything – the smile, the body and the personality. I think his a professor on hyperbole – a professor in the sense that he can hold a seminar with a room full of profiled, esteemed and affirmed men and make them all feel special – subjectively. The way he paints pictures with his mouth sometimes – it's incredible, work only rivalled by the Mona Lisa by Leonardo Da Vinci. You know that his comments are exaggerated, falsified, fabricated and unverified but you still get lost in them. It's like they bypass your conscious mind. He is so smooth. He is sweet. I am in love with him. He makes me feel like I can fly. When he touches me, I get hypersensitive and my nerves are all over like the scattered stars in the night sky. I love being seen with him – he drives up my worth and makes people talk. They are all envious – they want to be me. I am known like I matter when I am with him – when I get seen with him. I feel safe when I am with him. I feel secure. Like I can invest my time with him like a stock portfolio. I have a feeling it will yield positive dividends.

My first time was amazing. Sex is the most beautiful thing in the world. It has warmth. It is caring. It is sensitive. It is courteous. It is expressive. It is freedom. We got lost in each other's arms and it felt like I was dreaming. I was liberated. I blinked three times – finally I am at the pinnacle of life; what the human experience is about, sex – love. His the most important thing in my life. I don't want to lose him. When he was in me – the world stopped and it was just me and him. Nothing else mattered. I felt his soul, his heartbeat. It's just a process I fail to encapsulate with words you had to be there it was just passionate, heated and concentrated. It was like an explosion. Our souls reacted a force superior to nuclear. We were the bomb that exploded and left everything in ruins.

His sometimes distant in a way I don't understand. I am here for you. Please talk to me. I don't know what to make of it. He confuses me. I think his lying to me, maybe his using me. Maybe I am a secret and there are thousands of me. Maybe I am making this up and he really is busy as he proclaims. I always see him after some time and when I do, it's great! He takes me to 5-Star Hotels and game reserves and it's so romantic. We usually travel long distances. We explore the country. We have the best sex in the world. With his tongue he takes me through the solar system, through the milky lane, straight to the many galaxies and back to earth. He gives me showers of orgasms. He satisfies me. He takes care of me. His the best lover I have ever had!

He promised to marry me one day, I can't wait! He makes my dreams come true. His the best thing that has ever happened to me. I can't believe he loves me. I love him.

PLATO

I refer to one of my favourite artists Edvard Munch and this painting is called the "The Sick Child". It evokes so many emotions; at least 2 senses are triggered. It highlights what makes life so pathological namely suffering. Life is almost like a hoax; the greatest folly for that which in a moment ceases to exist, vanishes as completely as a dream. It is repetitive for everyone and shares the same highlight reels namely boredom, suffering and finally ends in death. This is depicted in literature like the Bible where we see the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Socrates, a mentor of Plato also suffered the same fate when it was believed he was corrupting the people of Athens with his Philosophy- it wasn't the case but his people still killed him. Suffering is inescapable and lasting happiness an impossibility. I love the picture because it depicts just that.

I want to feel; even if it is unbearable suffering. I want the feeling of happiness even though it's with a cap and so premature- it's good it makes me experience being. I want the feeling of love despite the fact that it is programmed the same as hate in my mind. When humans fall in love, they have butterflies in their stomachs; how magical is that? I want to make love to my girlfriend. I want to caress her boobs and thighs and tell her she has beautiful eyes. It makes me feel good. It makes her feel good. Different realms are involved in that process. However, In Plato's world that's frowned upon. It is irrelevant, not on the exponential chart, it simply doesn't matter.

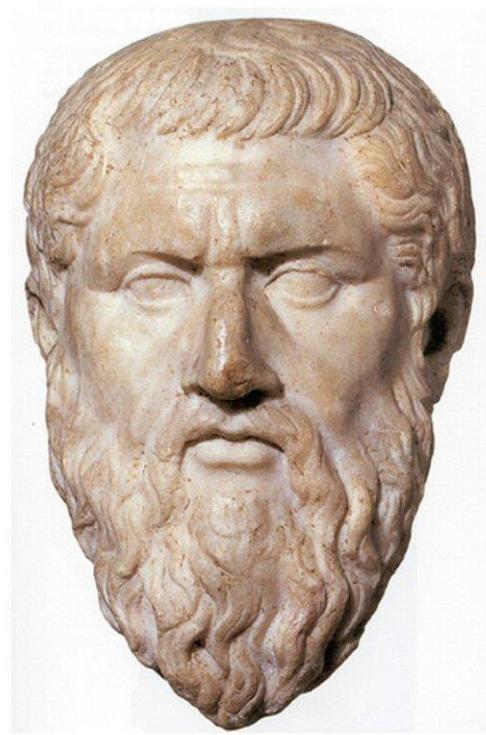
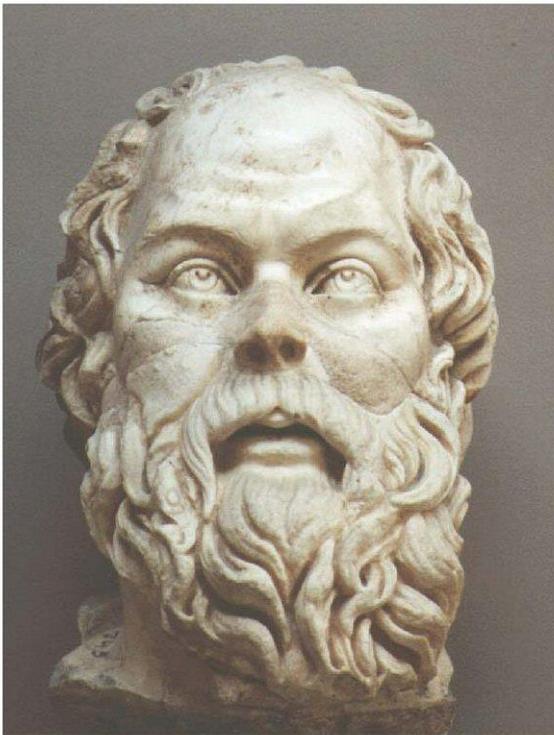
I feel Plato seducing me; kind of like that girl who is not really into that guy and yet is giving him an audience- because her feelings are engaged in the process and it's only a matter of time until she gives in. Seduction is a slow process and Plato is working a number on me. I don't agree with a lot of his points however I love hearing and reading about them. I reckon I will see him in a different light when I am 52 or something. As a 23 year old, his almost tormenting me; I don't want to write-off his ideals but he totally disregards the world of Space and Time; he doesn't believe in this world of senses. I do not concur with that. I believe in getting your Soul in order- no doubt but to pollute the objective world like this? I don't know, I think he was so divorced from life and the apparent world.

His points however are an extension of Socrates and he was brilliant; better than Jesus Christ. His dialogues truly propelled the human spirit to flourish. He challenged the human mind and spirit to think, to have original ideas and thoughts. Plus his dialogues were always in sentence form encouraging you to participate and really explore your subject. The subject of "soul" and "spirit" is always a tricky one.

I think the "spirit" or "soul" resides in the pineal gland, I mean it is the organ responsible for creativity and let's not forget dreams. Dreams are remarkable; often don't make sense but beautiful. Located in your very own "Inner Theatre". There is an animation movie that sort explores one of Plato's ideals. The name of the movie is called "Astro Boy". It's about a brilliant scientist who created an exact replica of his son because his son passed on. Of course, the son was a robot but looked and had all the senses of a real life boy. Amazingly he had the consciousness of Toby (the son) that passed on.

The brilliant scientist created an artificial "soul" or "spirit" that powered the robot and just like that the robot was his son. It was like the death never occurred, the robot (Toby) was still brilliant and liked the same things he did before his death. The ability to harness the human spirit and soul- I thought that was awesome! It is on that basis that I think Plato could be on to something especially considering the 4th Industrial Revolution and the Information Age. Facebook and other social networks are already harnessing human energy; with a few modifications and a couple of additions to the system- the soul and spirit is next.

Going back to the subject of Toby and his brilliant Scientist father. Despite Toby's death, his father still wanted to bring Toby back to the material world. He couldn't resuscitate him because his soul was no longer in his body anymore. That says something. So how can Plato not "care" about the material world when on paper it's the only thing we have? Life is too valuable and precious and Plato devalues it; I don't like that. I believe in improving and developing your mind though, I believe the soul or spirit is independent of the body, I believe in other realms and reincarnation based on your previous life, I believe in nature and life and that we all share just one soul; the soul of the Universal- I think that's what Carl Jung meant by "Collective Unconscious". I think I will just take that from Plato and Socrates.



DREAMS

After I wrote that post on love, I had a beautiful dream. From my analysis the best dream ever but also disturbing; very disturbing I don't think I've had a dream quite like this one. It was very contradictory, I don't like small portions of it. When the dream commences we in a public place that serves drinks and food. I don't think it's a real place, it's imaginary in a way that movie sets are. Anyways there's three of us on the table. The mood is just excellent. While happiness is not the default state of humans it looks that way in the dream. The whole place is just buzzing with happiness. The mood is naturalistic in the way that nature is; it's peaceful and filled with serenity. Everyone's drink on the table is filled to the brim. The table is judgement free so everyone is just blurting out what's on their minds. Everyone is free.

I am having a chat with Manthipe- from looks of it my best friend in the context of the dream. Unfortunately, I don't remember the third person. I don't even think I paid attention to the 3rd person. I reckon he or she was a friend of Manthipe. Anyways, we discussing younger siblings and I am being all macho and I am flexing and she's receptive to that and she's laughing and we having a good time. I don't remember what I said but it was a cracker. But she's clever, she's witty she knows how to win the exchange. She knows a good, well placed, one-liner will enable her to triumph. She responds that she's the reason her sisters smartphone battery is always full. It's blunt but so effective and so funny for me. So I just let my belly out and laughed hard and proclaimed her the winner. She had won, she was good. Quite clearly she's a fan of George Orwell and Huxley – I am impressed. At that moment she looked fulfilled and happy; she didn't have to explain anything because I understood. She looked relaxed and comfortable. A feeling of belonging and that calmed me too. Throughout I felt high, intoxicated even, it was a feeling I couldn't comprehend.

She communicated that she had something she needed to attend to so we excused her. However, I was worried about her safety so I tagged along. I would walk with her to her destination and then return. On our way out the public place, she receives a phone call from her grandmother, she answers and continues walking. I don't want to eavesdrop so I walk slightly behind. She looks visibly irritated. In a moment she ends the call. To diffuse the awkwardness of the moment she asks why I am walking behind. She makes a remark about me being her behind and it's effective because I laugh and the mood is light. I think she's intelligent, the ability to change and regulate the mood and people's emotions is sensational. With the mood lighter she shares herself with me and the phone call she just received. I am listening and so attentive- I love listening. She talks about how her Grandmother now located in the UK wants her to live with her and how she can't because she has dreams of her own. Things she needs to accomplish; the meaning tied to her life. She talks family and about family trees, creating something absolute and concrete. I am in awe, I don't say anything but I draw her energy like a reptile sitting on a stone absorbing the sun's heat and energy; it rejuvenates me and I see her eyes light up and it's so amazing. Again I couldn't explain the feeling. I felt high and intoxicated maybe it's because I was drinking at the start of the dream. Marriage should be like a driver's license – renewable after 5 years, but it doesn't apply to her. I could spend an eternity with her. I have happy dreams whenever I dream about her.

WORSHIPPING WOMAN

I love him. He makes me feel like I can fly. I believe in all of his dreams – I think he can change the world. The thing with sexuality is that it objectifies and I don't to constrain him to that label because he is also intelligent and brilliant. He does have impressive attributes. He works out and has muscles in all the right areas. He has beautiful athletic and manly legs – well defined and toned. He has an ass made in heaven. He drives me crazy. What I would do to be his. I wish he would just wrap me around in those firm, strong and defined arms. I wish he would come in to me. I wish I were the object of his desire; I don't care about forever – just give me now, today honey! He makes me excited. I feel my blood-level rise up in his presence but it's ice cold when I talk to him – I can never bring myself to tell him how I feel about him because it's difficult to phrase in a sentence or explain in a paragraph. What I feel for him is metaphysical; the notion that I'd find him in any realm.

