

[berserkgrl](#) psych
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[–]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I've often wanted to ask a psychologist if they're ashamed of being a psychologist.

People say to seek help, and by that they mean therapy; but, how is therapy help, if it costs money?

If you're open for discussion let me know, maybe you could PM me... I read a lot on psychology and this is one of the things I struggle with, although I haven't graduated with a degree in anything.

I don't know exactly what you wanted to discuss, so here are some of my thoughts that first just come to my mind:

I'm not against therapy per se but as you pointed out it not only costs money, it costs a lot of money. I've had therapists but never exceeded short term sessions and they were for immediate circumstances and all they basically told me was how intelligent I am but I was never able to stick with them long enough to encourage any lasting change because of money and not knowing what I want. Of course their advice was medication and figuring out what I want (so helpful). I feel like besides their paper qualifications (which is all that matters, apparently) they were pretty unqualified to be giving me advice, but of course, the system would view this otherwise because they have a career and are contributing members of society. Of course therapist (most) insists that all the issues lies within the individuals mindset whereas I have a more social approach to psychological problems and would say there are so many individual problems because of trying to situate oneself within these preexisting social systems.

My ex colleagues went on to get their masters and some even have status now as therapists and it kind of just makes me sick. They boast about it on facebook (finally registered!) but I don't feel they really give a damn about the system and I see them re-post the same jokes about people that are quite offensive and nothing thought provoking. For them, like many, psychology was chosen as a career and everyone just wants to "help someone" but of course not for free. I had a similar disheartening experience when I added some teachers to facebook and realized they are ordinary just people like us. I held in high esteem some professions when really they're falling short.

As for me, I have some issues with the code of ethics (something I don't even think a lot of my colleagues even read aside from the one midterm we needed to extract information from to regurgitate) and so I decided not to pursue a career in psychology. For one, I use drugs and there is just no way I could exist as a person who offers advice for a price when I am technically breaking the law (I know everyone does at least minor things to break the law probably daily, but this is a personal thing for me). Another factor is the whole diagnosis thing which is absolutely absurd and tied into pharmaceutical companies pockets as seen in the ever increasingly over-medicated populations. I have a huge issue with the DSM (diagnostic statistical Manuel of mental disorders, which if your familiar with psych you obviously know about) which to me is a giant joke and none of my classes even analyzed this book in a

critical thinking manner, but I think my critical thinking class could easily have used this book as its class textbook to point out how many fallacies exist within the text and how it's a money making scam. I'm exaggerating little here.

Feel free to direct this conversation anywhere, I probably got a little off topic and more into rant mode, heh. As usual.

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Well, I guess I wanted to reach out since I'm a bit of an armchair psychoanalyst and writer.

I've also had similar experiences with psychologists: being told I'm intelligent, and yet not really helping.

I really enjoyed reading what you wrote. For me, the more self-serving the writing is, the better it is.

I recently developed a theory AND recently noticed you were a psychology major, so I wanted to test your brain for two reasons; first, to make sure I'm not being stupid or crazy for thinking what I think; second, to determine how you feel about what I think. My recent thought is this: that the psychologist is little more than a modern sophist, by which I mean that he earns his daily bread in much the same way as the sophist (speaking), except his purpose is to chase down and destroy the various forms of sophistry in the world, which they've dub anti-social behaviours, or mental disorders. I'm not sure if you're familiar with the writings of Plato, but the sophist is basically a person who speaks for a fee, and teaches a dogma wherein the speaker claims not to understand anything: that all men are evil. This is useful, since it can theoretically free you from others, and yet it is simultaneously detrimental, should it render you so cynical that you cannot socialize, and feed yourself, which in turn creates even more sophists incapable of earning their daily bread by any other means but the perpetuation of more sophistry. So you might think: If everyone was a sophist, quite possibly nobody would cooperate and do things, like farm food! Similarly, if everyone was a psychologist, quite possibly nobody would cooperate and do things, like farm food!

It seems to me that the modern day psychologist is something of a reverse sophist, since he preforms the role of a modern day dog-catcher (that is to say a cynic catcher), where his actions are essentially forced by the state, by whatever legal backlash he might face, should his patient harm himself. Thus, he cannot fully listen to his patients, or discuss with them what many psychologists really believe (we're all neurotic); instead, he must basically thwart all suicide attempts at all costs, lest some unfortunate maim himself and kill himself and sue him, thereby preventing him from continuing with his practice, which is a speaking do-nothing practice, and hence a shameful practice.

Many of these speaking-professions I find especially revolting and hollow with respect to what I know computers can do, namely, speak. Once computers start speaking and teaching, what will the world become? The teaching professions and the psychology professions might then be annihilated and we'll all become little more than programmers; proposing tweaks and modifications to the state. Perhaps, some of these teachers (they say that those who can't do teach) will kill themselves, as they collapse

under the weight of their own superfluousness. Personally, I hope so, since I have always had a bad relationship with teachers, who I have always hated, since I perceive them as little more than thought-hoarders that speak for money, so they can wallow in their indolence. I can't tell you how much I despise the state for making the cost of education so high, in this so-called information age. And what I find especially revolting is how over-compartmentalization is encouraged to the detriment of the plants good health; how so many people are utterly content to absorb the world in stultified form from their televisions; how our politicians aren't existentialistic, but merely panderers afraid to say anything with conviction, because, then, they might alienate the legions of philistines needed to vote for them into office. Mankind's collective incompetence is probably what makes me want to kill myself, above all else.

Note: please don't mistake the tone of this message for arrogance; instead, perceive it as my will to overcome errors. I don't really mind that you exaggerate, since I feel that we always exaggerate whenever we speak, because speech is not our inner hallucination.

And just consider what Rank said about schizophrenic realism being self-defeating! Are you kidding? Are psychologists little more than the antibodies of the state in which we inhabit? This, again, is why I am driven to speak to you (a disillusioned psychology major), since it is almost maddening to reach these conclusions, alone. And I can hardly determine how alone I really am, since the many essays which may exist out there, that are in line with my conclusions, are likely trapped behind some pay wall, or stultified by Google's need to pander to the common; making it difficult to feel properly connected to like-minded people.

Consider this excerpt from the novel *Mrs. Dalloway*, by Virginia Woolf:

Sir William was master of his own actions, which the patient was not. There some weakly broke down; sobbed, submitted; others, inspired by Heaven knows what intemperate madness, called Sir William to his face a damnable humbug; questioned, even more impiously, life itself. Why live? they demanded. Sir William replied that life was good. Certainly Lady Bradshaw in ostrich feathers hung over the mantelpiece, and as for his income it was quite twelve thousand a year. But to us, they protested, life has given no such bounty.

I think this makes it pretty plain the relationship the doctor has with his patient. He, by circumstance, was given the means to go to school and earn a speaking profession, while the neurotic (who is fully conscious of the horror that is the world: that trees are alive, and, perhaps, can feel pain) is unable to profit from what he professes, however truthful it may be, and hence becomes an unfortunate, mentally ill person. The doctor gets to say that life is good (who gets money from the neurotics); yet, of course, such doctors will never share the bounties they've extracted, from these neurotics, with these neurotics: their relationship is one-sided, where they practically feed on the neurotic, who wants world peace or death. It's like you said; it's a money-making scam.

Anyway, so I'm a youngish person who feels alone and wants to see what you think; basically, since I write and I want to be sure that I express myself, properly, or correct my personal errors...

Hope you enjoy conversing with me!

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I don't think you come off as arrogant. You're pretty well spoken, and if that is seen as arrogance, well then, there is no hope heh.

Your theory is interesting. I am familiar with Plato, but it's evident you are more so. I know Socrates never actually wrote anything down, but I'd considered him to be a reverse sophist. In the sense that he would lower himself down to the intelligence of other people and then try to reason with them from the bottom up with their level of understanding, but did this so as "trolling" (haha, in the modern sense) as opposed to gaining a fee.

As for thinking the psychologist to be a modern sophist (I don't think modern would be interchangeable with reverse, and you used both terms) I think you make some plausible points. Psychologists are paid because they are seen as the gatekeepers to an ideal that we all supposedly want to attain (propaganda ("advertisement") from the capitalist state), and of course to attain this is not free, and clearly not everyone can be excellent without a price because of classes. If I was more familiar with sophists I'd speak more to that but since I'm not overly familiar I'll stick to the psychological jargon. You are not alone though. In fact, there are noted doctors in psychiatry that are near anti-psychiatry. R.D Lang and Thomas Szasz. You may be interested in the myth of mental illness by the latter and the politics of experience by the former.

I have an issue with the therapist client set up because lets just say you are labelled a narcissist. Who decides that? Well, your therapist presumably is the one to make that distinction and diagnoses. And isn't that a tad narcissistic? Isn't it narcissistic to claim that someone is too involved with themselves and needs you (the therapist) to assist them? Meaning the therapist is going to suggest that you remove the idealization from yourself to the them. A bit contradictory. I do think there is too much expected from therapy these days though and that it isn't necessarily a bad thing to have someone that is not a family member or friend or whatever to speak to. It's just going to be incredibly hard to find that kind of psychologist to fit you within our system for a multitude of reasons. I am jaded by the system overall.

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Gotcha, well it's always nice to have someone validate ones ideas as not crazy and not arrogant.

I'm pretty jaded with the system overall, too, and for other reasons...

Namely, that school is hard enough for children (what with how society won't adapt to technology and make higher education free), and it only gets worse when drugs are involved; when you get the parents to start thinking: I better force-feed Tommy these pills (with nightmarish side-effects), otherwise he'll never make it in the world; he'll never get good grades and a scholarship and a good job so he can pay me back for his birth!

You get a situation where dumb parents weaponize the medical system against their struggling

children.

And we all know that brilliant children can struggle, because they can see our understanding is incongruous.

Anyway, "set and setting" is important, when it comes to drugs, and this hyper-competitive anxiety-filled circus that is our educational system is, without a doubt, NOT a good setting for fiddling around with mind-altering drugs. Of course it would be a good setting if education and higher education was free (so these dumb middle class parents could stop *misusing the medical system* this way); however, it's not, because it costs insane amounts of money.