It is not a sex thing; maybe it is written on the fine print but it's not the product. His the product – Everything about him. It is love. I love him with all his imperfections if you can find them. Just maybe love is being excited. That's what I do when I think of him and our future – I get excited and it's almost uncontainable like beer in a glass. He makes me weak to my knees; I think love is the submitting voice within. I often experience high temperatures of fiery fires between my legs and I often wish that he would turn it out – his equipped, he can deal with it and I grant him the power to use force; I am his to do whatever he likes. The disappointment of having to do it myself weakens the self-perception of myself like cancer cells to the immune system. Why doesn't he see me? What's wrong with me? I could make all his dreams come true if he gave me a chance. If he gave me a second glance. If he actually stopped and started gathering data instead of being passive in his activities and actions. I am different from any other girl in the world. I am a keeper. I will make you happy. I just wish he would look for options on the sidelines.

I have a chance if I lure him with sex. Sex is manipulative. Sex is to give and take – it involves mutual undertakings. Sex is sly. Sex unlocks. Sex is about power. Sex is dangerous. The unconscious and conscious are actively engaged in the process for both individuals – you are prone to any influence or external factor. You are vulnerable and naked also in literal terms. Repressed thoughts and memories might sneak out in the form of a shadow to haunt you. Sex is to get dirty.

Alternatively, I could mirror him. Find out what he likes. What makes him tick, that will get him to love me. To embrace me. I could get close to his best-friend and maybe plot a plan to cook for him. I could show a bit of effort when it comes to my profile pictures on my Socials. I could write him a letter or a poem. I could tell him I love him – no bad idea, I can't be direct. It will scare him off. I need to be stealth like a thief in the night. I need to be indirect and attack on the flanks – that's how I will win his heart.

ROMANTICISM

Don't be a romantic is what I gathered from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's book "The sorrows of Young Werther". The book tells the story of a passionate doomed love affair between a young poet called Werther and a beautiful clever young woman named Charlotte. Unfortunately for Werther, Charlotte is married, so the love affair is impossible from the very start but that doesn't stop Werther, a dreamy and practical young man who loves the arts above all else. Werther is under pressure to have a sensible career and join the bourgeois life but he can only think about one thing: the impulses of his heart. Eventually young Werther can't take it anymore and kills himself, but rather than condemn him as a lunatic and a hothead, Goethe one of the founding fathers of romanticism directs all our sympathies towards Werther. We are supposed to be on his side admiring his passionate and entirely impractical attitude to love. I think that love is a biochemical that the conscious mind can't detect. We often find it hard to account for it when it is in process; it consumes and controls leaving us in a remote state from our mind and body.

Romanticism seduces because it comes from the works of artists, poets and philosophers. I am drawn to Amy Winehouse in a way I cannot truly comprehend. I reckon because she died lonely, depressed and misunderstood - I find those elements seductive and soothing. I want to be there for Amy, I love Amy, I would give my life for Amy, I would do anything to make her happy. I am seduced by her tragic death, by the fact that she was vulnerable and alone - I am seduced in a primordial, primitive sense. I was intrigued by her and based on that evidence I can hypothesize that I am a romantic. "Hypothesize" because it is not a fact nor a concluded statement simply because I know with certainty that the world of romanticism was fabricated by mortals. Therefore you can choose to be excluded from this mass hysteria.

Romanticism is what I call "Kayfabe" a term coined from Professional Wrestling which means the portrayal of staged events within the industry as "real" or "true", specifically the portrayal of competition, rivalries and relationships between participants as being genuine and not of a staged or predetermined nature of any kind. You could argue that everything in the modern world is "Kayfabe" and you'd make a compelling argument but that's a topic for another day. We all know "romanticism" is "kayfabe" - a concept fabricated perceived as good and effective but disastrous for couples in the modern era. Evidence of this can be found in the high divorce rate, the anxiety storm in the west and the demand for drugs from pharmacies to help alleviate stress and depression. The drugs don't help because no one is happy. Striving for happiness is like an unquenchable thirst: we may attain some brief satisfactions, some momentary release, but in the nature of things these can never be more than temporary, and then we are on the rack once more. So unhappiness, or at least dissatisfaction is our normal state of affairs. Romanticism promises eternal happiness something that is not possible because happiness is expedient. Romanticism is ruining relationships.

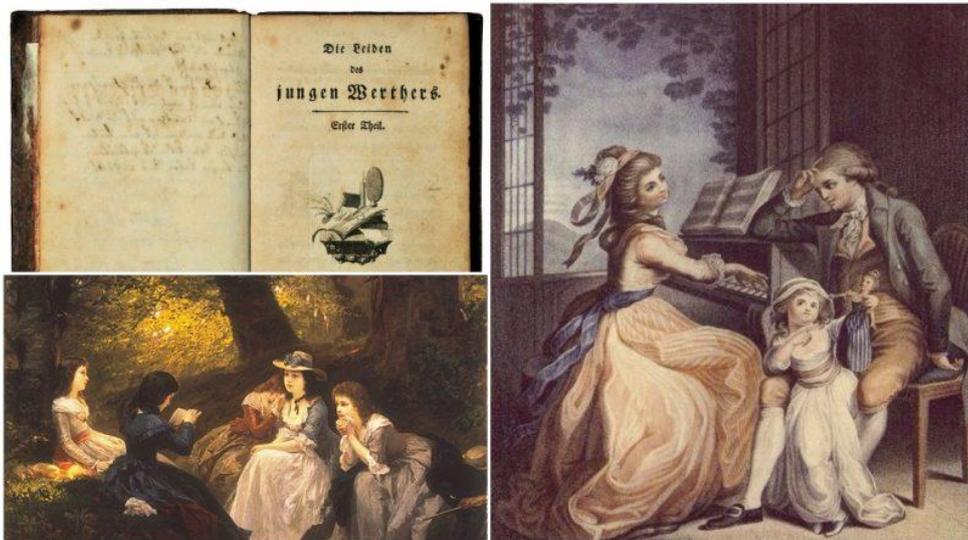
Romanticism is being deeply hopeful about marriage. It united love and sex. Previously people had imagined that they could have sex with characters they didn't love and they could love someone without having extraordinary sex with them. It elevated sex to the supreme expression of love. Romanticism made infrequent sex and adultery into catastrophes, proposed that true love must mean an end to all loneliness. It promised that the right partner will understand us entirely possibly without needing even to speak to us. Romanticism believed that choosing a partner should be about letting oneself be guided by feelings rather than practical considerations - that you are loved because you have a "special" feeling. It has manifested a powerful disdain for practicalities and money.

The myths have reached cult-like status. That we should meet a person of extraordinary inner and outer beauty and immediately feel a special attraction to them and they to us. That we should have highly satisfying sex, not only at the start but forever. We should never be attracted to anyone else. That we should understand one another intuitively. We should have no secrets and spend constant time together. That our lover should be our soulmate, best friend, Jesus, Allah – My Universe! Oh, this is an extreme case of kayfabe and is now almost embedded into our cells – our senses. It has become a world of destruction that we walk into willingly with everything – our hearts, souls, hopes and dreams and come out empty-handed with nothing but battle scars that never heal.

Romanticism is not love. Romanticism is a world that is fabricated solely from psychological needs.

Urban poet Kanye West expresses that “Love is cursed by monogamy” in the hit song “No Church in the Wild”. I think this is partly because of romanticism for now love “restricts” and “confines”. It has become contractual and formalized. It is now bounded with a checklist of do’s and don’ts. It has become about expectations and ownership. Love is passive with no will to power or the courage to be imaginative. It is cursed, set in stone, in a spell, intoxicated, bad and ruined. Marriage and monogamy should be expressive, open-minded, mature and enable the beloved to grow and self-actualize. This is reflected in the movie Emmanuelle about a young woman who takes a trip to Bangkok to enhance her sexual experience. The young woman is happily married and her husband encourages to follow her desires citing that Emmanuelle is not his property, and not his beauty – that her beauty belongs to the world. This enables Emmanuelle to grow and trust in the relationship because of the mutual communication, respect and honesty. To love someone means to see him as God intended. There are no restrictions to Gods lenses – no confinements. All he wants is for you to flourish and fly as nature intended. All life is meaningful.

Pop star Adele expresses love in its truest forms in one of her songs on the hit album “21” lovesong: “Whenever I’m alone with you, you make me feel like I am free again, whenever I’m alone with you, you make me feel like I am clean again”. Those are words with meaning, words that matter, words with a lot of love, words that are full of serenity, words that provide a second chance, another glance at life. They are pure, heartfelt and honest and what I liken love to be like – a second chance to truly be myself, to share the best of myself and be all that I can be. To be liberated - I can be that when I am with you. It’s practical and concise. It builds and regulates one’s conduct and character, it inspires – it is love.



TORMENT

Mastery in a specific domain takes about 10 000 hours which equates to roughly 7- 10 years. 2019 marks 7 years of being an entrepreneur; I am very excited. For those 7 years I have battle scars that are almost as deep as the ocean but at least they heal; so there's always progress. Such is the nature of being an entrepreneur; you will get hurt, you will get ambushed and you will be kicked in the face- multiple times, there is no escaping that- it is Mother Nature being dutiful and thorough and as such her pangs will pierce through your skin and locate your heart only to stomp on it until it becomes a thousand pieces. However, like a puzzle those pieces can be made whole again, it just needs patience and hopefully this time a good plan. And that's just the thing with Mother Nature isn't it? She has nothing to do with your wishes and whether you like her laws or dislike, you are bound to accept her as she is and consequently all her decisions. Don't become an entrepreneur; I am only bound to it because all my life I have been a creative. If it's not inbuilt don't do it. If you have options shun of the entrepreneurial ones, choose something mechanical that can be embedded into your perceptual systems, something repetitive; if this is encoded information for you, allow me to decode it; get a job, specialize. Don't be a hero. You see how the first two lines of the paragraph contradict the rest? That's my life now. Don't be a hero. Don't follow your heart. Get a job. Use your mind – THINK!

That would be a good prelude for a book – the introduction, something not to be taken lightly. Nothing really prepares you for the journey. I love the beginning because it was so sweet and naïve. I saw people fall in love in my journey, something that just warms your heart like Sundaykos seven colours. Grade 11, I started a company. I traded high-end sweets. Sweets that had personality and colour. Fun sweets. Amusement park sweets. Niche sweets. The best sweets in the world. They traded heavy too. The prices ranged from R1 to R13. The R1 sweets were the best sellers because they represented the "real thing". However, on weekends I had all types of buyers "impress my girl" buyers, "I am sorry" buyers and "I love you" buyers, so I'd push 3 or 4 big units that sold for R10. It was good, it was enough.

In between my first business and my latest endeavour – I had a lot of businesses and a lot of ideas. I have ventured into every business entity; a sole proprietor, into partnerships and a handful of privately held registered entities – 2 of them that are in the process of deregistration because I cannot maintain them, they are dead, finished with no chance of resuscitation. I lost friends, I lost Kay who was like a brother to me. I loved Kay wholeheartedly and I don't blame Kay, I disappointed Kay and everyone else – all because I thought I knew too much, because I thought I could. Yesterday, the farm made me cry. I don't know where it came from but I was struck by deep melancholy. I couldn't regulate my feelings. I sobbed and later felt better. It was like a release, I felt liberated. That's when I knew I had problems. Deep rooted problems, problems that reside in the subconscious mind. Problems that rival the "Daddy Issue" problem, and rape victim problem.

I always think I know too much that's the problem. I don't, I am stupid, naïve, doomed and destined to blow up in the blazing, scorching inferno. I am stupid to think and believe that I can build beautiful things because the truth is that I can't. I have no advantages, people are always against me and I often find myself alone. Everything I try, I fail. I hate my mind, I wish I hadn't read as many books as I did. Philosophy is the only thing that gives my mind solace. But since its subjects cover self-actualization, existentialism and life; it further fuels what I have become – a freak! It's such a tragedy. I wish I could turn-off, I wish I was ignorant, I wish I wasn't industrious and a creative, I wish people didn't believe in me as much. I wish I was a woman. Why must I always chase what's meaningful? What about that that is expedient? What about now? Tomorrow is dim and never promised. The future alone is our end. So we never live, but we hope to live; and as we are always

preparing to be happy, it is inevitable that we should never be so. After all, everything fades and everybody dies. Why fight? Why so serious? Don't you think this mode of life is a folly? An Illusion? So why show any serious effort? For what? For who?

As seen in my last line entrepreneurship can make you nihilistic. It can suck out all the air from your body and leave you with nothing; nothing except tears, those always come out. You need tears for you to feel or a bottle of Gin and a bag of weed. Tears, Gin and Weed are the holy trinity, you can't survive entrepreneurship without those 3 items. The great Western philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche advised that life is suffering – it's just like entrepreneurship, it's too in the future. Perhaps the only goal on earth to which mankind is striving lies in this incessant process of attaining, in other words; in life and not in the thing to be attained. Like playing chess we like the process and not the end goal of well, winning. That is the link between philosophy and entrepreneurship – I have become an existentialist. I have come to love and embrace suffering. I have become a woman who loves her abuser and it's funny and ironic because I wish I were a woman. I wish I were a slay queen, a beautiful little fool, a yellow-bone, a narcissist who only cares about her looks and the amount of likes she is going to attain with a picture she took when she was at the mall. However, Jesus made me a conscientious, creative young man; thanks a lot Jesus – fucken asshole! I blame books and philosophy. I blame Nietzsche, Dostoevsky, Socrates, Goethe, Plato, Proust, Descartes, Jung and Schopenhauer.

I apologize to everyone I ever bought a book. I wasn't thinking, it was stupid and I regret my actions. I will never do that again, it's unfair and unwarranted. Do the right things please. Follow what the government prescribes, listen to your elders and don't think you know too much. Don't do funny things, don't be conspicuous and most importantly don't be a creative who thinks they can solve the world's problems. Be creative inside borderlines. Watch and listen to the news – they are important. Go to church and pay your offerings. Go on to social media and post your best pictures – the world needs to see that, you are important to human kind, share memes, start memes and share nudes.

I used to be the guy sitting with an open heart but now my heart is dark, black, ruined, tarnished, broken, spoiled, destroyed with no life or beat to keep me going. It's because of entrepreneurship – because of love.

To those who are in the same dilemma as me. I feel for you. I am sympathetic to your cause. Your case is a lost one. Nothing I say will comfort you – the situation is doomed. You chose this and you deserve all this suffering.





MY BEAUTIFUL 100 HECTARES

Where do I even start?

How do I begin to express myself?

What do I even say?

I don't think words alone are sufficient for me attain your numbers
four you are 1 in million.

I am sorry, I don't mean to be cheesy
and I am not using Cheddar to try and lure you in a trap
for I am well aware you run the streets and the underground.
The beautiful thing about the bottom is the sky
you believe in love, happiness and you just make my heart beat.
Faster is an adjective to describe how time moves when I am with you.
A lapse in time is an eternity in rue.

My beautiful 100 hectares
our souls are intertwined,
bonded by something more than science.
Every time I try and leave
my heart screams out in defiance.
Or is it just psychological warfare?

My mind is fountained by thoughts of you and the memories we shared.
You are the cannonball splash that makes every woman and man wet.
Dripping with authenticity, sparkling like wine,
your volatile personality erupts like oil in a mine.

My beautiful 100 hectares,
you hold the route to my soul.
Our minds like clay can be moulded and created by the artist.
Modify me to a plane so I can soar above you,
to see the world, explore and make my way like a monarch butterfly.

My beautiful 100 hectares
contain me in a bigger box,
with space to move around and windows without bars.
Bar me from suffering so I can make the world a better place.
The world can be our oyster- the world can be our plate.
All I need is a reservation and I promise I won't be late.

Magnificent Goddess I am sorry, I apologize.
I am not usually like this.
It's just that,
I have always believed in following what shines brightest to you.
But that never works in real life.
I take everything back...
For insinuating you whack could forcefully put me to the sack.
For you are the Jack of all trades,
the enforcer of every raid and up there with the greats.

My beautiful 100 hectares
walk tall,
with stiletto heels that were custom made for your feet.
You are the authoritative figure,
illuminate us with your beauty like a street light.
For you are more exhilarating than a street fight,
a sight more breath-taking than the eclipse at night.

My beautiful 100 hectares,
you created matrixes'- worlds,
in which we could create characters and personas for ourselves.
On Friday,
I am Zlatan, on Saturday Messi
and success is determined by the number of times I put the ball between legs.
The dangers and repercussions usually nutmeg our untrained clay minds but it's worth it.
For in the weekend, I am free.

My beautiful 100 hectares,
I think I have the formula for life.
It was blurry at first but I got better lenses and changed the orientation of the page.
My hope often withers like autumn
and in that moment it's cold and windy.
But I am comforted by the fact that I come home to you.
For you are warm, funny, carefree and happy.

The world is already this big matrix that I will never explore.
My life is already on auto-pilot
Just as long as,
I have my Television set, my smartphone and my weekends, I will be okay...

For Gomora – My first love.

BABYGIRL

Babygirl I apologize for everything. I lacked the fundamental skill of observation. I lacked empathy and sympathy. I am a bad person. I had a passive mind and it was fixed blaming you. Love frustrates me. I often think how many people would know love if the word didn't exist. Society and popular culture keeps forcing it down my throat – and I don't like their version. I am frustrated by everything. The world keeps implementing gender neutral policies and I don't know what they mean for future generations so I often feel marginalized. I don't mean the disrespectful comments, I am sorry. I should know better, I was raised better than that. The truth is that I wouldn't manage a day in your heels. It's hard. I would fall on my face. You do it with style and grace in a zoo filled with cobras, mountain lions and vultures. They all want a piece of you like the middle circle in a dart game – the bullseye! In the end, they all miss. They miss because you were never the target. Self-inspection is the target and they shoot wide and it shows because they don't know themselves. I too shot wide.

The world is such a tricky and dangerous maze for you. If you somehow escape your immediate family there's still the external world to contend with. Figures with authority tend to put fingers and parts of themselves into you like the process of validating a ticket in a soccer game and it's unfair because you're not the gate. Why must your locks be picked? I get so angry when I reflect because you get to live with the scars. Ocean deep scars that can never be diluted. So the only thing to do is to repress. Just maybe you take pictures and selfies to avoid the horrors of your mind. Like demons they possess the sober mind, that's why you need social media – it's therapeutic; the likes say you are loved and I agree.

Babygirl, I don't know how you handle the pressures of the world. The standard of beauty keeps changing like waves and you are still a classic like Converse "All-Stars". After all, you need to bait and seduce men. A man who can take care of you and all your needs. We are not getting any younger and time is unfortunately not on our side. That's why you can never wear too much make-up. The nails and hair need to be up-to-date too, those are the things that matter most. They lure men – that and short skirts. Not that you need a man but a family gives life purpose. Your mother – that bitch, is always on the fence barking orders and making deadlines regarding your life. How can you predict the day you'll fall in love? They never call back even with short skirts and make-up. They void your attempts like nothing is better. I never used to understand your frustrations but I now do.

It's like I am alone and it's not a choice but rather the environment and universe condemning me to that reality. My biological clock is ticking while my peers are settling down and starting families. I have options but they are not viable. Maybe I should rekindle old relations to widen my scope. The lenses I have now show me a very blurry and foggy perspective of the future. My options are being eliminated like hitmen on the roof. My anxiety levels are high as a plane on cruise control. The world has killed my dreams. I am not as pretty as I used to be. I used to get a lot of attention from men but now, not so much. The world discarded me like last week's newspaper. What am I supposed to do?

Babygirl, I am sorry for insinuating that you have a bad character and questionable values. For most of us we play the hand we have been dealt and hope for the best. Why should conditions and variables be different for you? I was jealous and smitten. With just everything in my fiber, I wanted to be with you. You wanted to be with someone else, someone with better resources who can take care of what's primary. It was do or die for you – I have to respect that. It's not your fault I am poor. I just wish I were the object of your lust.

Babygirl, I will do better. I will try for you. I have been so inconsiderate that I am embarrassed. Love consumes and envy is admitting to yourself that you are inadequate and it's painful. I was attacked

by both love and envy simultaneously. My mind with all of its cognition functions couldn't decode all that information. I crashed. I didn't mean to relegate you to a world of taking selfies and sharing memes – you are more than that. I get critical of women because of my past. I was with a girl who told her parents that she had a job in the big city – little did I know, I was the job.

I read somewhere that the mind interprets dreams and reality the same way and I was really ecstatic! I couldn't wait to get to sleep because that's the only time I get to be with you.

Please take care of yourself

Best Regards

The Great Man

ANTAKALIPA

LOVE II: TRANSFERENCE

The subject of love makes me cringe; it's nervy, rocky, unstable, without foundation, loose and unintelligible. It's too risky with little promise of a positive yield. It's like constantly having your legs open – not wise, it makes you a target. However I attribute the stars in the sky to love – it's too magical. Your unconscious mind is in free-flow like being intoxicated 24/7. It targets the subconscious. In his book "Group Psychology" the godfather of psychology Sigmund Freud had this to say; "If one can design propaganda or psychological operations that bypass the conscious and rational faculties of the individual, targeting instead suppressed emotions and hidden desires, it is possible to move people to adopt beliefs and behaviors without them being aware of the underlying motivations leading them on." Smoke on it. It's brave and stupid; and no one likes a hero. You leak vital and critical information about yourself. My condolences to the one who first attars the three magic words. It's like a burst sewerage pipe – a disaster – Holly crap! We are at our worst in when we are in love; we lie, we are deceptive, we are calculating, sly, vicious, murderous and self-gratifying. Seduction what an interesting science; we learn to love through rejection. The early stages are the worst with the mirroring, manipulative tact's; the fake laughs that enable us to be likeable, the make-up and cosmetics, the colognes, the shoes, the car, the toothless gloating and showboating to communicate confidence, ambition and manly attributes and the seductive exaggerated feminine qualities as sitting posture and voice pitch. Kgomotso Christopher as Yvonne Thebe on etv's Telenovela "Scandal" is exactly who you don't want to come across in battle. She is seduction. She is alluring. She is good. She is sexy. She makes men melt. She is powerful. She is strong, durable. She is convincing. She can be the best night of your life. You will fall to your knees. You will lose. She's every men's best fantasy. But I digress. The menial checklist tasks and insipid, passive repetitive homework's. Is love really essential? Do relationships work? Do I need her in my life? After all, love like romanticism was fabricated and institutionalized into society's heart beating pulse – embodied on the fabric. Is it reliable? Are we right? All I see is power struggles and people's insecurities reciprocated. What is called love is sometimes petty or compassion. Urban Poet J. Cole has this to say on GOMD on the classic "Forrest Hills Drive" album about love. "It's called love, niggas don't sing about it no more, ain't nobody sing about it no more?" but should we? Will it bring us solace and a fountain of happiness? Funny how we need venom to create a cure. Love has become propaganda.