Personally, my parents were extremely stupid: they dragged me around to doctors that fitted their (Catholic and Conservative) beliefs (that they are always right); hoping to tame me, by bringing me before these people, which I found humiliating, until I escaped. Everything I did (not cutting the grass the right way) would be the new reason why I needed to be dragged into some psychologists office (who had a crucifix on his desk), and there they would interrogate me and label me, because that was their job. Then that label would be the new reason for why I had to obey my parents and think like my parents, the extremely stupid ones!

(I'm trying to be slightly funny here, but I'm not sure if you share my sense of humour.)

And of course this was all nothing compared to what people suffered just half a generation ago where parents, such as mine, would have their children outright lobotomised! (and I know what they say, how the Kennedy's didn't realize they were turning their daughter into a vegetable; how they thought scrambling around a brain was good therapy) But I guess now you get where I'm coming from, and that's that it's still going on...

I mean, don't get me wrong. I'm not anti-drug (really I wouldn't want to experience some of the terrifying things schizophrenics experience), they can do a lot of good, it's just the way the system works and is being worked is pretty terrifying. I've read some anti-psychiatry stuff, although I really haven't read too much of it since I had already agreed with the abstract arguments. I did really like Ivan Illich's "Medical Nemesis", which I've read in its entirety. (I'm always looking for more reading material by the way) Another thing I don't really know if I approve of is the "forced swim test" where mice are tormented and based on their MOVEMENTS we SPECULATE as to what they're THINKING. So now we have a situation where these omnipotent speculators wave their brainless sceptres over every branch of philosophy, and say: "Oh! The rat is swimming and hence not depressed!" Uh? What? It's not, are you sure? Are you certain it isn't so depressed it's struggling to flay its skin off with water? Then these drugs are given to the children of crazy parents, which certainly is not a recipe for a school shooting (if you throw a little nine inch nails and nietzsche into the poor kids brain).

Anyway, thankfully I survived all that without harming myself or anyone!

Now I just write and think of suicide (a marvellous aspect of the human condition).

haha, sorry about the rant, not sure if you prefer long or shot replies yet... :P

PS: I just noticed you posted to SS: the Aldous Huxley quote... I already have a feeling that you understand where I'm coming from with the drugs and the swim test and, well, me, and where I'm coming from. <3

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'm SO depressed right now. I'm also semi drunk so excuse this email. I don't really care about how I express myself anymore, something I used to hold to somewhat high standards, but now, like everything else- I'm just a slob.

Anyways, experiments done on animals are absolutely absurd. 'rat park' for example was an isolated experiment done on rats to see the connection between opiate drug use and behavior. the study found that if rats were placed in a secure environment (had proper food, water administration, and a decent enough place to roam around freely and securely; basically, all their needs were met) then they wouldn't drink from the tap that contained morphine, they would only drink from the water tap which was, well, water. The 'experiment' concluded that if one has all the necessary requirements to lead a 'good life', like their social conditions were met, then they will not need to use opiate drugs. LOL. The abuse committed onto the rats to conclude this = absurd and obviously these conclusions could have been conducted without toying with the rats lives. I am, however, a huge fan of Bruce Alexander so I forgive him for this rat experiment. And for the general population that needs experiments like this to make inferences.

Sorry your parents were so shitty. What compelled them to take you to Christian/catholic psychologists? I read a bit of your comment history and I noticed you are gay (or attracted to men), and don't self harm, so I'm going to hypothesize that beside cutting their grass wrong maybe they were offended you were gay? Absolutely absurd. My mom called the cops on me a few months ago but honestly, it was for good reason. I wanted to beat her senseless and probably was saying I was going to do so. When the cops arrived, two of which were incredibly attractive, I tried to sleep with them right there on the spot. Totally embarrassing, but not quite out of character for me. The cop insited I had control issues and was acting like a "little girl." but he was grinning and blushing the whole time. I told him we must be into the same porn- haha. Anyways, as for the comment length, I guess I prefer longer to shorter responses because I have no life right now, but you can feel free to respond in a length you deem necessary. again, sorry for the errors, i'm a little drunk.

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'm not even sure if my parents knew that I was gay (though after I came out they did send me information on conversion therapy, which was downright terrifying, but what do you expect from parents that don't believe in evolution), but they did know that I had some pretty modern views on copyrights (I feel that they hold progress hostage), which was infuriating to my father who was trying to use them to make money, because China doesn't respect American copyrights (duh). Not only that, but I was basically trying to discard Catholicism openly, and they wouldn't tolerate that. *Are you possessed by demons? You're a conduit for evil! I'd rather you died in traffic than stop believing in God!* is what sort of stuff my mother would say. Even now I can vividly remember telling my co-

workers that my mother had called me, the incredibly shy and timid employee, evil incarnate and a conduit for evil, which was a hilarious shock, so for a while they jokingly called me the conduit.

Now, I was pretty moody when I first left my parents, and now in hindsight I think I could attribute maybe some of that moodiness to the drug I was on, Strattera. Of course, my parents were not mentally capable of considering that any of my moods were affected by the drug. On it, I remember feeling really stale, unable to feel my thoughts or possibly my associations (the bell jar effect), and I had extremely violent and intrusive suicidal and homicidal thoughts, which were highly disturbing to me. For instance, in class (in my head of course), I'd rend the flesh off my favourite teacher, while feeling like screaming the whole time, and imagine (and practically feel) me using any means necessary to become free of my flesh: glass, pencils, tools, and so on; it would all go straight into my head and eyeballs and whatever. (note: all of this is really hard to write without making me sound like a psycho) And to make matters worse this was right around that time when school shootings and that kind of thing was in the news, and already I had been pegged as that one quiet and white kid, and plus, already, my parents were plainly nuts; they were on my case for not supporting the Catholic church, and also because I had broached certain topics to them, like moral relativism. It seemed like I was surrounded by hostile, misunderstanding people. If I told them what I was feeling I'll probably end up forfeiting my future and in a mental institution, with my parents tormenting me for years. That is what I thought and feared, that is why I simply kept quiet and ran away, so I could get away from all that.

It was after my fiasco with medication that I tried to return and go back to school, but before I did I came out to them as gay, because I feared instability might wreck my ability to get through school, and of course they couldn't handle that either, and again they started pressuring me relentlessly to medicate, which brought back memories of my Strattera trauma. I was violently opposed, but I wasn't violent. I ended up living with my boyfriend at the time, which was probably not a very mature thing to do, but whatever. Again I had to leave, after which I received the conversion therapy emails I mentioned, and while receiving them did hurt my feelings, I was glad I escaped mostly unscathed.

Well anyway, so all of this is why I'm a huge proponent of free higher education (it would do wonders for mental illness, since it would let people take all the time they need to fit into society, so they're not maddened by it, which, I now recalled, ties-in nicely with the moral behind rat park: how social bonds can trump addiction), and why I really want for there to be ways for children to be safe from these forms of abuse. It really haunts me to think that there are still young people out there living this nightmare I went through. I remember watching some video of a school shooter (this was very recent) walking around saying incoherent things about how horrible college was, before he committed his crime, and while most people wrote this off as incoherent and crazy, I viewed it as a genuine grievance; that, perhaps, he wanted a man park.

Now, I have to say this because I feel like I've said some mildly disturbing things, but I do not condone acts of violence!

All of this is really depressing to me. And yeah, it is especially depressing that humanity requires experiments like that to make inferences. As a so-called creative person, I find it really depressing to have a powerful imaginative apparatus in my brain that others do not, because with it I can see that

many of humanities stupid decisions is due to the horribly unequal distribution of these imaginative apparatuses. Hey, this reminds me of that Salvador Dali Quote: "What is a television apparatus to man, who has only to shut his eyes to see the most inaccessible regions of the seen and the never seen, who has only to imagine in order to pierce through walls and cause all the planetary Baghdads of his dreams to rise from the dust." Maybe that's why I drink, too. It's so I can inebriate my depressive imaginative apparatus, my brain! Sometimes I do wish I could get involved in some kind of activism, since my job kinda sucks, but I don't really know where that exists, plus I have no degree or anything.

Hope you're feeling better.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'd like to apologize for responding drunk. It's not totally uncharacteristic for me but I still feel silly. Killer hangover, I did some other stuff too, but feeling much better today. Not very wise. I drink primarily out of boredom: "If something bad happens you drink in an attempt to forget; if something good happens you drink in order to celebrate; and if nothing happens you drink to make something happen." Charles Bukowski

Sucks your parents sound so shitty, but from what I'm reading, it sounds like you aren't actually living with them right now so that's probably for the best. Correct me if I'm wrong. I can't sit here and say, "don't be ashamed of where you came from" because we all come from somewhere different, but hey, maybe the silver lining in all of this is how two stupid people could actually create a logical, reasonable human being who....exercises his right to think? Haha. That's a positive. I forget what exactly it is Banský said, but it was something along the lines of Parents being willing to do anything for their children except let them be themselves. It's pretty sad. I could not even imagine bringing a child into this world. For a variety of reasons. The fact that people still have this warped idea that they can create a life and then try to mold that being based in comparison to their own selfish expectations (which are mostly just projected by society) is just painfully selfish..but honestly really stupid and a waste of TIME. I always told myself if I ever were to have a kid it is only because I'll be able to accept beforehand if they are the biggest failure in the world (such a thing doesn't even exist, but it is so ingrained in our heads to be successful) and, of course, if I had enough money to support them forever. This makes it sound like I don't think poor people should be able to procreate, but I'm not saying that. Everything is just so ridiculously expensive and almost appears pointless to consider. I don't really see the silver lining in making my kid work their ass off in order to go to a school that probably doesn't value education in the first place, or information. A lot of these professions essentially are just alienating society further. Thanks, capitalism.

I think you mentioned in an earlier post that you weren't against medication per se and I'm certainly not, either, in all cases. I just think it should be distributed in an entirely different manner, because the way they are dispensing out pills now is absolutely absurd, your childhood for example. You really had no advocate to speak on behalf of you and since you were just a minor had to eat the pills to avoid your parents scornful reactions. I've had to experiment with some anti psychotics and other medications here and there but I wouldn't say they weren't forced - but most certainly encouraged. I stopped almost all of them immediately. No, thanks. I feel enough like a zombie on my own and I started abusing

prescription drugs anyway so I just said nope. Do you know that for the first time in history children are now suffering from mental disorders more so than "physical" ones? I'm not sure how good that article was in its entirety, but there's so many things wrong with just claiming that, heh. I feel like if higher education were free my life would be a lot better right now, but only slightly and possibly not. I'm just getting over paying for my degree, and I know some people will be paying that shit off for incredibly longer. I'm actually "lucky." What kind of activism would you be interested in? I used to be heavy into social justice issues in high-school but sort of fell apart, too, after and during university. . I've kind of lost a lot of social skills over the years I feel, what with feeling everything is essentially pointless. It's what's prevented me from going on to get my masters. It's just now a point of whether I can find something I actually want to do that's worth it. I'd work through my moods of instability and maybe even figure out a way to make some cash if I could tackle that, but, I don't feel I can. It's all so fucking expensive. Perhaps if everything were different, heh. How was your weekend?

I'd totally want to ride this: <http://socks-studio.com/2011/05/11/euthanasia-coaster/>

[–]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Oh! Don't worry! I do not mind if you respond while drunk, or well caffeinated. :)

My weekend was good! I ended up reading a lot: Denial of Death, and Philosophical Investigations.

And no; I haven't lived with my parents for years. I certainly feel like you do. I've always felt like life is mostly sad. I mean, if I had the financial resources I'm certain that those resources would stare me in the face each time I checked my bank account, and soon I'd think to adopt a child to better his or her existence, and yet of course I'd never create a child of my own, perhaps because I wouldn't want to reproduce a reality I don't like. Of course I realize that reality is too powerful for me. And yet I write, mostly to myself (I haven't tried to publish anything and I may never try), while thinking: maybe if I can communicate what pains me about reality, then the future things that feel as I feel won't feel so bad. And it's so very troubling to me that I should exist, for this brief time; that I have this finite duration, which is painful to me. I often think: this is my only existence and I don't even like it! And I'll just feel so sad. Maybe as I write down my thoughts, I put down my thoughts, so I can live another day.

I also feel pretty bad about school. Information and consciousness never seemed to be of value. There was a time when I had a discussion with an English teacher I liked, when I told her some my thoughts and ideas and goals, and she said my goals were lofty. That word was not a part of my vocabulary. I was completely puzzled. I'm still puzzled, bewildered and shocked, all the time. This just now led me to think: nobody should ever tell somebody they're a genius, because then they'll think: Oh no! I can't be! If I'm really a genius, then the world is fucked! And it really does seem that way to me all the time.

I think Einstein said: "Technological progress is like an axe in the hands of a pathological criminal."

Sayings like that make me want to shut up and go through life without saying a word to anyone, because I'd hate to stain my souls conscience by granting humanity another axe to use on sensitive people, like me. But maybe I do have hope for the future? I was thinking that at the end of this story I've been working on that what are thought to be diabolical aliens are really so intelligent that they're

intensely paranoid, and moral.

I agree that something must be really wrong when we say that more children are suffering from mental disorders than from physical ones. I've jeered to myself about this before and said: there isn't really such a thing as mental disorder, they're all masks for one disorder, called defective slave disorder, which is obvious; because the wealthy we see on television each day can do and think whatever they want. And I also think it's so sad how people will say to would-be suicides to "stay with us" but now that I'm out in the world I do not feel like there is any "us" to stay with, since the world we live in is an amalgam of business machines, and I don't really have a family I can love, or social bonds. This flies in the face of what all the people say after suicides in real life. "It should never be so bad to come to this. Please tell someone, tell anyone, that you're suicidal because help is there!" And this simply isn't true. I can tell and tell and tell, then tell some more, and then write books which are no more than my accumulated tellings, and it won't do me the least bit of good. I just feel bewildered and frightened and full of sorrow and lost and sad all the time.

Actually, I should really admit that I don't feel like this all the time. I DO feel really sad, right now, and I don't know why, so sorry, for painting an inaccurate picture. I can also feel elated and playful, like I did when I dancing in the car alone while listening to this song:

<https://soundcloud.com/kavverhouzer/hiding-kavverhouzer-remix>

haha, so sorry! I think I'm going to try to read Naked Lunch now, but I'm not sure if I'll make it through. It didn't hold my interest last time I tried. I like how when you reply you mention these people, like Banksy and Bukowski, who I've read.

I don't know... I sometimes do think things are improving in the world; that I need to be patient with it.

Activism? I'm not sure about that either. I just want a more competent society, something with free higher education and close to fully automatic sky-scraping farming facilities, where everyone makes delicious plant based foods that are spicy and delicious; no animal cruelty, either, or inhuman conditions...

ha, sorry if this message is a little disorganized. I hope you had a good weekend!

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Are you ok? I read naked lunch and it was kinda neat.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Sorry I haven't replied in a few weeks; I've been depressed, and admittingly more so than usual. It's weird but I guess because I'm not working right now (my sick leave is up and the job I'm supposed to go back to has just informed me there is no work available for me, so I'm not exactly sure what to do and I really don't want to look for another job, but I'm also relieved because I really disliked working there in the first place) so I've mostly just been laying in bed and watching every season of Law and Order: Special Victims Unit.

I actually have Naked Lunch on my shelf but have not got around to reading it, but I did read the first

chapter. I just finished Tears and Saints by Emil Cioran and think I need to take a little breather from him as he is SO depressing, but I like him a lot. How was/is The Denial of Death, by the way? That's been on my list of books to read for awhile. Unfortunately the library I live close to is total crap and wouldn't know a good author if it shot them in the face, it's quite a drag, but I have enough books on my shelf I haven't read yet so I should quit complaining and just get around to it. Anyways, I don't really feel okay, but didn't want you to think I died or something and I hope you still reply to me even though it took me so long! I'm not incapable of feeling okay by any means in moments, but lately I've just been feeling so low. Social media scares me (not really reddit) but facebook and the like, but somehow I find myself on there almost daily though I have nothing to contribute there. Everything is slowly slipping out of reach for me, it seems. Like, maybe not actually, but it certainly feels that way. The scariest part is not really knowing or believing what will help me aside from distracting myself. I mean, the lottery, possibly, but that would require me to play. Anyways, I'm just venting. What kind of stuff do you write? You should totally send me some stuff. I'm always open to new suggestions!

How was your weekend?

[\[—\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Oh! I was so glad to see your message! Thank you for replying!

Naked Lunch was a hard read, I mean, initially. It was only after reading a quarter of the even more difficult Finnegans Wake, that I went back and thought to finish Naked Lunch, that is, with an "abstract" perspective. I've actually read quite a bit of Cioran, although I tend to keep the more depressing things I've read to myself; preferring not to depress my friends (you) with what I've read. Still, some of my favourite books were "Correction" (Bernhard) "The World As Will and Representation" (Schopenhauer) "Mrs. Dalloway" (Woolf) "The Castle" (Kafka), and a few other worthwhile books I've read were "Capital" and "The Golden Bough", because of how they portray the history and the attempts of man to exist in the world (and plus they're historically significant), and the book "In Search of Schrödinger's Cat" was also good. The Denial of Death was a bit interesting, at some parts, although it tended to drag on a bit at some points, in my opinion; particularly, whenever it spoke of Freud, who I had already read a quite a bit of, and Kierkegaard (Either Or), who I had, also, read a bit of, too. (perhaps you can consider the books I've mentioned suggestions?) I found myself thinking: Okay, so you've read a bit of what I've read, and you wrote this book and published this book; but, why? Much of what the book states has to do with the heroic mental attitude towards life. For me, and as a writer, I think I can admit that I write with the hope of bettering what future generations may exist, which probably qualifies as a kind of heroism. For me it isn't heroism, but desperation. Holy fuck, do I want future generations to have it good. The past generations, I suspect, had similar hopes, and yet I'm a very miserable person, I now reflect.

Sometimes I really pray for the courage to kill myself and throw it all away. I tend to write paranoid fiction that is dominated by stream of consciousness which manifests as existential horror. (this is a really recent conclusion of mine, regarding my work, but I think it explains my hesitancy to share my thoughts) I'm basically afraid (paranoid?) to share my writings with others (even though I have), and even when I do what I give them is so dense (not from pretentiousness, but inner pain and desperation),

that I've barely received a satisfactory response from them. Most of my writings are huge tirades, against life as I know it; how I want things to be better, for all. I can't give you the cruel task of sifting through what might be, in my opinion, an immature work, when, after all, I hope to mature and make my work even better than it is now. And yet I just now remembered that there are some shorter things I've written that I could possibly give you, it's just that I kinda worry that I'm somehow contaminated and that I shouldn't be sharing my thoughts with others. I mean, what's the point of having you read my writings, anyway? Let me admit two things. My intuition tells me that life is bad. My intuition tells me that experience is good, and that life might be just one part of the multitude of experiences. When I was young this boy killed himself when he was fifteen, and he always had the "peace" sign up and was usually polite and nice to me, when I was, somewhat, of an underdog. Anyway, he killed himself. Life, to me, now seems like a battle against peace. "Rest In Peace" They write that on tombstones, after all. Are we secretly admitting that life is discord; that life is suffering; eternal suffering?

Fuck. I feel really bad that you're suffering and depressed, too. Working jobs that you hate is terrible. I'm somehow keeping it together and working a job, now, but I wonder if it's possible for me to fall apart and accrue the mistakes I'd need to take the reprieve I want from "work" even if it's homelessness. Humans, for centuries, have been social creatures, working in tribes. I want so much to better my tribe but my personal tribe (family) made me feel horrible (for being gay) so I left them, so now I have no one. Because we live in a world where everyone has a job to support themselves, my somewhat masochistic tendency (I guess) to sacrifice myself for the betterment of others serves no purpose, and I simply feel pain, for no reason; my pain is just pain, and I want it to end. Fuck fuck fuck. I'm sorry. I really want to be uplifting here! I'm so sorry....

Fuck I just want to give you a hug or something... Why can't I just like this life?