Humans are too selfish, too self-serving, and narcissistic and love enhances that. Love consumes. There is nothing more selfish like love. It's all about what I want! "I love you", "I want to have sex", "I am tired", "I miss you", "you complete me", "you all I think about", "you are the best thing that's ever been mine." – I thought we were living in an objective world. 1974 movie Emmanuelle classified love as a search for pleasure, pure pleasure given to someone a woman, a man you desire. Novelist Fyodor Dostoevsky says this about love in bestselling novel "Notes from the Underground"; "I tried hard to be in love. I suffered". The word "suffered" has connotations of harsh conditions, stretched out resources, homeless, poor, dire moments, intense, brittle and bedridden. It is an interesting omission about love. Popular culture has dramatized and made popular the concept of dying for one another in the name of "love". This can be seen on Romero and Juliet, Westside Story, The sorrows of Young Werter and a million other books. Is love rational? Clearly not. Jay Gatsby makes an omission about "Love" on bestselling book "The Great Gatsby" by F. Scott Fitzgerald; "I knew it was a great mistake for a man like me to fall in love." That paints a picture of rue and dread. It is from a man who is trapped and has gone tired from searching for an escape. A man who is almost hopeless and resigned. An accepting man – a humble man. Meaning makes a great many things endurable, perhaps everything. Is that what love is? An ideal to aspire? Is it like heaven? I think that's a more reasonable assumption. Humanity created God; Love is child's play.

Man is sometimes extraordinarily, passionately in love with suffering. I can derive that from love. In the current age, our minds have been split into different parts and pieces and as a consequence we have different personas and "avatars". The persona is the social mask that each of us wear in our interaction with others. With the emergence of social media and the rapid pace of the digital revolution; love is further disguised. Physical interactions have been drastically reduced as we rely on instant text messages, voice calls and video calls. Is it wise to engage in love when we suffer from multiple personality disorder? On Instagram I am a "slay queen", on Facebook a respected young, promising businessperson, on Twitter a trendsetter, at church an archer, at work a receptionist and to my mother and father just Lerato. Is that healthy? Is that stable? Are conditions favorable and conducive?

Just maybe we need love in a digital format. It's accessible, convenient and up to pace with today's world. Maybe we don't need physical interactions; one might argue that they are an illusion – but the internet – that's real, that's forever. After all, a "real" person, profoundly as we may sympathize with him, is in a great measure perceptible only through our senses, that is to say, he remains opaque, offers a dead weight which our sensibilities have not the strength to life. Just maybe phone sex is enough; the irony in that statement of course is that we are so disconnected. In the critically acclaimed album "KOD" Urban Poet J. Cole expresses: "Love today has gone digital, and it's messing with my health" – fair point, maybe we just can't live without suffering. After all, the world needs both order and chaos; it needs Eve to give Adam the apple despite God's orders – It needs stuntmen and daredevils, entrepreneurs and artists. People want to yield to the temptation – to get lost. In the animation movie Shrek released in 2001 main character Shrek makes an omission about love and Princess Fiona. "She's a princess and I am just an Ogre". Is that fair? I don't think so. No Shrek, don't do that to yourself.

You don't have to take my word; I am fraud. What gives me the right? Who do I think I am? Justified rhetorical questions and if they are statements even better. All I know is Gomora and people's dreams die in Gomora. People are in survival mode in Gomora – people are in a primitive and animalistic state in Gomora. It's this small graveyard that has the capacity to pack 100X its maximum. You won't find love there. It's unfair, rigged, controlled with strings and puppets, directed, predictable and the odds are always against you. It is the "real" belly of the beast; the benchmark for townships in South Africa – the irony in that statement. In 2011 on hit album "Watch the Throne", Kanye West vents out his frustration in one of his songs "Welcome to the Jungle", he states "Why I pray so hard? This is crazy God, Just when I thought I had everything I lost it all." It's a sentiment shared by almost everyone. Particularly a friend who was almost transformed by the new lady in his life. He seemed to have a purpose, he was goal orientated again, had painted his room, bought a Plasma Television set, some new curtains, a new bed and sheets – It was a big thing and I congratulated him. A couple of months later and she left him because he assaulted her. You see it wasn't him, it was the conditions – it's like, I can't think, I can't breathe, I can't be alone – like I am swallowed up in other people's (society) views and ideals and to be fair I am because I don't have an identity in this world, I am lost, my father died when I was young, he was my hope but now I don't know what to do or who I am. In the classic album "Forest Hills Drive" Urban Poet J. Cole makes a statement on one of his songs "03 Adolescence" he states: "I aint grow up with my father, I aint thinking about that now. Years later, I will probably cry..." He further discusses "needing a father so bad" on Debut album "Cole World: Sideline Story" track "Breakdown". The "Daddy Issues" phenomena is serious for both male and female.

Maybe we were not made in Love's tool shed or just maybe love doesn't exist. The danger in that analysis is that it might make everyone nihilistic. However Religion is not saving anyone. An

affirmative response on the relinquishing of love notion would mean that there also isn't romanticism, no family, no friends, no wife, no husband, no children, no structures, no roles, no empathy, no sympathy, no laughing, no dancing, no heart, no soul, no anxiety streaks, no hangovers, no sadness and no happiness. Just maybe love is our most persistent lie for a reason.

Not that I haven't fallen in love because I have and I am willing to share. To go one better up I will share my first experience with a girl – maybe you'll understand my love for Xhosa women. It was towards the late years of my teen years. A friend needed assistance for a wedding they were hosting and he approached us – his friends – there were five of us. I was ecstatic and I think my enthusiasm showed on the day. We were asked to do menial tasks like serving the guests drinks at the reception. It was a simple job and my friends were like done in 5-10 minutes – this is due to the fact that the guests preferred serving themselves, so they rounded up the brewages and excused themselves off the job – not me. I made sure the chairs in the tents were aligned. I served people food. I served drinks and alcohol brewages. I was courteous and put on my big smile. I asked every guest personally about the drink they would like to have and I delivered. I helped with the cooking in the kitchen. I executed special requests; I was very much helpful. I was the only one. My friends assumed the role of being guests too as they sat down, exchanged stories, laughed and enjoyed their alcohol brewages in the festive environment. I could have sat down and relaxed with them but I really wanted to help. I felt nothing would go down smoothly unless I contributed my 2 cents. There's also the fact that I like being busy, being a part of something and executing it well. I garnered attention from two ladies who reside in the Eastern Cape and came to Gauteng for the weekend, the wedding. To be honest with you, I didn't expect it, I didn't see it coming; I was too busy and my mind was always engaged in the immediate.

One lady approached me and greeted me so I replied. She commented that she and her friend have been looking and admiring for a while. That sounded good plus she was beautiful. I was engaging in a dialogue with a solid ten. She had light skin. Nice boobs and a fantastic body. She also decorated her face with dots and other traditional and cultural symbolisms. I was impressed, I had to move intelligently. A blitzkrieg operation was on the menu. I hushed her quickly and asked to meet her at a mutual corner in 30 minutes or so, she obliged and we scattered. After the interaction, I needed something to drink to sedate my nerves. According to my friend's aunt, my exploits on the battlefield warranted a 12 pack which was located in the deep freezer, awaiting me, the rightful owner to collect. I did so and took the brewages to my friend's location. I took one beer and gulped it down. Round about the time I took a second, a friend needed to go to the tuck shop, I offered to accompany him seeing that I needed to be at the designated spot.

On the way to the tuck shop I saw her, she was already at our corner. I communicated that I needed to part way with my friend – he let me go and I approached her. I still remember her smile, it is the best thing to see real life. To retrieve the data that transpired before I held her in my hands is tough, it is hard, impossible, not detected, lost. She smelled so good. I see the effort too. Not too much make-up but enough, oh lubricated lips where is this going? Her emotion regulation techniques and mirroring above world-class. There was a moment when she said I smelt nice. And I thought it's just sunlight green bar soap and Aloe Vera Vaseline Petroleum Jelly. She laughed at things I had to say. She touched my face and body suggestively; it was soft, slow and alluring. She kept eye-contact and laughed. I was good too, I don't like talking about myself but I did well – everything was going right for me. Things were getting heated and people started taking notice so once again I suggested we meet later when the sun had gone to sleep.

Late came and it was more of the same thing. She was still in my arms. We were locked in a trance, the maze, the matrix. We objectively shared which was subjective. We both subjectively wanted the

same thing. So we did it, we kissed. It was very good – had good hang time and a couple of freestyles under its belt. If I had to be honest; she had me, I had no chance, she was equally good – she was very good. I forgot her name but I will never forget her. She was like Julia Roberts playing the role of Anna Scott on hit movie “Noting Hill” so bold, seductive, pretty with a beautiful smile. I am appreciative of that encounter.

Are you still with me? Keep up I need to tell you about another girl. There’s so much to say. Highlights my 23 years – I believe congratulations are in order. She has been my standard of perfect for years. She has been my solace for years, my armor, guard, reserve tank, an extra life, a place of happiness and hope for the future. Her force motivated me. Having her in my life, filled up my life. At last, I experienced life with all its emotions and excitements. It is the seduction tale of life; it goes through – smashes and rips a part the story of Jay Gatsby and Daisy Bucannon. There’s a small issue about the geography and the fact that I want her to get integrated in the system as soon as possible; so she can get a decent man and later a perfect family. That element will give me another perspective and maybe I’ll feel different. My current perspectives of her don’t have blemishes. I will give it time – but what if it’s exponential? Oh no, what if I become another Werther? A young man who was doomed from the start; seduced by use of triangle formation, children lure, “soft” (often exaggerated) feminine qualities and later tossed to the side like a depleted card voucher – it was a clean job too, considering it was suicide. Perhaps the “decent man and later a perfect family” analogy might not be a solution after all. I feel like I am Kendrick Lamar on “For Sale (Interlude) on the mega classic album “To Pimp a Butterfly” and she’s “Luci” calling, luring, naked on my mind. Paulo Coelho in classic novel “The Alchemist” says “When you really want something – the Universe conspires in your favor..... When you want something with all your heart, that’s when you are closet to the soul of the world. It’s always a positive force.” Is what we have also scientific? I wonder how relative this is.

It was in 2008, the school had a speech/poetry competition, and all classes were encouraged to participate. We were the seniors of the school. I wrote about the Xenophobia attacks that transpired in the Township of Alexandra. You see, it got to me – all the violence, uncertainty, hate and hurt that we were causing each other. I used to be from Alexandra, my family members reside in Alexandra, my friends – Alexandra is all I know. With all this in my heart, I chose to write a speech about the Xenophobia attacks. It was emotive and raw. I delivered it with passion. I summarized it and cut it short so I wouldn’t have cue cards – that way I would be intimate with the audience. I performed it with showmanship and it was grand. My speech was good but presentation is what made it better. Hers – on the other side was just great. There was so much thought in it. It informed and educated. It made sense. It were as if a high school pupil wrote it; our perspective was that of a grade 7 pupil. You just wanted to hear that speech all day. It was great. It was strong and cemented. It was cunning and arrogant. She murdered the execution. Each grade had to pick representatives. In our division; we had 8 participants contesting for two vacant spots. I was fairly confident about my chances but I knew she would be there too. It presented a problem for me because I had never lost a Speech/Poetry competition before. I took a silver and I felt like it was justified and fair. She gave me my first loss.