My weekend was okay.... After reading some Burroughs I started reading Science and Sanity and I'm not quite finished with that yet. I'm probably going to read some casual books after that, I think, but I'm not sure. Lord of the Flies? For some reason, I've thought of that. I really hope your work situation becomes more bearable.... I really want you to have a good life.... I'm really sorry if I'm bringing you down..... I'm really, really sorry..... Sorry.... Sorry.... Ugh... I'm drunk, too.... Sorry...

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I love Lord of the Flies. Really well done. Also, would you be opposed to adding one another to facebook? I mean, I don't know why I'm assuming you use that, but I've been contemplating deleting my reddit. Also, I know that takes away from the anonymity but I am a stalker of sorts so it's not unlike me to ask. I hope you've been doing okay. I tend to have a similar idea about life being (or feeling) bad and experience being (and sometimes feeling) good, but to be honest mostly I just think it's all pointless, but not enough to kill myself, I guess I still think that would be the most pointless thing of all. You certainly haven't brought me down. *extends virtual hug* those are the best. Liking life is hard. Liking moments isn't, but knowing those moments are fleeting make appreciating them even harder. I know most think the opposite to being true, though.

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Aww, thanks for the hug! (:

Umm, I'm simply too afraid... I think... to be friends on facebook.

Would you be okay with being friends with my "main" reddit account, instead?

Sorry... I did read Lord of the Flies and Hitchhikers Guide, earlier....

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'm also scared of losing you.... hope you're okay...

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[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'm still here. :) just high at the moment

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

So glad to hear from you (and I'm so drunk so this is probably bad timing)!

Anyway you're awesome and I'm sorry I'm such a paranoid loser who can't post their fb info because they're worried that you'll call the cops on them for posting a possibly bullshit suicide note online. I feel so ashamed and at the same time... vulnerable... and scared... I wish that the friends I have could know this side of myself... but, as a good friend, I keep it a secret, as I don't want to cause them duress...

Sorry I suffered a trauma... I have issues.... I'm sorry... I feel like a coward and a hypocrite. Maybe I'm an evil son of a bitch, I don't know. Somehow I want to give you a hug. Somehow I'm afraid. I'm so afraid of death. I have so much hatred and also love for life, which creates my fear of death. My hatred of life generates my fear of death and keeps me alive. Everything is hopeless, for me. And yet I hope so much! My last psychologist started talking to me about if I loved nature and I said "why should I love nature if nature is killing us" and he told me that I should find a new therapist, because I was putting up too many walls for him to deal with, but I never did. He was cheap and I can't afford a better one, so I quit. The therapy game is hard..... WHYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!?????

Why did the suicide hotline exist when i was 16?!!! I WOULD BE DEAD!! BY NOW... I'm 25 and I've suffered unnecessarily..... for almost ten years..... WHY? FEAR?! HATE?!

..... SORRY!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I am sorry I typed this drunken dribble.....

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I totally respect your wishes for not wanting to take this friendship into the facebook realm. It probably wasn't the brightest idea, and I'll probably keep this reddit around in light of your 'paranoia', haha, so that's a positive. For better or for worse, most of my friends are similar to me in their pessimism. Sure, some are more optimistic but I can't really go to lunch with anyone anymore who doesn't at least accept that I am a miserable person or that life is inherently unfair and unacceptable. I wouldn't be able to bear it. I can only handle others in short doses, anyway, even if they happen to agree with me and even if I

am high or intoxicated, which, is very often. I'm so scared for the future but at the same time I don't really care. I care mostly that I don't care to "earn" my place in society, because I know deep down it's so futile and the masks we need to wear in order to gain respect is utterly insane. Am I weak? Absolutely. Am I meek? You bet. But am I totally in denial? I'd say no, and I'd say one day people will realize that this distracted pursuit in wanting to gain respect and power (i guess the two are interchangeable) will come tumbling down once they understand our inner troubles, and perhaps experience it for themselves. Like....doesn't everyone see the futility? The injustice? I mean, I want to believe people can change and we can do better but I don't know. Sometimes I think even wanting to do better is a delusion. All life is an illusion and I'm missing the part that wants to cultivate a corner of the world to call my own, simply because I do not feel okay, I guess, about myself. Therapy will never work for me. Unless I become rich or something, and then IF I did I probably wont care at all about therapy. There's too much inside of myself that I can't execute and never will be able to, so I'd probably indirectly be putting up too many walls, myself. Now I just lay in bed and listen to other people vent to me although I don't even think I'm a good listener, but apparently people think so. I guess I'm understanding. I'm a pisces, you see. Haha. I'll have to work again, eventually, and that thought makes me want to kill myself so who knows. I don't think I will kill myself, though. It's like Cioran said....'Only optimists commit suicide, optimists who no longer succeed at being optimists. The others, having no reason to live, why would they have any reason to die?'

Anyways, I don't think you're evil, but I certainly don't know your character enough to state one way or another or to even align if our views of evil correspond, but I do think that I'm not a great person. I don't really hope the best for anyone if it goes against what I think about the world. I'm not a fan of artificial happiness or whatever, and freedom is seldom free. And your therapist sounds like an asshole, but an honest one nonetheless. I'm sorry you can't find a better psychologist to work through your most intimate issues because I get that's what it means to be human and it can be hard to open up to a complete stranger, let alone one you are paying.

virtual hug

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Aw, thanks for continuing to message me. I really appreciate you.

Sorry, I guess that after being raised Catholic and having my mother curse me for being an evil child that I sometimes entertain that thought, and end up tormenting myself with it. It's just another one of my issues, I guess. Anyway, fitting into this society (state) is hard since, really, it hardly seems to have any sense behind it. Making people rich while defrauding the poor while exploiting the vulnerable for cheap labour seems like a cruel order, to me. And even as a kid I felt depressed and guilty and undeserving of whatever things I got from the stores, since, as I contemplated their origins (slave kids, etc), they seemed bad to me.

The stone flags in the passage had been swept almost clean, the whitewash on the walls wasn't old, the artificial palms only slightly dusty, and yet everything was greasy and repulsive, it was as though everything had been somehow misused, and no cleaning on earth could ever make it better.

-- from Amerika, by Franz Kafka (I read this very recently)

This passage really stuck out to me as one that echoed how I reacted to stores as a child, which I was supposed to love and be excited for. The only times I've ever felt happy whenever I got something was when my aunt made food, which she lovingly cooked for us to eat, whenever we visited her. I'm able to imagine the love; the experiences; the emotions, behind these things. Whenever I walk through the malls or stores I just feel pain and cruelty. I do not feel okay about this. I do not feel okay about giving myself over to this system, which makes me feel bad and others feel bad. If there's any reason why I write (sometimes rant), it's to convey how awful I feel about this; how unacceptable it is, for me.

Perhaps that's why I haven't committed suicide. Perhaps I've tormented myself with the thought that suicide would be a form of acceptance. To kill yourself is to accept the world, I told myself. As a teenager, I had latched onto that idea, and it has kept me alive until now, for roughly a decade.

I also hate the masks we need to wear, to gain respect. Can I just say, that I respect you now? It's funny, sort of, but normally I don't pay too much attention to signs, but you got me curious and I remembered I'm a taurus, so hey, maybe that explains why I can read and write for hours, alone. haha, I don't know.

Anyway, I hope that you're doing okay today... This time I wasn't drunk while writing, haha. (not that that's a problem, for me, either way) Perhaps the world can change for the better, I don't know.

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hello again! *virtual hug*

I don't know, but I just wanted to share something that sort of describes my feelings lately...

Years ago I was diagnosed with chronic depression, but this doesn't sound like it any more.

It's hard to describe what I'm feeling because my feelings feel fused.

I want to die, I don't want to die. I feel like dying and like I'm being raped; that I'm happy, but that I'm happy because I'm expiring, not mortal, so I'm getting what I want, death, eventually, so I don't have to kill myself because nature is taking care of that for me. I'm being raped and killed by a nature that is my nature. I could go outside but nature's outside, and we're on bad terms. I feel crazed and on edge, and my laughter manifests as dementia in the face of an unjust world who's eternal executor of justice is death. Inside I'm burning and my smile feels as intensely hilarious as a naked lie. Inside it feels like perfect happiness could happen while outside there's perfect unhappiness. And in light of that is the strange desire to tear my flesh from my bones to leave it, totally apart, from the happiness in my mind. A human face is a grotesque thing manipulated by chemicals and serving a fundamentally clueless brain. I feel a vacancy inside us and yet, the cars traversing the asphalt veins, seem alive. Previously I'd romance about having a chicken for producing breakfast eggs and yet now I'm a human for producing a company, that gives me no company, more money than I make, which leaves me feeling like a fool for listening to my hunger pains. Perhaps justice is real and it hurts, however, it feels like it won't stop twisting inside me, the blades of justice, that feel painfully right because I deserve it. Agony and ecstasy, maybe neither one exists, and there's only confusion. I feel bad. Why not? Good.

I hope you're okay.

I'm being raped and killed by a nature that is my nature. I could go outside but nature's outside, and we're on bad terms

I have no sense of mask. The art I post on facebook is bleak, and I feel like I'm a teenager who never got the memo that life is unfair and to be as greedy and selfish as possible, to 'fake it until you make it', because that's all anyone fucking does. Oh, and I liked that previous excerpt from Franz Kafka. I haven't read a lot by him, but him and I seem to be on a similar wavelength. Sorry this response didn't really offer any words of wisdom.

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[_]from berserkgrl sent
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It was also my birthday a few days ago and it went well so I guess that's worth noting. No lottery win though

Hey, I hope the sloppy joes were delicious. I want to apologize for how long it took to reply.

I've felt painfully depressed lately. I don't know how else to describe it. I'm burning with anxiety.