The next couple of years I saw glimpses of her like fate – Déjà vu I knew our paths would cross again, to align perfect how the Universe intended. When I think about her; I am not so guarded anymore, I can be silly, I can laugh, I can think – she makes thinking worth it, I don’t know. Our paths crossed and we have been on the same wavelength ever since, no let’s try frequency. “Wavelength” has a lot of properties that have to be in consensus. “Frequency” is in the same room looking and bidding my time – to plot – to move. She was great. I am glad, I am done with having to deal with these

unnecessary, time consuming, idiotic emotions and feelings. I will never let it get there ever again. I was young, in the moment, surrounded by the lights and I cracked. I think I know what happened but it's no excuse, I apologize. She was all I could think of sometimes. I am defiant but not promising anything as I think the right creative will send me flying. I wouldn't have a defense for a beautiful, young, creative girl – I would fall in love 9 times out of 10. Even though I am more informed about things, the world, people, science, alchemy, control systems, order, chaos, morality, good, evil, spirituality, arts, psychology, philosophy; like Kendrick Lamar eluded on "Momma" on hit album "To Pimp A Butterfly", "I know everything" – I still think about her – I don't know why and philosophy, science, religion, the arts and the universe don't have an answer. Sigmund Freud disappointed me the most, he doesn't even understand women. Goethe's advice was to kill myself – ha like that will ever happen; I belong to the Universe – what right do I have? Thanks a lot for the stupid idea Goethe. Besides this doesn't require death just how I see her. My mind has created illusions and I don't know their origins. But such is the case of love isn't it? Our natural tendency is to project onto other people our own beliefs and value systems – in ways in which we are not even aware, that's why I love her. The book "The Alchemist" by Paulo Coelho states "People are afraid to pursue their most important dreams, because they feel that they don't deserve them, or that they'll be unable to achieve them." That doesn't apply to me. I tried, conditions didn't allow me and time was against me or was it? Jordan Peterson has this to say on his book "12 Rules to Life: An Antidote to Life": "We are always and simultaneously at point "a" (which is less desirable than it could be), moving towards point "b" (which we deem better, in accordance with our explicit and implicit values). We always encounter the world in a state of insufficiency and seek its correction. We can imagine new ways that things could be set right, and improved, even if we have everything we thought we needed. Even when satisfied, temporarily, we remain curious. We live within a framework that defines the present as eternally lacking and the future as eternally better. If we did not see things this way, we would not act at all. We wouldn't even be able to see, because to see we must focus, and to focus we must pick one thing above all else on which to focus." Does this mean that she is limited or my recommended required dose?

This is for all my children. I hope your realities are not distorted. I hope your visions are clear. I hope all your encounters be real. The subject of "real" is always a tricky one but I would say something tangible, concrete, objective, erected, engraved, embedded, solid, evident with mass, shape and structure. Something that triggers the fundamental senses. I was reading a book "da Vinci code" by Dan Brown when a friend came up to me and said "It's not real". Then again what's real? Reality is both relative and subjective. Is the internet real? Is social media real? What about Harry Potter? Is alchemy "real"? What about religion? Tell me about the Cold War. Are the villains on The Incredible franchise bad guys? Rooney Mara playing the role of Erica Albright on the hit movie "The Social Network" about the founding of Facebook states: "The Internet is not written in pencil but written in ink." In the same movie Sean Parker played by Justin Timberlake predicts a future where "we live on the internet". If social media is in a popularity contest, then yes. But, is a herd reliable? With today's technology nerves and senses can be regulated and stimulated. With so many galaxies the internet has created, can we tell what is real? What is "real"? It's a question rivalled by the philosophical favorite "What is life?" "What's it about.?" Those are answers you have to formulate and answer for yourself. It's important you do that because we consciously and subconsciously filling the gaps on the universes canvas with what is most "real" to us. Your assumptions have to be correct. If you have this – you rule! An interesting listen by Frank Ocean on the classic album "Blonde" track 12 "Facebook Story".

I remember when we used to say "brb" or "gtg". It was a cool time in history. You had control, it was strong, cemented with a dash of flair and arrogance. It was assured and balanced. It was safe. Now

we are always there; awaiting our shots of dopamine and a better life. Now we live on the internet – located live on the domains of Facebook, Twitter, WhatsApp and Instagram; we look like we are at our best in our posts – extraordinary propaganda. Are we losing our visions and intelligence? Then again what's the use of visions and IQ in a very subjective, lonely life? I am amazed with the internet's exploits, the growth, the speed – what a success! It is "almost" real; almost because it is not matter. However, it affects people's lives in a very deep and real way. It leads me to a very simple question. Is love transferrable and can we attribute that to the internet? Urban Poet J. Cole makes compelling statements regarding the internet and the age of information in a few records. On Vile Mentality on the Grammy nominated album "4 Your Eyez Only" he raps: "Time in this age of information I hate this shit, Niggaz call my phone when they want some shit, Bitches hit me up when they want some dick. Damn it won't be long before I disappear." On "Photographs" on the critically acclaimed "KOD" (he advises us that the album title can be interpreted in two ways; Kill Our Demons or Kids on Drugs. It's a subjective decision you make after listening to the album.) He states "Fell in love through photographs, I don't even know your name. Wonder if you follow back. Hope to see you one day. Love today is digital and its messing with my health." On 1984, writer George Orwell has this to say: "The terrible thing that the party had done was to persuade you that mere impulses, mere feelings, were of no account, while at the same time robbing you of all power over the material world." Be careful.

An acquaintance is a Casanova. His slick and silk. Smooth. With a catalog of potential mates and mates. He makes it seem too easy. He is aided by the internet. Often receives "unrated" images from one of his poorly coordinated, low self-esteemed girls. He can get 11 in a day; all he needs to do is to put in a request, usually takes 5-10 minutes to process. Sometime it takes longer, about 1-2 hours; this is due to the fact that they need a photoshoot or filming a video show of masturbation, rubbing and sucking. It's incredible – what a guy! When something like that occurs, what is that? Is it real? Psychological? I think you can make a strong point that the internet is real: Alive with passion. Sexy. Hot. Good boobs. Great Ass. Esteemed, with growth, with determination, with heart; but it's abstract and figurative. I think I have to broaden my criteria when it comes to the subject of "real", it's easy to get lost in the maze.

If I can win the PSL as a manager or a member of the suites, if I can build an art school for the creatives, if I can complete Wet Dreams and make it as beautiful as possible – If I could make it real and authentic; I would be done with life. To create and construct this reality will need a million businesses and luckily time which I have. As an existentialist I believe it is my duty to achieve this. This is for future generations; a world where the internet is embedded in our nerves, our cells – a world where our biological make-up has been altered and almost deconstructed and reconstructed. A world where the matrix of the internet has taken over and reality almost an illusion, a dream, subjective, signed with a pencil, a green screen.

I hope this post gets to you on a personal level, I hope it consumes your mind, chews you up like the jaws of a shark, ambushes you like a premediated murder, and tosses you to the side like the system to a pensioner. I hope it makes you contemplate about things, about life, about biology, physiology, Charles Darwin, about 1984 by George Orwell, about Brave New World by Huxley, about Friedrich Nietzsche, about Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, about Fyodor Dostoevsky, about Arthur Schopenhauer, about the green light, about Joseph Stalin, about Robert Greene, about Carl Jung, about Adolf Hitler, about Lionel Messi, about Cristiano Ronaldo, about John Coltrane, about Miles Davis, about Kendrick Lamar, about J. Cole, about Sigmund Freud, about B.F Skinner and operant conditioning, about love and the magic of sex-positions, about being with yourself, about meditating, about romanticism, about poems, about girls and how to handle them and about

happiness. In his great book "Mastery" Robert Greene had this to say: Your true self does not speak in words or banal phrases. Its voice comes from deep within you, from the substrata of your psyche, from something embedded physically within you. It emanates from your uniqueness, it communicates through sensations and powerful desires that seem to transcend you." It is true for everyone, I hope it is particularly accurate for you. In the world that has cybernetics and books by Dr. Delgado called "The human use of human beings" I really hope you're in tune.

I hope you are doing well, I hope you still want to learn how to ride a bicycle, that you want to fly and soar, to run, to dream, dream, dream, dream... I hope you live in the real world, the apparent, objective, blue skies up above and muddy routes from Venda. The beautiful, graceful trees and glaring wind. The peaceful sun in Durban and tormenting heat in Limpopo. The outside, apparent world experienced in senses. I hope you get a good beautiful girlfriend in the apparent world. I hope you join and make beautiful babies, "pure-bloods" babies, supreme babies, the best of the crop babies, Hitler genetic policy to transform Germany babies – the best babies in the world! I hope you bring them up in the apparent world. Teach them about Love and emotion regulation techniques. Teach them to be strong. To work hard. To never rely on anybody else but themselves. Most importantly, teach them how to experience life, to be one with nature, to be in sync.

I hope you're in fantastic shape. I cannot stress the importance of eating right and regular exercise. Urban Poet Kendrick Lamar makes it a focal point in one of his songs on the mother of all classics album "Section 80" on the track "Poe man's dream (His Vice) when he advises his listeners to "Smoke Good, Eat Good and Live Good". I hope fast foods are limited in diet; they are bad, they deplete our bodies, make us obese and sick. They hinder the ability to be critical and the fundamental skill of assessment and observation. They lead a passive mind of ignorance. I hope you enjoy a home cooked meal on a constant. I hope you don't neglect your body. I hope you don't just let go. No man has the right to be an amateur in the matter of physical training. It is a shame for a man to grow old without seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable.

Life is like this high stakes, instant gratifying, and highly volatile trade; it's hard to set conditions and regulate the room temperature. Since the world is always becoming and the mere fact that we are becoming more and more liabilities to the machines – that we are no longer a viable means to life in the future. I understand change is imminent and highly probable – that it might be tough but try. Try to prolong it, to stretch it out – you have time, you always have time it's the illusion of the present that's the problem. Do it for next generation to see. Excel and dominate in every field. Make money, be greedy - away with slave morality. To be at the helm and making decisions. The only worlds you must be involved in are the ones that you are an executive. Its fair game, the internet has unleashed so many galaxies; make use of that whilst maintaining full access to real world – the apparent world. Don't give up – do not become "The Last Man" as Nietzsche quite correctly hypothesized for the herd in century. Never be a part of a herd. Stand on your own two feet. Be in isolation. Be subjective in your ways and methods. Be authentically individualistic.

I will leave you with words from my favorite thinkers. "Persuade yourself that each new day that dawns will be your last; you will receive each unexpected hour with gratitude. Recognize all the value of each moment of time which is added on if it were happening by an incredible stroke of luck." – Horace

"Always to seek to conquer myself rather than fortune, to change my desires rather than the order of the world, and generally to believe that nothing except our thoughts is wholly under our control, so that after we have done our best in external matters, what remains to be done is absolutely impossible, at least as far as we are concerned." (Rene Descartes)

“Thus instead of supposing that a work of art must be something that all can behold – a poem, a painting, a book, a great building – consider making of your own life a work of art. You have yourself to begin with, and a time of uncertain duration to work on it. You do not have to be what you are, and even though you may be quite content with who and what you are, it will not be hard for you to think of something much greater that you might become. It need not be something spectacular or even something that will attract any notice from others. What it will be is a kind of excellence that you project for yourself and then attain. Something you can then take a look at with honest self-appraisal and be proud of.” – (Richard Taylor, Restoring Pride)

We shall not cease from exploration
and the end of all our exploring
will be to arrive
where we started
and know the place for the first time. – (T.S Elliot)

Transference to all my children – I hope it finds you well. Receive this matter, it will build you and make you a better person. I harness all my thoughts for you and future generations.



PROJECTIONS

Faith (The Loveable Rebel)

28 November 2008

I just didn't know what to make of it. My little sister really liked him and there he was talking to me. We had become so close. He seemed to understand me. I enjoyed our chats. It was the mxit days – I didn't know who I was talking to, I am being honest. In the end I did the justifiable thing – the right thing. It would have been wrong continuing what we had. His a nice guy; I wish him all the best.

29 November 2008 Morning

I really liked him.

29 November 2008 Evening

He seemed empowered and free; like he knew something that we don't. Money helps. It would be a disaster if I introduced him as my boyfriend to everyone. Dad would never allow it. Once at school, the principal refused to let him in the school because he had altered his pants and made them shorts. Of course he had been attending in shorts for months he had just been recently discovered. He was a wildcard – a rebel. I feel a deep hole in my chest – I don't know how I am going to fill it.

25 May 2018

He makes me laugh and his empathic. I never know who to thank for his presence in my life. I don't want to offend God but something greater was behind his creation. I love him. I am comfortable sharing that with the world. Dad doesn't recognize him as a viable option. Mainly because his unemployed but I say his an artist. He plays the guitar and sings beautifully. He once wrote a song for me. It is a memory rivalled by none. He makes me happy. He is different. His unconventional and exciting. He drips with authenticity.

I love him and I want to be with him. I don't care what anybody any says.

23 July 2018

I got a part in a movie. There's a lot of nudity. John thinks I should take it. It pays well. He advised me that it's not porn just nudity and nudity is art – done correctly, It's tasteful. His my boyfriend, he has my best interests at heart. I agree with his sentiments, however I won't be telling mom and dad about this.

It's been a while. I wonder if I still have it. I am still pretty but the standard of beauty has changed so drastically; I wonder if I'll be able to fit in. I am thinking of asking my sister Reneilwe to assist with the make-up. Then I will go to Busi for touch-ups. You can never put on too much make-up. My hair and nails are done. I just need to secure this part, there is no other way.

Zamokuhle (The Superior Man)

2 December 2008

He is new to us; just like how I had been in the past. That always has a seductive element. What more can I say? His okay.

14 February 2010

Why shouldn't I be a bit narcissistic? I am pretty. I am hot. Life is about perspective and I have men and boys drooling over me.

14 September 2012

Why did he choose me? I did nothing to warrant or initiate this. I have my problems too. Why me? My one night out all summer. He hasn't even tried speaking to me. And Facebook? Really? His too much of a boy.

5 April 2014

I am not sure about his intentions. He is too smitten. He is overly infatuated with me. I sense a lot of insecurities. I am flattered of course but I can do better. Besides the time is lost – the show goes on. But because I am a good person. I am going to give him a go. Two weeks ago, I met a guy coincidentally has the same name. He is a bit older. He is good looking not cute unlike the former. He looks assured. He is always in a suit – men in suits make me melt. It's a seduction thing, I just can't get enough of them! He has businesses. He has money. He looks powerful. It's obvious which direction I am leaning towards – it's a no brainer. Maybe that was a bad example – it was doomed from the start. But such is the probability of us linking up.

16 March 2015

I wish he would just leave me alone. I don't mind the attention plus it confirms I am still good, but it can be tiring. His plan just has the opposite effect. His fighting a losing battle. I don't want to be with him.

18 May 2016

He just doesn't have an off button.

18 November 2017

Mr. Insecurities strikes again. I don't need this in my life. Besides, I kind of like his friend much better – we have a history. He makes everything difficult and complicated. I have issues and problems too – that's why I am always running. Biding my time; I'll get my time, my moment. Life is frustrating. I feel I am in a loop and I have to do the things I don't like every day. All I want to do is watch

television and sleep. The pressures of being a woman in the modern world. If he knew what I have been through, he wouldn't like me as much. He would stay away. He would leave. He would stop loving me. I am pure in his eyes. I don't want to tarnish that. He thinks I am perfect.

21 February 2018

He apologized for his outbreak – his moment of madness. Like “give me a chance”, “I love you” get the fuck away with that. He makes me nervous like what do you want from me? I am not who you think I am, get away, get away! I wish he would just go away. I don't know why I have his number saved on my phone. I don't know why I respond to his messages. I don't know why I send him my best pictures. He appreciates them (the pictures), goes crazy for them, sends a million emoji's because of them – my pictures genuinely make him happy. He makes me feel good.

26 July 2018

For my birthday he bought me book about food and sent it over the internet. It was an eBook, it was sweet. He said that he remembered a moment in high school when I wanted to change the school's tuck-shop menu and that lead him to purchase a book about food. I appreciate the sentiment and the thought. Last year for my birthday, he wanted to take me out. In nicely constructed paragraphs he politely asked me out. I couldn't say no – he knew when my birthday was; that's nice. I agreed but I needed to be strategic. I postponed on the last day to take him off his stride. He was adamant and determined to see me so we had to postpone for the following week. I knew he wouldn't take his foot off the pedal so this time I had to see him. It almost didn't happen because I had errands to run in town but he patiently waited for me and we had a good time. Overall, I had a great birthday!

12 September 2018

I have started talking with an old friend of mine. His someone I had a crush on. It started when we were young. The element of time is making the seductive process stronger as I now feel intoxicated by him. It all started at the tender age of 11, we were both in a new environment - a new school to further develop ourselves and minds. We were both on a neutral platform so we linked and communicated with one another with greater ease. Because he was also new, he was one of the first students I knew. And then he switched schools once again and he was gone. I met him 2 years later in high school and he still looked good. Another two years apart and we were in the same class. That's when our love affair commenced. You see it's a great love affair bonded by destiny and the Universe. We just never got the timing right but it could still happen. I am still young and pretty and his just amazing. You see it in his posts his strong, his radiant, durable, assured and everything is just going right for him. He comes from a good family with good values and principles. He has money. He has travelled the world and women find him irresistible. His amazing!

15 September 2018

I want him. I love him. I just can't stop thinking about him. My whole structure of being is filled with desire for another man. How do I get his attention? How do I make him go crazy with desire?

26 September 2018

His my best friend, my confidant. I tell him everything.

Senzo (The Devilish Romantic)

2 March 2015

I had such an incredible day at the market today. My best day as a trader. I made \$2400 on 6 trades in just 7 hours. Oh it was thrilling too because my stop-losses were almost triggered. I don't know what I would have done. It was do or die. I had to recuperate loses I incurred on the last two trading days and I went above and beyond. I always advice traders to look at "Major Reversal Patterns" you know; check double tops and bottoms, check triple tops and bottoms, check for a trend with a "V-Reversal", check for a head and shoulder trend and look at other time frames! So when my advice works for me, I don't know I get a big head. Maybe I am the best trader in the world – my account certainly agrees. Okay maybe not the best in the world but good.

Thanks to today's exploits I have an excess of \$6000 on my account that I can use for entertainment. That's R98000 – I am feeling festive.

8 March 2015

Today was an interesting day. A normal man would have died. In the morning at round about 5:30 am Bontle comes at the crib. I wasn't expecting her. She didn't call. She didn't text. She woke up one day and decided to be "spontaneous". She woke up and decided to be a better person all of a sudden. Nobody knew about this, she was the only person that had this information. How is this my fault? She deserved today's interaction. I am not wrong. I didn't know. Of course, she found me with another woman. I didn't panic. Even when she made a scene and ripped off my new sheets – sheets she purchased to be fair. I was ice cold. It was already a bad situation. She tried to corner me and asked me to choose between her and the "new girl". I am not dumb, I am not going to commit to such a thing. Besides, I love them both. They are useful in various areas in my life. I just walked out. It was the best thing to do. This is not beyond my control. This has happened before with different girls. This is not a problem.

9 March 2015

If Bontle respected me as a man, I wouldn't do such things. It's her fault. She's rude and vile sometimes. She has control issues. She's crazy. But I love her.

15 May 2015

I was with Lerato today. She was in ripe condition. She was ready for me. She was all over me like a body rush. She enveloped me. She embraced me totally. To be honest, I wasn't on my game. I was sloppy, slow and dry – however I did the job. Her sounds were overly over the top for the performance I put in. The whole sexual act was a folly for me. It makes me think. What else is she lying to me about?

12 November 2015

I was with Bontle today. I had a plan. It was not a good one but nonetheless a plan. I heard through the grapevine that she was organizing a baby shower for her sister. I planned to be there.

Communication between me and her was non-existent since she found me in bed Faith. Secretly I was conversing with her sister – I apologized and requested her assistance and she obliged. My plan was to see her in the morning before she began with preparations for the shower and I needed her sister to grant me access in the house. She helped. At 6:00 am I was in and the house was empty; just me and her (she was still in bed sleeping).

The highlights of the heated and emotional conversation we had was; I am sorry and I was not able to control myself. She seduced me and it was just sex – not like what we have. That I love you and I choose you. That I need you in my life and that you make everything worthwhile. It was routine. It helps that she is younger. Now I just have to take her to a game reserve or somewhere exciting to complete the process. I have learned that if you can validate three things namely; self-perception, intelligence and that they are “good people” – you can do anything you want. After all, self-interest rules. It is the same tact that worked on her sister. Also go low when she goes high it has some sort of psychological effect that helps the process.

16 December 2016

BEST HEAD THIS YEAR! The women in Pretoria are incredible! I will be CUMMING soon. What a 6-pack of alcoholic brewages will do for you – it will give you a head start.

20 December 2016

This is our win; thank you to everyone involved in the process. Thank you to the people who shared their knowledge in the form of books to the whole world. A big shout out to the internet, we appreciate the free videos. I was ready. I was reading on the Kuma- Sutra, female genitalia, the importance of the stimulating of the clitoris, scared sex positions and Kegel exercises. And of course the practice of knocking bitches out the park on a constant. My PC Muscles were improved and I was ready. What a great December this is turning out to be.

I met Dineo; the hot girl in high school. She was still hotter than the sun. I always wanted a second chance with her, to redeem myself, just to prove I could do it. It transpired like a movie – I wish I had captured it and made it objective for everyone to see my victory, to bask in my glory. It was at a social event, an acquaintance was the host and she was there with her friends. The mood of the ceremony was quite celebrative and festive. It was light and friendly, tranquil with no hint of hostility. The sound that graced the social was Amapiano.

I was at the social event first considering I helped with preparations for the event. She came in a bit later with her friends when the place was fuller. It was two guys and three girls, I sensed what kept the group together was a brother and sister dynamic between the friends or that they are genuinely friends or that the guys were still in the early seduction stage and in that event it was an even ground for all. I didn't see the two guys as threats. They looked meek and inexperienced – I don't know in which field. Dineo was so hot. Those boobs and that ass – has the perfect ass to boobs

ratio. Everything is just perfect about her. Her eyes are light brown; they are so mystical. Her skin tone just light not yellow. Her hair dark brown and natural yet curly.

I had to be intelligent. When her group came to my group to greet us and all the formalities of a social event; I excused myself to the toilet so that I can avoid an interaction with her. But I know she saw me. To be honest with you, I think I panicked. My conscious mind didn't think of that plan to go to the toilet. It was an unconscious force. But now that I was in the toilet, I needed to improvise and actually derive a plan. I didn't have one. In the end I decided that I was going to avoid and perhaps ignore her for the whole event. It was the only logical thing to do. I was not ready to face up to her. And I couldn't leave the event, I was a part of the hosting committee. As an astute businessman that's inexcusable. And I couldn't drink too much either. I don't know.

It wasn't a good idea so I braved out the toilet and went straight to their social group and welcomed them all. I was friendly and courteous – it's still business after all. I think they felt welcomed. I greeted Dineo and embraced her with a hug. She was so beautiful. I left and returned to my social environment. I felt good. Going to her group was a good idea. But once again, it was the unconscious force pushing me. I was never going to do that – hell no! All I felt was a burning sensation in my diaphragm and since my gut was not at its designated spot – it was difficult to parley with it. Anything could have happened – things were out of my control.

Later in the evening when I was at the bar she came up to me and requested a 6-pack. I obliged and got a bucket and filled it with ice for her convenience. And we talked. It was a good conversation, professional – we caught up and had a couple of laughs. And then it accelerated. She said she never stopped thinking about me. It was silent for a couple of seconds. But I am not stupid, I am quite intelligent and I knew where she was heading with this. I knew exactly what she wanted and I wanted it as well! I responded with a question requesting the identity of her friends. She responded, those two are brother and sister and the rest we just friends held by the fact that we live in the same location. I noticed the fullness of her responses. I looked at her body language – she was mirroring me! A fuse blew up in mind but I had to be steady. I asked her to come sit with me and that we would plenty of fun. She agreed and took the bucket with ice and beers to her friends stating that she'll be right back. I thought I was doomed. I had no plan. But I looked around at my surroundings and I saw plenty of girls and women and it occurred to me that she was just a woman. In a typical weekend I lure 2-3 women in my nest. A soothing voice came up to me and said "relax, this is the moment you have been waiting for all your life. You are ready. Your practical examinations are excellent and the theory you reading is making you a legend in the city. Just be yourself". "Just be yourself" it said I calmed down and relaxed. I can't mess this one up.