What you said did help, at least in the sense that it was nice to feel empathy. I don't have a way to pull

myself, or you, out of the darkness, right now. I mean all my life it was just bad. So bad. I don't know what to do to escape from this, but I want to, so badly. For the past few days I've felt beyond horrible. Totally unlovable. Maybe hated. And yet this was after I met a relative of mine, for the first time, who seemed to like me, maybe (I certainly liked her). I'm so tired of feeling like a fucking machine. All my life, it's do things because a machine said so; because protocol said so; because you're poor and if you jump through these hoops you'll figure out where you need to be, when really it's bullshit and really most of the class is going to end up in a shitty situation, when really the teacher wanted the best for everyone (you'd think). My thoughts lately seem dominated by thoughts on morality, lately. Right now, it seems like the most moral thing I could do would be to kill myself and be food for everything else, out of love. But I will not love everything else this way! That's what I tell myself. It's like a crazy battle is being waged endlessly in my head, and it hurts. If I kill myself I admit that I love the monstrosity. If I don't kill myself, then I become a monster. I feel like my only real hope is to oscillate between the sides endlessly until my ego escapes into insanity, and yet that evokes the fear in me that, somehow, doing that will result in the loss of something good in me, forever. And yet there was mystery before. It's as if I'm trapped in a dream that's simply been going on too long, where previously it was sweet and full of mystery and wonder, and then, opposite and on the underside of wonder, was horror, I found, and now I just want to wake up.

And here's the part where I realize that I've rambled on selfishly for a long time; here's the part where I notice that I haven't done anything to figure out who you are, and I feel horrible about that, too. What you said about how you didn't get the memo, I think, is what I had in mind when I wrote the paragraph prior to this one. One of the things that horrifies me, all the sudden, is knowing that this person, who I can't name, was interested in helping depressed people. She's bipolar herself. I don't want her, this very sensitive soul, to become overwhelmed when she starts to; Document, Document, Document, all of the; Suicides, Suicides, Suicides. The thought of her getting into this profession and it worsening her state; worsening her depression, terrifies me. She said that she thought that depression ran in our family. She said that she tried to kill herself. I think I said the same, to her, with my face; with my eyes.

She told me all about how much of a struggle it was when she first entered the world; how she'd go to the supermarket and read the ingredients; how all that overwhelmed her. "Yes!" I replied, "Do I pick cage free eggs? Or do I pick vegetarian fed?" I exclaimed, re-enacting a battle I'd fight, in the supermarket. She told me she has chickens of her own, and I praised her for it.

Anyway, this is where my head is at lately. I enjoy your ramblings.

Kafka really resonates with me... He's really estranged. His father and mine possessed a quality that I'd call "guiltlessness" that was very hard for me to deal with. Even if my father made a mistake; even after hounding everybody for his error, he would never apologize for it. He would make us feel crazy. And yet, in business, he was successful, just as Kafka's father was successful, while Kafka was supposed by many to be a failure.

I want to go some place else and just get along with others and not feel so alone, but there isn't anywhere to go. :(

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

We can't kill ourselves because there's no scape, really. If we kill ourselves we will just be labeled as insane or suffering from a "mental illness" and while I get so lonely sometimes and wish I were more open to people I tend to avoid real closeness with people. I avoid the people I think I would like the most. I think it was the singer mossiery that said this is a phobia, but also a habit. And haha, I've called my mom before while taking a short list to the grocery store because I couldn't decide on which cauliflower head to get. The most minimal tasks are just seemingly so sometimes. I had a pretty bad day. I really dislike emotions, well, no. Well yes. I just hate a lot, haha How have the past four days been for you?

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Also, about the relative thing - I have a hard time accepting when people like (lets not even talk about love) me. My friend constantly tells me for someone who wants love I constantly push people away. It's like the more I receive praise or what I can perceive as love, the more I go berserk.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'm hoping one of two things changes. one, i experience love in a positive way without the self hatred attached to it and jealousy or two I get so tired I literally (probably not using this word correctly) can't care anymore one way or another. I'd say about 2 percent of my day is spent in sweet apathy and I want more of it.

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

My days have been passing pretty well. Every day I get depressed and dunk my head into some book; Augustine's Confessions; VALIS; Gerald's Game; Phaedrus; The Portable Plato; The Stranger; Untimely Meditations, and so on, whatever it takes; whatever my mind wants to read, I read. Reading is great, because when you're reading you're altering your thoughts with the word-stimulus. That's what I think I'm doing, anyway. And for some reason my sex drive is working so I've been getting on Grindr because I want to have sex, but I haven't been successful at it. It's really difficult, for me, especially when I consider that I don't feel like I can ever fully connect to someone. I always feel a sense of disconnect; a sense of swirling in my thoughts; far away and longing to leave, to die. That's not fair. But, then again, I'm only talking about trying to have sex. Hope that's okay (normally I can't talk sex at all so I must be in a weird mood). What I'm trying to get at, is that love is really difficult for me. I want to love, but I also don't want to hurt the person I love, if I tear myself away through suicide. Sometimes I'll meet someone and I'll feel what might be love, but then a vacuum sucks me back into the void revealing the hollowness behind what I'm doing; making everything pointless, and I think to distance myself again, like any considerate person would do, if they don't want to hurt the person they'd eventually love. And I love apathy, I now recalled, after going back to read your messages. Apathy is one of the things that isn't allowed in our society, because it's a society, and not a tribal situation. We idolize these vulnerable and emotional types in movies quite often and, no doubt, a person who exhibits emotionally valid reactions to circumstances is downright cute, at times. That's one of the reasons why I've been toying with the thought that suicidal ideations and even depression was something adopted by

courtesy of evolution. I think you can see where I'm going with this train of thought, so I'm going to digress from it and just say, now, how funny it is: How I've read more philosophy than most philosophy graduates; how hard it is for me to connect with others my age; how I've read all this to drown my depression; how I want to die; how I want to be an apathetic and loving person; how I want to escape and live inside my imagination and my intuition, which says that everything mankind has done is a stupid product of their failure to get along. These contrivances we use; these numbers; these dollars and cents, do not seem necessary for the tribal society, which possesses a sense of immediacy, and which champions dreams; which pays respect to the lives they consume; which acknowledges the perspectives inside living things (Animism: the supposed stagnant of society. Christianity: the suspicious accelerant of society.); which takes hallucinogenic drugs to know how far mankind can fall, so they stay safe, and small, and primitive. It's remarkable to realize that the world we live in was not made by people who've tried hallucinogenic drugs (not Christians) but by people who've adopted a narrow view (Christians), one which completely denies alternate perceptions (relativity and uncertainty and animism) and promises them eternal rewards that can only be received upon death. If I'm depressed, it's probably because I've felt that all my life I've been pushed around by lies, and given worthless, hollow, tokens as my reward. I can't enjoy a playful pretending. Everything is to be taken seriously. I'm tired of being required. Maybe once my writing projects are finished I'll take a hitchhikers tour of the country, I don't know.

Sorry about this block of text... I was very sleepy as I wrote this. I hope you're okay. :)

[–]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hey... are you there? :|

[–]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I just finished The Last Messiah by Peter Wessel Zapff. Some redditor posted an excerpt on SanctionedSuicide a few days (weeks?) back and I decided to read the full thing (which was short). I liked it.

"Sometimes I'll meet someone and I'll feel what might be love, but then a vacuum sucks me back into the void revealing the hollowness behind what I'm doing; making everything pointless, and I think to distance myself again, like any considerate person would do, if they don't want to hurt the person they'd eventually love."

I envy your method of self-preservation: detachment. This wont make me sound good but I have no need to lie about it; I'm downright abusive with lovers. Well, I certainly have been. Right now I am experimenting with not being so emotionally volatile, and at times physically violent but it's difficult. It's like what you say, though, when things are actually appearing to run smoothly (and yikes, maybe even are) I tend to realize the sheer emptiness (hollowness, as you said) - but I simply explode as opposed to detach. Actually, the one person I slept with who is probably the only person to have fully embraced me was the person I unleashed my rage on the most. It's kind of funny. Think Socrates and his wife Xanthippe. If you don't know the nature of their relationship, this painting will sum it up for you:

https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/2/29/Blommendae_Reyer_Jacobsz._van_-_Xantippe_Dousing_Socrates_-_c._1655.jpg

That's said to be a pot of piss she's pouring over him. And it isn't the exchange of piss in an erotic sense, lol. I could psychoanalyze why I act the way I do, and certainly my on and off again partner has, but it's no use; I'm fucking insane. Lately though I've mellowed out. I haven't convinced myself though this is because I've truly grown or anything, or feel bad (sometimes when I reflect on all of the seemingly horrible shit I've done I do feel bad, but it's never been enough to prevent me from repeating my behaviors, and I always remind myself I'm not, like a sadistic murder) I honestly think it's just because I don't want to end up alone. Even though I know I am, oh god I am very alone. I'd like to inquire into the relationships of others and determine just how much of their lovey-dovey, positive-affirmative exterior is genuine and how much is part of this superficial give-and-take cathedral to uphold some stupid, false ideal. More importantly, rather, is there even an importance in knowing the distinction? Who am I to meddle around as a busy-body into other peoples affairs? This is my favorite pastime, however. I make a wonderful stalker. Certainly, though, as history has shown that's all we do. We are voyeuristic in nature. Anyways, I love sex and I could talk about it for hours. Sex is inherently violent, and this is probably why I love it so much, and why I have a hard time believing that sex and love are somehow intertwined (this hurts people, I think, especially myself when I try to connect the two - when I try to tell myself that what I'm experiencing is love when it's really just a downright mechanical act; albeit a fun one). Anyways, sorry for rambling. Did you find any suitors that appeal to your sexual tastes? For your libidos sake, I hope so!

I'm doing okay. I started watching House of Cards and thought it was great but really after the 1st season it sort of lost its luster. No, it has. My emotions throughout the day fluctuate like a tidal wave. There are no truly "great" moments, but some moments are okay, almost endurable, and that really has to be enough for me right now because it's all I have at the moment. I've dabbled in Augustine Confessions for school a few years back and tend to read it in its entirety someday: "The mind commands the body and is instantly obeyed. The mind commands itself and meets resistance." Evidently Augustine wasn't addressing cripples - haha. Sorry.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Also, I'm really sorry I don't proof read much. I type so fast and I know I could come across better if I did glance over more. Sometimes I wish I held myself to higher standards.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Wow, I actually did reread what I wrote you this time and this is why I don't. I used the term "suitor" which isn't at all relevant to you and it just makes me sad to realize how little effort I put into the use of language and grammar. Forgive me.