Later she was at my place. I had been excellent all day. I need to cap of this day. When we were driving to my place. All I did was to picture her naked. Those tits; are they going to take me to heaven like they promise? They are so firm. I had been reading on sex and how to pleasure your partner. It advised that kissing is erotic. That it prepares the orgasms. It advised the pressure points: the neck, areas on the torso and of course boobs. I couldn't wait to kiss and suck those boobs. It would be an experience for me. I couldn't wait to do that. It was so important to me and my life.

I wanted to do things to her. Things that she will never forget. My intention was to pleasure her good. Riding to the crib I thought about the game plan. I am a trader and the blueprint is the most important thing – stocks taught me how to plan thoroughly. I thought about her pussy as well. Cunnilingus always makes them go crazy – I thought about eating her pussy whole. I bet her pussy is tight. But I had to be strategic about this. I can still eat her whole pussy up but I need to stimulate the clitoris first. The key is to always to keep moving your tongue. Faith and Bontle love it, they get

orgasms too. A couple of seconds into sex and they are already blown away. I love it when they vibrate, it's their way of telling me I did well. I think it's a man's duty to give a woman an orgasm because if men can't do it, what then? There's nothing men can't do. My pumps ratio is also good. I have solid PC Muscles. I practice Kegel exercises every day and I fuck almost every day. Don't mean to brag but I am in the level of a porn star – penetration wise, I am good.

Before we even stepped in the house, I had a detailed plan. In the end it all worked out for me. Gave her orgasms over orgasms she will be back. I made sure. Here's what I did for starters. I got her naked, kissed her lips, kissed her neck, kissed her wrists, kissed her boobs, laid her down on the bed and continued with the kissing on the general torso area. Then I went to her genitals. I am going to give you a sure case system to make her ejaculate. Are you ready?

- Stroke her pubic hair if she hasn't shaved or waxed it off.
- Use light circular motions with your fingertips to make long strokes on the outside labia. Then curve one or two fingers and use the space between knuckle and joint to massage lightly her inner and outer lips in a back-and-forth motion. Massage her labia and work down to her anus.
- Alternate that stroke with one using your thumb or first finger alone.
- Rotate your fingers around her clitoris. Stroke down with one finger on either side of her clitoris. Rotate. Stroke down.
- If she likes that direct clitoral stimulation, you can take the clitoris between two fingers and gently rotate. But if, like many women, she can't stand the intensity of that stroke, circle your fingertips above the clitoris (at the twelve-o'clock point).
- Add the G-spot stroke. While continuing the twelve-o'clock rotation, insert a finger or two into her vagina and then massage her G-spot by making the "come hither" tickling motion toward her belly button.
- Now circle your fingertip rapidly around her clitoris as you're massaging her G-spot. Don't be surprised if she ejaculates with this orgasm.

Another thing, Use soft, gentle strokes, paying attention to her cues for more (or even less) pressure. Don't imitate the exaggerated tongue flicking that you see in porn films. It looks great but isn't that effective. And don't go straight for her clitoris. I hope this helps. My life is just perfect. How can something so perfect and good happen to an individual? In one day? Who do I thank? God? The Universe? Science? I feel so fulfilled.

22 December 2016

All these women are the same. It's the illusion of choice that's confusing my niggas. They all do the same thing. They all say the same things. You can never rely on a bitch. They will break your heart and threaten you with pregnancy. They are crooked and sly. They are nothing. They are dirty. I always advice my niggas to snack and then leave. They are unworthy and uncertain like rain in winter. They are evil. They don't use their brains. The age of information has made things worse because now there's 6 of me and we all want the same thing. I fail to respect them because I always win. I feel too much emphasis is placed on the pussy – it's not deep; they are all pink on the inside. Illusions are clouding my niggas judgements. You can snack any girl you want. I am not a bad guy. After all, If I just purchase a 6 pack this could be a transaction.

Modise (The Fallen Woman)

10 January 2009

My first day of school was good. High school is not so bad. There's no initiation at our school so that's good. You hear horrific stories about initiation in other schools; people are humiliated. It's a fate I'd rather avoid. Instead of initiation the school, particularly the student's representative council came up with this diabolical, genius alternative. They gave us Yellow A4 Papers and written on them with ink were: "Chipmunks 2009" and there was space to fill in your name and class. We were requested to get cardboard and stick that A4 paper on the cardboard and then with string hang that to our necks. At all times, we have to wear that board. To further humiliate us, every grade 8 student had to get a signature from a member of the student's representative council. There are 40 prefects – that's 40 signature. They taunt us, embarrass us and humiliate us first before they sign. I wonder what would happen if I "forgot" my board at home tomorrow.

I am glad I am not the only fellow who came from my primary. I saw and engaged in a conversation with like 50 of them. Oscar, Christopher, Lesego and Shaun are also here. I even saw Katlego; in 2006 I relocated and as a consequence I changed schools, in the same school I enrolled with she was new to and she was in the same level. In fact, they put us in the same class. And we become buddies for a while. I changed schools again at the end of the academic year so we not so close but I am confident she remembers me. We could start something, she is hot. I just can't wait to get to school tomorrow. There's a big chance that I might be class captain – but we will see tomorrow.

27 March 2009

I was too slow. I saw her walking with somebody – a guy. A Grade 11 student. Did I even have a chance? Damn!

14 April 2010

I didn't see Katlego and Sihle today. Maybe they have broken up. I mean he is in Grade 12. He probably doesn't have time to entertain girls. Maybe I should enquire. She walks to the bus station every day sharply at 16:00 pm. I could engineer a moment. What's the worst that could happen? Try is the best. If I don't talk to her tomorrow then I have to get naked in the street and just run around – like a madman! Deal?

12 January 2011

I think this year will be a good year. Katlego is in my class. I really feel I have a chance at a perfect year. I have facetime with Katlego – anything can happen. My goals for this year are doing well in the field of academics and have Katlego as my girlfriend.

24 August 2011

I don't know what is hard about telling her I love her. That I want to be with her. It's simple enough. She haunts me. I am a disgrace to my ancestors and all my uncles.

4 September 2011

I think I am building something. We sometimes talk for hours on Facebook. Her responses are rapid and she enjoys engaging with me. She tells me a lot. She told me her dream of being a model and I agreed. Smitten yes, but she could be a great model. She told me about her passion for food and I got caught up and mesmerized by her vision. She consumed me. She also shed a light on the dark corners of her life for me. She has deep daddy issues and I think she needs to confront that – not that I told her. How can I exploit that? She excites me. I like her.

21 February 2012

She told me about her substance abuse dilemma. She said she has been clean for some time though. I don't know what to make of it. I can't judge because life is tough and I know that. I am not sure, maybe she's not the girl I thought she was. She's been through a lot. Do I really need all that drama? That's why I prefer older, mature women. It's easier with them. I can't be the one to save Katlego.

8 March 2012

Another guy? When will she retire from dating in school? However, this changes nothing. I still have the edge. This new guy doesn't know the things I know about his girlfriend. I could still push the button.

17 November 2012

It was merit evening today. She was announced as the new head girl. I am so proud of her. She's great that's what I always tell her. For her speech she used the speech that I wrote her. That makes me a part of her moment for life. What a special day!

28 January 2013

Funny how I always think about her. The fact that I have a girlfriend has no weight in this situation. She's hot, she's sexy.

1 October 2013

She recommended a notorious club located in the area of Randburg that is known for outrageous prices on alcohol for our Matric Farewell Party. Entrance is R500 and a 6 pack is R250. Yea, right like that is going to happen. Not everybody is living on the dark side – not everybody has a sugar-daddy. I wish I had money. Everything is easier with money.

3 September 2018

I started talking to her again. She hit me up on Facebook and asked for my number to communicate on Whatsapp.

7 September 2018

She still excites me. She gives my mind a rush. I asked her to send me her nudes and she did. She has the best tits in the world. It was routine. I sent her a picture. Normally, they send me explicit pictures and today was no different. You see with the nudes in my possession, I have the psychological edge – the power; I can make them do anything. They are trapped and in danger of being a slave to fabricated intense desire. The subconscious can be evil sometimes, I think I exploited her “daddy issues” problem. Or maybe I was just that horny. No, it’s deep rooted: I like her. She sent me videos that were out of this world. She’s a freak, she’s dangerous, she has scars, she’s an exception, different and I love that about her. I would do anything to fuck this girl.

19 November 2018

I think I hold rights to her mind. We had an explicit conversation on Whatsapp today and she said she wanted to ride me good. In her own words, she said “I am going to blow your mind away.” She objectified me – it was the coolest thing EVER! She wants to own and dominate me! Before I replied to her messages I closed my eyes and acknowledged the internet. I thanked Nikola Tesla, without him none of this would have been possible. He propelled humanity forward. He died a virgin so no man could die a virgin ever again! After about 5 minutes, I opened my eyes and replied to her kind proposition. I am so going to fuck this girl!

Kevin (The woman to worship him)

5 January 2005

When the farm is finally stable. I will invest in the soccer team. I want to see it prosper – to succeed. It is there where I feel more alive – the soccer pitch. I get lost in the moments every time, every day, and every second. I want to play in the PSL someday. At the highest level. To be a manager at that level would be wow! Just a season for me individually would be sufficient. The team needs to be a household name. I have high hopes for those boys. Must be crippling pressure for them. But I doubt it. They are engaged with me. They are in every moment, every second – they love it! Then I want to look at Real Estate and Construction, Renewable Energy and Telecommunications, The Art School and Art revenues. I still have a long way to go. I still have to go to a world cup tournament. I still want to travel the world and explore. I want to die having assured the future generation legacies. I want to be the best I can be. I want to be a pillar for all my children.

12 June 2005

I met a girl a month ago. Her name is Siphosethu. A friend had a small intimate gathering thing and naturally I had assist with preparations. Late after the gathering Andrew’s cousin and friend came through. It had an “after- tears vibe” but nobody died. It was just close family and friends. The mood was festive and carefree. We were sitting by the Lapa next to the pool. Everyone was engaged in

some sort of activity, we were sharing stories and laughing, mixing alcohol brewages and laughing, smoking Hubby and laughing and just chilling and relaxing.

Andrew's cousin Siphosethu and I were talking all night. I think she likes me. She liked the fact that I was enterprising, young and ambitious. I could see it in her eyes – they sparkled with almost admiration. She made me feel so good. Things to talk about just flowed from the structure of being; I couldn't contain myself. She made it easy. I even told her about the soccer team. Her response was overwhelming! Well, while she said she doesn't follow sports – she'd love to go to the stadium and watch a game. I sensed I was on the right path with that response. I casually told her that we should go together – she agreed, so now we are going to see the derby in a month's time. I am excited. I like her – you know she could be the one. An unplanned pregnancy wouldn't be the worst thing in the world? Would it? No, I need to be focused. Yes, it would be the worst thing in the world – it would be a disaster!

24 August 2005

Last night I told her about the organization I was heading in my adolescence years. She wanted to know more so I told her, in the process getting lost in the moment. She looked at me with such worship. I can't explain or put into words what I felt. But it was great. Our conversation gave me a rush. I feel she's that one thing that has been missing in my life. Now that I have her, I feel unstoppable; like nothing can stand in my way. Like Thanos on the Marvel franchise "Infinity Wars" when he wiped half of life in the planet. She makes me feel like I can fly. Like there's nothing I can't accomplish in the world. She's good to me. I am falling in love with her.

25 August 2005

I want to make all her dreams come true.

30 March 2006

I think I was wrong about Siphosethu. She doesn't quite do it. What we had is gone. It's a shame. We could have had something beautiful. She was teachable too. It's a energy thing, I think somewhere down the road she disengaged and my spirit felt it. She deceived me. She lured me to the dragons den. She didn't care about me – she was using me. I need to break-up with her. I don't trust her.

Tebogo (The Elusive Woman of Perfection)

17 November 2009

I don't think it's fair. What about me? Do you care about me? Did you think about this plan before execution? Why do I have to suffer? What about my little sister? She need's her big brother. You can't take her away, she's the only one – I love her. What about my younger brother? I have knowledge to impart. I am a good boy. Did you have to be so drastic? I listen to you. What happened? The day was going so well for me. Everything just fell apart. Why can't you communicate like adults? Why are you abandoning me? Why are you not protecting me? Why are you exposing me to the world in this manner? I am vulnerable. Why are you leaving me to fight the

world alone? I can't do it alone – I just can't. I am too young, too small. What about school? Don't you love me anymore? I am sorry.

18 November 2009

I am alone.

27 June 2010

Why didn't I go to that Argentina vs. Nigeria game? Damn! My one chance at seeing Lionel Messi. At Ellis Park too? It's too heart-breaking. My one chance! I wish I had money. If my parents hadn't gotten a divorce, I would have seen the game live. I would have saved up enough money for the ticket. I would have had time to think. I wish I had seen Lionel Messi play live but it's circumstantial, I can take it – It's painful but not beyond control. It was such a boring game. Heize scored in the 6th minute with a header from a corner set piece and the game never moved. It was static and stagnant. Messi hardly had the ball. Higuain and Tevez lacked imagination and inventiveness. They looked confused: maybe roles we not thoroughly communicated. This new kid Di Maria did well. I think he will be one of the stars of the world cup. His exciting!

I saw a girl on the same day of the game well after the game. I think she's the hottest girl I have ever seen in my life. She is sexy. She has a great ass. She is light-skinned with freckles on her face. Oh! She absolutely drives me crazy. She looks familiar though. Like I have seen her before. I can't put a finger on it. I saw her walking on the street and time froze. She was within herself. In ocean deep contemplation. While gracefully swaying her hips from left to right. It's her natural walk. Naturally we have to thank that ass for being a contributing factor in that walk. God took his time when he created her. The next time I see her, I will parley with her.

21 May 2011

I think that's Zandile on Mthembu's computer. But no Zandile sits almost opposite her. He wouldn't do that. Where does he get her pictures? Facebook maybe? What's happening there? I don't understand.

27 May 2011

Mthembu like's Zandile – interesting.

18 February 2014

I think that she is great and dreamy. I find it hard to quantify her. No word system or numeric system can do that. She is the best. I wish all the best things in the world for her. I would do anything to make her my girlfriend. Maybe I should start thinking along those lines.

25 April 2016

She is my standard of perfect.

The human experience is such a comedy but also a tragedy at the same time. You mean we are not in control of who we love? That secretly the Universe and all the forces of this planet conspire and decide my fate? The arrogance in that notion – it makes me sick! Just maybe everything in the world has already been done and I have to be allocated in a category. Apparently a category has already been assigned to me. Does it mean I am already in a box? Confined and blinded by my restrictions. This can't be life – there has to be more. Maybe this could be a simulated reality. I now find the subject of love vague and grey. If we subconsciously project our experiences as young individuals originating from our childhood and parents to our partners – Isn't love predictable, with a pattern? I feel my life is a performing stock option projected to do well in the coming years. I feel life is channeled. I feel everybody lied to me. I feel betrayed. Like love is rigged and fixed. You mean there are more people like me who fell in love because of projections and repressed subconscious desires. Are you saying I am the problem? But I am different.

In that case I hate love. It doesn't make sense and I renounce life as well. How are conflicting feelings or ideas possible with love? Why are we so obsessive? Are we the ones in our bodies because sometimes I feel possessed by an overwhelming spirit that does what it wants? Is it even real? What's real? I don't know. I don't understand how a mature and practical adult can regress to behavior seen as childish because of love. I don't understand how someone can be fearful of being alone. I don't understand why love makes us such bad judges of characters. Why are we willingly blind? I don't understand why we mistake a narcissist for a genius, the suffocator for a nurturer, the slacker for the exciting rebel and the control freak for the protector. Its madness and stupid. Maybe it makes sense that love stems from repressed unconscious desires; because then we can define it and try to examine and understand. In the game of love what is most repressed shines through – the irony in that statement. What a show! Love is clearly the undisputed champion of the world.

In trying to access my subconscious, I have to revisit my childhood. That is where everything is planted and it stems and it grows. How we engaged and related with our parents is vitally important. They start everything in life for us. It's frightening how we are so vulnerable in the early stages. We absorb and mirror everything about them – what a skill! Then we take what we like or can use from their personality traits and create ourselves with that matter. Everything has to be right, it's important; you are at your peak in the decoding of information department – you are prone to internalize everything in this phase. From there you develop a character and values. Then you have to adopt and survive in your current environment and of course to build a persona because we are all performers. If things go peer shaped in that stage, if you have parents with questionable efforts or just one singular, you are likely to have a projection or several projections in your lifetime. Such is the nature of the people on the above diary entries. With the help of the book "The Laws of Nature" by Robert Greene, I could understand and decode their projections.

Faith suffers a projection called "The Loveable Rebel". The woman with this projection often had a strong, patriarchal father who was distant and strict. The father represents order, rules, and conventions. He was often quite critical of his daughter she was never good or pretty or smart enough. She internalized this critical voice and hears it in her head all the time. As a girl she dreamed of rebelling and asserting herself against the father's control, but too often she was reduced to obeying and playing the deferential daughter. Her desire to rebel was repressed and

went into her animus, which is quite angry and resentful. Instead of developing the rebelliousness herself, she looks to externalize it in the form of the rebellious male. If she senses a man might be like this, based on his appearance, she will project fantasies that are charged and sexual. Oftentimes she chooses a man who is relatively young because this makes him less threatening, less of a patriarch. But his youth and immaturity make it almost impossible to form a stable relationship, and her angry side will come out as she grows disenchanted.

Zamokuhle suffers a projection called "The Superior Man". He seems brilliant, skilled, strong, and stable. He radiates confidence and power. He could be a high-powered businessman, a professor, an artist, a guru. Even though he may be older and not so physically attractive, his self-assurance gives him an attractive aura. For the woman attracted to this type, a relationship with him would give her an indirect feeling of strength and superiority. It stems from feelings of inferiority. The woman in this case has internalized the voices of the father and others who have been so critical of her, who have lowered her self-esteem by telling her who she is and how she should behave. Not having ever developed her own strength or confidence, she will tend to search for these qualities in men and exaggerate any traces of them. Many of the men who respond to her sense her low self-esteem and find this alluring. They like the adoring attention of a woman, often younger, whom they can lord over and control. This would be the classic professor seducing the student. Because such men are rarely as brilliant, clever, and self-assured as she imagines, the woman either is disappointed and leaves or is trapped in her low self-esteem, bending to his manipulations and blaming herself for any problems.

Senzo has the diary of a "Devilish Romantic". He lures a certain type of girl on to his nest and strikes. For the woman in this scenario, the man who fascinates her—often older and successful—might seem like a rake, the type who cannot help but chase after young women. But he is also romantic. When he's in love, he showers the woman with attention. She decides she will seduce him and become the target of his attention. She will play to his fantasies. How can he not want to settle down with her and reform himself? She will bask in his love. But somehow he is not as strong, masculine, or romantic as she had imagined. He is a bit self-absorbed. She does not get the desired attention, or it does not last very long. He cannot be reformed, and leaves her.

This is often the projection of women who had rather intense, even flirtatious relationships with the father. Such fathers often find their wives boring, and the young daughter more charming and playful. They turn to the daughter for inspiration; the daughter becomes addicted to their attention and adept at playing the kind of girl that daddy wants. It gives her a sense of power. It becomes her lifelong goal to recapture this attention and the power that goes with it. Any association with the father figure will spark the projecting mechanism, and she will invent or exaggerate the man's romantic nature.

Modise suffers from the fallen woman projection. To the man in question, the woman who fascinates him seems so different from those he has known. Perhaps she comes from a different culture or social class. Perhaps she is not as educated as he is. There might be something dubious about her character and her past; she is certainly less physically restrained than most women. He thinks she's earthy. She seems to be in need of protection, education, and money. He will be the one to rescue and elevate her. But somehow the closer he gets to her, the less it turns out as he had expected. Men of this type often had strong mother figures in their childhood. They became good, obedient boys, excellent students at school. Consciously they are attracted to well-educated women, to those who seem good and perfect. But unconsciously they are drawn to women who are imperfect, bad, of dubious character. They secretly crave what is the opposite of themselves. It is the classic split of the mother/whore—they want the mother figure for a wife but feel a much

stronger physical attraction to the whore, the Fallen Woman, the type who likes to display her body. They have repressed the playful, sensual, and earthy sides of the character they had as boys. They are too rigid and civilized. The only way they can relate to these qualities is through women who appear to be so different from themselves. They project onto such women weakness and vulnerability. They tell themselves they want to help and protect them. But what really attracts them is the danger and naughty pleasures these women seem to promise.

Kevin is on the “The woman to worship” projection. He’s driven and ambitious, but his life is hard. It’s a harsh, unforgiving world out there, and it’s not easy to find any comfort. He feels something missing in his life. Then along comes a woman who is attentive to him, warm, and engaging. She seems to admire him. He feels overwhelmingly drawn to her and her energy. This is the woman to complete him, to help comfort him. But then, as the relationship develops, she no longer seems quite so nice and attentive. She certainly has stopped admiring him. He concludes that she has deceived him or has changed. Such a betrayal makes him angry. This male projection generally stems from a particular type of relationship with the mother—she adores her son and showers him with attention. Perhaps this is to compensate for never quite getting what she wants from her husband. She fills the boy with confidence; he becomes addicted to her attention and craves her warm, enveloping presence, which is what she wants.

When he grows up, he is often quite ambitious, always trying to live up to the expectations of his mother. He pushes himself hard. He chooses a certain type of woman to pursue and then subtly positions her to play the mother role—to comfort, adore, and pump up his ego. In many instances, the woman will come to understand how he has manipulated her into this role, and she will resent it. She will stop being so soothing and reverential.

Finally we have “The Elusive Woman of Perfection”. He thinks he has found the ideal woman. She will give him what he’s been missing in his prior relationships, whether that’s some wildness, some comfort and compassion, or a creative spark. Although he has had few actual encounters with the woman in question, he can imagine all kinds of positive experiences with her. The more he thinks of her, the more he’s certain he cannot live without her. When he talks of this perfect woman, you will notice there’s not a lot of concrete detail about what makes her so perfect. If he does manage to forge a relationship, he will quickly become disenchanted. She’s not who he thought she was; she misled him. He then moves on to the next woman to project his fantasy onto.

This is a common form of male projection. It contains all of the elements he thinks he never got from his mother, never got from the other women in his life. This ideal mate will haunt his dreams. She will not appear to him in the form of someone he knows; she is a woman fashioned in his imagination—often young, elusive, but promising something great. In real life, certain types of women will tend to trigger this projection. She is usually quite hard to pin down and conforms to what Freud called the narcissistic woman—self-contained, not really needing a man or anybody to complete her. She can be a bit cold at the core and a blank screen upon which men can project whatever they want. Alternatively, she can seem to be a free spirit, full of creative energy but without a clear sense of her own identity. For men she serves as a muse, a great spark to their imagination, a lure to loosen up their own rigid mind. The men prone to this projection often had mothers who were not totally there for them. Perhaps such a mother expected the son to give her the attention and validation she was not getting from her husband. Because of this reversal, when the boy becomes a man, he feels a great emptiness inside that he constantly needs to fill. He cannot exactly verbalize what he wants or what he missed, hence the vagueness of his fantasy. He will spend his life searching for this elusive figure and never settle on a flesh-and-blood female. It’s always the next one who will be perfect. If he falls for the narcissistic type, he will repeat the

problem he experienced with his mother, falling for a woman who cannot give him what he wants. His own anima is a bit dreamy, introspective, and moody, which is the behavior he will tend to exhibit when in love.

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