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Oh! You're okay! Believe me, I look way past such things. I'm very glad to hear from you! But I must sleep... I plan to reply soon! haha. :)

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I was so glad to hear back from you, like always. :)

I read The Last Messiah too, and it makes a comforting argument. Likening my sense of feeling to that of a deer with horns too big for its own good, seemed fitting. As a child I made many sad observations, which I've written about in my current writing project. There is a part, early on, where a depressed character takes notice of the fact that he not only thinks of suicide often, but also dreams of having a house with a zen garden, out front, to save fossil fuel and not cut the plants. However, the evidence that there are no sensitive types that desire such things are all around him; the lawns, and not zen gardens, surround him. And they're telling him: Kill yourself. The people like you, who want the things that you do, can't survive here. Anyway, so it all seemed very obvious, to the character.

Maybe I could talk about sex for hours, too, under the right conditions. I'm not sure. You're right that sex is inherently violent. There's an invasive element to it, for sure. Perhaps those intrusive homicidal thoughts I mentioned to you earlier is why the thought of taking the dominant role is so difficult for me. (wow it was hard to write that) Anyway, you make an interesting point about the violence of sex counteracting the idea of love; the emotion of love. It's like, you become drawn to someone; you're curious about them, so you explore them and add to them and change them, but changing them destroys them, so what you really love is destroying them. It might sound really stupid, but I started exploring various religious ideas when I was a teenager. Here's a saying that really suck with me, and maybe you can tell me if it irks you, too. "You don't love fish. If you loved the fish, you would not have killed it and cooked it on a fire." Menachem Mendel of Kotzk. This way of thinking just seems to lead straight to the "spiritual" or death. To love the fish you have to not eat the fish, which means you die of starvation, and love. Or, in other words: Life is powered by self-hatred, not love, since if life loved life, life would starve to death, in a state of self-awe. Well anyway such morality brain teasers have been ripping through my mind for what feels like forever, however, if I kill myself I don't think it would be for "reasons" but simply because I couldn't resist the feeling. I'm not sure; I'm wondering if you think similarly.

Yeah, I found someone but it didn't go very far at all. I just don't think we're very compatible personality types. I'm pretty sure that if I met a personality like my type we'd just talk and talk until we talked ourselves into jumping off a bridge, so we avoid each other. The real reason, however, is due to the size of his dick. Like, wow. haha, I don't know what to say. I feel pretty embarrassed mentioning it.

Glad to hear you're doing okay... House of Cards is a good show. It's fun to watch for other reasons, like, you really get a feel for how out of control our representatives are; how sneaky they are. Augustine's Confessions was a worthy read, but as a rhetorician I'm not so sure how much you can trust what he says.

hehe, well I'm super hungry right now and can barely think... haha, I'll stop here.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

...you didn't "catch the bus" did you?

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Nope. :|

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hope you're okay! Can I ask, what prompted you to ask?

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I was reading through your Reddit and saw a post by you stating if you didn't respond in x amount of time you died. However, I went back and saw you wrote it, like, six months ago. Phew. How are you doing? And I think even plants have complex enough lives and we destroy those systems too, but of course animals like fish and humans alike. There's this new book out about it (plants having. Consciousness) but I forget what it's called. Tying into your fish comment. But yeah, I am antinatalist by nature (contradiction from a biological standpoint? People say anyway) and think humans have done beyond wretched things to keep the species going, all for a few Human experiences that do not add up to enough positivity in the sheet contrast of the obvious negativity our species creates. I can't even fathom why people would subject a child into these conditions. All I can think about is how one day I will be old and more useless than I am now and I honestly don't know why I don't end it. Fear, I guess. The chance things may get better doesn't hold a lot of relevance to me because even when things go smoothly I know there is an order in play that will balance everything out. And, we all die. Forcing our souls out of nothingness to participate in this world seems like a very cruel joke, but a joke to be sure. Just keep watching shows online to distract myself from the increasing narcissistic society I am part of. Do I envy these people who can seemingly contribute? Does growing up mean becoming increasingly selfish? There's only so much energy you can exert to the outside world and sooner or later we are taught to take care of ourselves, but that's hard to do when you don't really care to uphold superficial notions and that seems to be our world, I am no exception just aware. I made badass poutine today though, hah. And have been partying quite a bit. I'm not really happy about it though but it passes the time.

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'm really glad you replied to me. For a moment I was concerned that I was shadowbanned, or something.

I gotta confess something... I didn't even attempt to kill myself when I posted that suicide note. I just curled up into a ball and tried to cry a little, but I couldn't even do that. It's funny, but I'm certain that there are quite a lot of writers who postpone their suicide by developing a writing dependency, like this. Somehow writing something can make things better, because I can get emotions out, even if nobody really reads them. I'm really sorry if that post frightened you. I'm so sorry if I scared you. I've scared others too, and I don't know why.

<https://www.reddit.com/user/EraseMe>

That is me. That account made one post, and it serves as a milestone for me. Four years! I hadn't even

looked at that account in months, and I still share those same feelings. After four years! And I've felt depressed for even longer than that! Sometimes I go back and look at that post and the comments, and I mull over the thought of developing the confidence to change things, and I resume my writings, since I really want to change things by communicating my feelings.

I really hope you're doing well. Maybe the reason why you party is to experience social bonds? I really want to feel like I'm close to people and that I'm helping them, but I rarely do. Today was a really hard day for me (and I had to restart this letter to you multiple times just to communicate it), because today I was told I'd have to work even further away, for the sake of my job (and this sort of makes me want to quit and be a welfare depressive but I don't know how). It's scary to think that some giant corporation just gets to do whatever it wants because it is giant. And this just happened, when, almost that same day (a little before) I was meeting with my friend's mother (who let me live with her after my parents kicked me out). We got to talking about human nature somehow, and even though she's an older woman she told me that she was feeling old and jaded about certain things, like how no matter what some people just don't understand different points of view; they'll think of others as lazy, when really they're sensitive, and aware of the situation. The talk of human nature took me back to the time I had talked to her about my suicidal thoughts. I told her then, months and months ago, about how I couldn't stop contemplating how nature eats and takes advantage of nature, and how I have this tendency to anthropomorphise things like plants, and how overwhelming that can be, and in our conversation I even mentioned how Nietzsche, and Woolf, oftentimes mention plants, in their writings, like me, and how well I understood that. I just want it all to stop. This mistreatment. I don't know what is going on, but it's awful; watching humans becoming nature, and resources, as they quite rightly say, for companies. And it always seems that way, when I look at the trees, that their might be innumerable lives suffering there, swaying in the wind. And who am I kidding? I'm even tired of the little things, like waking up and going to the bathroom and eating. So why live? I don't know, but I keep living. I feel like I'm destined to live a short life, and that my friend and my friend's mother know it. I'm not only really depressed, but I drink cold brew coffee every morning and multiple beers a night, which of course is bad for me. Back when I told her about my suicidal thinking she told me, straight up, that people do kill themselves over such things (seeing human beings in the pants and feeling like this anthropomorphic tendency has been buried making us treat each other immorally, and fearing for the future of the human race). And then she told me that if I were to kill myself, that at first people would be sad, but then they would get over it. So I guess I am living because I feel like there is something I can express that can help people live better lives? I don't know. I really don't know, but all of that had come back to me during our talk, and I couldn't help but think that she was thinking that she was sitting across the table from a person that was not going to live very long. And yet, I didn't feel like she didn't love me. I really felt like she enjoyed my company and I really enjoyed her company, too. It was amazing to see her.

Anyway... sorry for rambling. I feel like even if I did get my message out there I wouldn't live that long anyway. Depression, coffee, and all that other crap, is probably taking its toll on my heart, and as I'm sure you know my first post was about my high resting heart rate, which was nine months ago. I don't know what to say, exactly. But I'm with you. I want something better, for us. I don't know why I don't end it either but I think it's because I want something better. I desperately want to love something I

don't love. But the reason I don't love it is because the world is so demanding. And the reason why the world is so demanding is in the history books, and it's all so sad, so sad, that I can't do anything about that; this history and these explanations for why these demands are imposed on me; how, no matter where I run, I'm stuck here. Maybe I'm not stuck here? Maybe I just need the courage to get away, or move away? I don't know. My friends mother said I should try and move elsewhere, where people are more like-minded (I live in the Midwest), but again I don't know. Maybe I'm fucking stupid. You're right: We all die. Another amazing thing to think about, like mortality, and no other evil, is to blame for why humans have failed to make a utopia, since people continually need to be trained.

Shoot. Sorry again for the ramble. I hope it isn't narcissistic of me to ramble like I do. I hate what I say so much, honestly. Well, it's more like I hate that I feel that I need to say what I say, if that makes sense. I don't know what to say right now... Earlier today I was listening to a song and it was so sad, but the sadness was so sweet, so very sweet, because it had a reason to be sweet: all the sadness in the world. Feelings are so strange! I don't know... I don't know... I'm really tired right now, so I'm going to go to bed. You know, that special place of dreams. I love dreaming...

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I couldn't sleep... I typed this stuff below... I'm going to (not shamelessly) send it to you, for some reason... Typing it made me feel like maybe I could sleep, so... I don't know. (hugs you!)

... I tried to go to sleep... But I was so agitated, that couldn't stop shaking. I was feeling hopelessly trapped and out of control. I'm so sick of living in this never-ending trauma. I'm so tense right now. I don't know what to do. So demanding. I feel like an there's an infinite number of little monsters crawling everywhere wanting to eat me, and I'm just a monster that got big and forgot it got big, and now they want revenge; endless revenge. I feel so very incoherent right now. I want to knock myself out. For years and years I've prayed: to never wake up again. And I keep on waking up, and I want to scream. What is a brain? An electrical storm? What is the world? An atom storm? Why don't I just kill myself and let this electricity escape! A divorce! A bio-electrical divorce! Words can make anything sound bad. So drunk. And I can't sleep! I'm so sick of this human drama. The human nature channel. The human nature channel. The human nature channel. I can't change the channel. I can't shut it off. It's always on this channel. The human nature channel. I'm just stupid, pathetic, and I should kill myself. I'm just suffering. Confused. Angry. Terrified. Heartbroken. Afraid. Alone. Everything hates me. Everyone hates me. Not happy. Agony + Demented = Happiness. Not wanting Happiness = Happiness. Many cases. Word combinations. Everyone can always say what you left out; what you didn't say, but they'd be saying so, with words, so it's a matter of course. But the sentiment is the same; the sentiments are the same: humans can't comprehend sentiment. There is something wrong; something went wrong with the human animal, horribly wrong. Stuck here in the wrong. Discover quantum physics young > Learn nothing is real > Fail tests > Become loser for the rest of your life. What am I doing? Nothing makes sense. Did Einstein help humanity because he was close-minded and stupid? Why else would he help us make a bomb? Science makes megalomania possible; eventually it wants to select. Where are we going? What is the goal? What is the plan? Something definitive. Death is definitive.

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

wow. I feel bad for typing all that crap and sending it to you.

Today's a better day. Please forgive me.

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I don't mind at all! Maybe I should because you say you hate that you write out your feelings, and I consider you somewhat of an internet friend so am I enabling you to rant when I should guide you to methods that will help in the long term? But what am I saying, we met on a suicide forum, haha. Ranting is allowed! I'm going to actually respond in full soon just didn't want you to feel bad about venting, think I was ignoring you. Still on a bender of sorts. About to get a bit more, heh

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Thanks for understanding ...

I'm so cold this morning. I'm so tired of being faced with this human misery, each time I wake up. I feel like I'm the only one really suffering though, since other people do not habitually think of the past, present, and future of this human misery each time they wake up; multiplying that misery times the cubic volume of the universe when they wake up, automatically in their heads, until they feel very sick and shocked that they've woken up again. When I wake up I look at a bright, empty, wall for a solid twenty minutes. As soon as I wake up it hurts to have woken up. I also go to bed and pray not to wake up, possibly because I was taught to pray to die each night courtesy of the now I lay me prayer, which implanted in me a strong desire to never wake up, here on earth. I shouldn't say pray though; what I should stay instead is hope with all my might not to wake up. My whole life has been nothing but a wanting to not wake up each night and a wanting to die each morning thanks to this really diabolical prayer, which our society permits to be taught to children to poison their minds at an early age. Of course I can't be sure. This might only explain where I got the habit of wanting not to wake up since, it's also all of this human misery I think of that makes me hope to never wake up, since it's what my conscious mind recalls when it wakes up.

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hope you're okay...

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hey, just wanted to give you an update....

I got fired from my job, and then I struggled for a short while, and now I'm getting a new job.

I probably should have tried to do the whole unemployment thing, but I didn't. I got this other job pretty quickly. I've also been writing like usual, and I've been reading too. It's weird. I was feeling almost high, every day, while I was jobless, since I was unsure what might happen, but now I know what's going to happen for the next few weeks, and months. Training. Work. Going home. Writing. Of course I still feel like dying a lot. It's so weird having your feelings betray you like this. It's so powerful. Looking out at the world and feeling like it's attacking every pore on my skin and just wanting to be dead. If there weren't things horribly wrong in the world, then I would feel that what I am

feeling now is very wrong. It's not wrong. If everyone felt this way, then things would be very okay. I tell myself this, to feel better about feeling this way. I hope you're not being too hard on your body. I wish I could give you a big hug.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I wish I could receive that big hug right now. Part of me wants to say congratulations on your new job. Is it keeping with the same line of work? You mentioned training so possibly not. My government funds officially run out in June sometime. By then I will have been off work 7-8 months. In fact, my old boss and an old coworker who sort of influenced me to join AA for awhile tried to get into contact with me to resume work. I said no thanks, basically. The coworker texted me saying, "oh I've been meaning to ask how you are...also can you come in to wash today?" Lol, I love how transparent people are. Anyways, I get the feeling high when you're not working. I'm really not looking forward to working but to ease myself back into it I'll commit to three days a week. I'll probably go to some temp agency...oh, I paid my student loan off in full today. That took me a few years but I still have a decent chunk of money left which will be spent on drugs and the like. I guess in a way I'm lucky I don't have bills but also not much of a life, either. Anyways, I'd be lying if I said the last few days have been horrible. I had some good times with people, great sex, but am gaining terrible weight which is something I've semi always been conflicted with. I think in order to avoid thinking of the future I'll just focus on losing weight because it is easier. I'm going to win the lottery. I just know it. I know money is evil, and I hate the system for what it is, but honestly the lottery would allow me to, well, not feel guilty for not striving for success or whatever. I don't know. I wish I had a desire to take care of myself and be independent but my ego is so...not fit for this society, heh. I don't think I am better than anyone I just don't feel the incessant need to prove people wrong or to play these social games. I guess that's why I love drugs. They are an escape from reality and yes, a way to be social all in one. I really need to read more, since I stopped working my reading has become lower and lower each week (books; I still read plenty of articles) because I used to read at work a lot. Oh god, work. I don't want to think about it. I wish I knew what I wanted. I don't even crave death because I don't know the premiters of it exactly and my imagination doesn't help. Nothing leaves a lot of room for interpretation. I crave...to not have been born, to even want seath ever. Its too kuch a burden. I wish i could be one of those people who find beauty in life and value but it just makes me all the more sad. Agan, sorry for the late reply, I'm not on Reddit much but I look forward to chit chatting with you. I hope tomorrow is a good day for you, or at least bearable. Let me know how the new job is turning out.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

You should let me creep your main Reddit one day haha but you don't have to. Also I hope I don't come across as a brat for using my sick leave money on drug use and paying off my loan. But I probably am.

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Aww, thank you. Congratulations on paying off your student loans, and the great sex, haha!

No, it's not keeping with my same line of work. I'll be a host at a restaurant, so it'll be a lot more work than what I was accustom to. And, worst of all, I'll have bosses. Simply having a boss that controls me,

and orders me around, might be an insufferable change for me, since previously I had practically zero oversight or responsibilities, in cellphone sales. For what it is worth, I hope you win the lottery. I agree, it's very hard justifying these social games. It's hard to want to be a part of this society. You just reminded me (or I reminded myself somehow) of this scene in a nature documentary, on Netflix, on primates, where these primates were shown to be ostracising weaker primates, and where female primates were savagely bitten, and beaten, and raped, and where entire monkey tribes were at war with each other. They were all scrambling around, as if in a great swarm, and senselessly beating the hell out of the females. I get really emotional just thinking about it; how all that cruelty, and all that fighting, was, without a doubt, what made our society, which is really just a compromise, to protect ourselves from traumas like that. It's immensely depressing for me. And what is worse is I feel as you do, afraid of death, since I don't want to be thrown down into an insufferable chaos. I feel like the world is a hell. I fear that the brain I have is something I should hold onto, since it might be some precious barrier, protecting me from a fundamentally hellish existence. I fear that I'm going to lose my sanity someday. I fear that my fear is going to paralyse me, someday, and I'll spend the rest of my life in a stupor, where all I can do is look out a world which is profoundly horrifying to me, and where I'll have to be medicated to keep from crying out, in terror, all the time, simply to spare others my irrepressible cries. I don't know. I just feel so overwhelmed by feelings. Last night, I had a dream where I actually committed suicide. I was terrified of pulling the trigger. Afraid that the bullet would somehow hit my brain in a way that kept me alive. Then, the person I was with, in my dream, took the gun from me, and shot himself dead. And then I did the same, and it was all over. Wow, so this is what my thought process is like, sometimes. I'm really sorry about that.

Anyway, I'm actually trying to get out of this super depressive funk I've been in, and get back to my writing. Yesterday I came home at two PM, and then I slept for sixteen hours, which is abnormally long for me. Then again, I suppose now it wasn't as worth it as I'd like to think, since I had disturbing dreams. Crap! Sorry again! I'm trying to change subjects. Reading is great! I like to think of reading as a drug sometimes. I know a girl who likes to be high while she reads since, she claims, it makes the reading experience all the more vivid, and I'm really inclined to believe her, since they say that even Shakespeare smoked weed. hehe... Well... I'll let you know how my work really is. haha, you should celebrate more! :D

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hug

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hug!

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Do you ever feel like for every split second of hope you maybe half joke yourself into having your punished for a thousand more?

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I half joke like that an awful lot.

I wish I didn't have the desire to write.

I wish I had left quietly and peacefully.

I guess I'm half joking because I really do want the world to be a better place by whatever I communicate. But it is so stupid of me that I've even dared to have this hope that I can only think that I'm really living to torture myself. I just go back and forth. I want to want to live, but it's hard.

I hope you're alright... It's really early where I live...

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

I just want to be exempt from life, hah. Decision making rather. It's 530am here.

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Do you read/enjoy any plays?

[—]to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I enjoy plays. I have a hard time finding them. Maybe I haven't dated anyone all too knowledgeable about plays. I tend to gravitate towards things of an odd or cerebral or absurd nature. I sometimes toy around with writing plays, but I feel a sense of shame when I start, because I'm actually disconnected from the world of plays, since I'm not very knowledgeable about plays. I wouldn't dare present something I've written to an actor and ask them to act it out for me. If they like it, then sure. That's different.

I also want to be free of life. I can't believe how long I've had these suicidal ideations. Can I get your honest opinion? I mean, as someone who got pretty deep into the mental health field (deeper than me). I've had suicidal ideation since I was roughly sixteen, and I'm almost 26 now. I've been thinking that I might kill myself at around 28. Even though it's just a superficial label... I'm a little curious how you'd diagnose me, haha. (and for what it is worth, I'm pretty drunk at the moment) I guess I'm just really curious. Sometimes I just can't take the fact that the modern world was built on slavery and stupidity and not sensitivity. It takes my breath away. My job is going better than I thought. Today I felt like I loved everybody. I felt like I could hug and kiss everybody. I don't remember feeling like killing myself that much today very much. Instead of the usual 40 times at work it was only 12 times. I don't know. I still thought about killing myself today. But today I wondered if killing myself was a loving thing to do for the universe. Sort of like: I love you so much I'm donating my corpse. Something like that. I guess that sounds pretty fucked up. I feel so alien sometimes. It's like I'm harbouring a bunch of tiny animals beneath my skin that want to burst right out and run free. It's fucked up but it's awesome. I don't even want to go to sleep.

..... I really hope you're okay.. I really want something better, for everyone...

[—]from [berserkgrl](#) sent

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Avoidant_personality_disorder

The main issue is these disorders hold so much overlap. For instance, this isn't very different than generalized anxiety disorder or "social" anxiety disorder, and with a dumb psychiatrist, could even be labeled as scizoid personality disorder.

Defintley major depressive disorder, though, however your last paragraph and the fluctuations of your emotions sometimes appear to be bipolar; sudden bursts of energy and wanting to love everyone followed by the crash of inevitable depression. So yeah, I'm not sure which one exactly, but you could comb through those ones if you haven't researched them extensively yet. Sorry I couldn't really give you one decisive one, though.

I just read Waiting for Godot by Samuel Beckett (and watched a play on youtube) and the chairs by Eugène Ionesco. I definably recommend both. :)

My favorite is The Zoo Story by Edward Albee. I think that's up your ally because of your awareness of our dehumanizing world.

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Oh wow! This is awesome, haha. I recently watched Waiting for Godot, not too long ago, and I really enjoyed it! I'm very happy you made me aware of the other plays you mentioned! Oh. Don't worry about the disorder thing. I certainly did recognize my hypocrisy, in that earlier I was so very critical of the whole diagnostic process (relying on speech) and then asking you out of curiosity. There are days when I feel bipolar (fused feelings), days when I feel psychotic (small bugs in perception; chronic visual snow), days when I feel depressed (and years ago I was diagnosed with chronic depression), and so on. I'm very reclusive, and afraid of what people will think of me when they get to know me. Sometimes I can be outgoing for my work, but it's so out of my character that I feel like I have to pretend to be a psycho, almost. Sort of like Larry David in Curb Your Enthusiasm (except with the hosting job I get to really tone back and be nice which I'm starting to like). One co-worker compared me to some of the "sensitive neurotic male" characters in movies, which really just made me feel kinda crappy, since I don't exactly think the way I feel is all that bad.. sometimes.. Anyway, I really like chatting with you... I'm really kinda drunk at the moment... I'll let you know about the plays, haha.. xD I'm gonna drink another drink and go to bed.. good niight! hugs!

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Hey... Just wanted to say hello. I hope you're doing okay! I read the Chairs, Zoo Story, and Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. Reading these plays has made me want to take an interest in the world of plays. I feel like I really need to see them live now. You were right. I did enjoy The Zoo Story. Something about it reminded me of being bombarded with advertisements; being asked questions relentlessly, for some ulterior information-harvesting purpose. Simultaneously, the same character who embodied this, to me, seemed to be a desperate character, wanting to escape his personal hell; wanting to feel some real human-to-human conversation, but being unable to get there. I wasn't sure if his relentless probing was to truly know a person, or to exploit the person. But he made him stab him; he burnt himself onto the mind of that man forever. I don't know, but I also relate to the other character too. Wanting to be left alone; feeling like you're being made to stab people, incidentally, I mean. Anyway... It was good, and

I'm still thinking about it. I guess I felt for both characters. haha.. I also watched some of Great Minds with Dan Harmon. I thought [this video](#)

with Hemingway was pretty funny, and the part where he rambles about his mental disorders kinda made me laugh at myself for asking you about labels earlier.

I'm off today, but for some reason I have really low energy... I really hope things are well in your world! :)

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I feel like killing myself a lot right now.

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes. Who is that by? I couldn't find it online. What's going on in your mind right now? How's adjusting to the new job coming along? I'm almost finished better living: pursuit of happiness: from plato to prozac by mark kingwell. It's not bad. I'm going to read another by him that's more political in nature next but forget what it's called even though it's on my dresser a few steps away but I cannot be bothered to move. I've been smoking way too many cigarettes and I absolutely loathe them. Stupid habit. But anyway, what's going on? I hope you didn't hurt yourself. I read somewhere that Hemmingway killed himself over his orange juice and that struck something within me. I don't know if it's true but just the nature of suicide, how one can be thinking of it for decades or however amount of time and then the minuscule of detail can be enough to just say fuck it and go. Or leave, rather. Anyways, talk to me. :)

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

It's by Caitlin Doughty, called: Smoke Gets in Your Eyes: And Other Lessons from the Crematory

It's about a girl who works in a crematory and her day in, day out, routine of burning bodies; painting bodies; grinding baby bones, and so on. I suppose it was good. The part where she described a corpse as looking like a traffic cone really got to me. Previously I had seen my cousin, dead, looking like what I thought was a cake, when I expected a corpse. But whatever. A horror show is still a horror show.

Today I felt a persistent sense of emptiness all day. It was a nice day outside, with a grand, open sky. I found a dead newborn bird on the sidewalk after dropping my roommate off at work, which I carefully moved (or sort of kicked, honestly, with my shoe) into the grass, so that it wasn't decomposing there.

Anyway, I started reading the thoughts of Einstein; the Ideas and Opinions of Einstein, and Sigmund Freuds correspondence with Einstein, since I resonate with Einstein's interest in world peace. But I also started reading Einstein's writings because it seemed that a newfound correspondence of mine, who it seems I've made the mistake of overestimating, had revealed himself to be some kind of Heideggerian textualist, who seems more interested in de-constructing what I'm saying than to comment on what I'm saying and if I'm saying it well, and, even worse, his comments are in a Heideggerian terminology I find totally distasteful, due to his association with the Nazi party and by association the Catholic Church. I got the feeling that I was corresponding with a destroyed person, finished by the school he

was sent to. The worthlessness of our exchange totally exhausted me. Later, my readings of Einstein's writings thoroughly depressed me, since he so ached for peace, and there's no peace at all.

I summoned up the willpower to get something to eat, and as I ate it outside, in the air already a little too chilly for my liking, I realized that my visual snow syndrome was covering my food in a blanket of, shadowy and at the same time iridescent, brain noise, that only exists inside my head as a perpetual error. I ate inside.

Later I went out for drinks with a friend, but as I backed my car, which I consider to be a grotesque oxygen mask to sustain my hellish routine and life I don't even want or like, I ended up knocking my mirror off, and I felt personally wounded. Then I thoughtlessly and mechanically taped the mirror so it could remain useful to me. I don't think that it was more than an hour later that I said that (I feel like killing myself a lot right now.) to you.

I just got your message on my phone. :(

I will send this reply now...

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

It's 3:40 AM now. I hope I didn't worry you.

The orange juice thing could totally happen one day. It's so questionable if the fight for life is even worth it, when life itself is of dubious value and there's so much suffering in the world.

I'm going to play dead in bed now. I'll check out those books you mentioned... haha.. (awkward smile) :)

[berserkgrl](#) .

[expand all](#)[collapse all](#)

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

:(

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Sorry about last night.

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Oh, I knew she sounded familiar. I follow her on facebook! Heh. I'm glad you didn't kill yourself. I'm going to respond for real soon

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Lottery. Want

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Lately I've been feeling like it wouldn't even rid me of my mental pain but I still think it would help and I could cope more efficiently Dear universe, thank you in advance for the lotto max millions. I shall share with ~thenothings and others.

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

AwW, hehe.. thanks for thinking of me. :))

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Maybe I should play the lottery too..

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

Do you ever feel like dying and at the same time happy to be alive?

[\[-\]](#)from [berserkgrl](#) sent

Sometimes I feel okay with being alive. Sometimes I even trick myself into thinking I am self-motivated and have something to offer. Deep down I just don't think I care enough to muster up the courage (?) or desire to follow through with any of my castle-in-the sky-type plans. I'm just....it's just.....sigh. It's a shit show, really. This human world. I can be happy in moments of solidarity with my fellow humans...I can smile genuinely sometimes. I can even believe I have hope....but do I really? I don't think so. I have such a hatred for humans, but also, it has been said that hatred and love are similar in some respects and just complement one another. I wish I just knew if one could live without the other. If love can't exist without hate and it really is a yin-yang polarity, I feel like I could accept my shitty mood more and this life and not feel so down about it. If love can exist without hate, then damn, I feel even worse because like, look around. Love can exist without hate and this is the best we can do? I don't think I actually wish ill of anyone but then I don't really want them to succeed like how a friend would want you to succeed. Misery loves company, I guess? What do you think? Can love exist without hate?

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I'm glad you messaged me. And just as I was typing a message of my own.

I also hate humans. But I hate that I hate them. I want to love them, but no; I hate them. Earlier, before I noticed your message, I was writing a message to you; it was about work; being in that crowded place, listening to the guests. They were chattering all around me and clamouring for food, but instead of colouring them, in a usual way, I coloured them in a most horrific manner. I imagined them all as fish, like the schools of fish you see in nature documentaries; swarming and opening and closing their mouths and darting this way, then that, for the food near me. And I felt so afraid and vulnerable around them, as if all of them were a few neurological misfires away from eating me. I felt that they were actually eating me, then and there, since their chattering was altering my thoughts, with the trauma of their words. I felt so bad, just standing there. And I thought of killing myself the whole time.

What's strange is that just a day earlier I had several days in a row, with friends, who I felt I loved deeply. But even then I thought about killing myself. No matter what I did. No matter who I was with, I

thought of killing myself and erasing whatever it was I was supposed to enjoy. Sometimes I feel like humans are just sick, hence, why they kill themselves. I mean, consider the concept of the spiritual. What is the spiritual if not the idea of escaping the pain of our (human) existence? I'll see humans moving and twitching and walking around, but then, in a flash, I'll see the storm of anxieties and traumas impelling them to act, and I'll think of killing myself again. Everything makes me want to kill myself, at some point or another, that's just the way I am.

Back to love and hate. These two ideas can alternate in my head for hours. I wish everything was just peace and love, but I feel like this is impossible. If consciousness is something generated by the brain and the brain is a defence system, then aren't we confusing dissolution and destruction for peace? When we say we want peace, are we saying we want (our) destruction? Can love exist without hate? Let's say I love my family. If I love my family, then I'd hate to see them burnt to death. Well. That's not true. I might be a person who loves both (and I'm perfectly aware of how horrible that sounds). Maybe love is a moment where you love. Maybe hate is a moment where you hate. They are completely separate moments. The idea of the if X then Y statement isn't logical, since, as I've now pointed out, there are cases where it isn't true. Okay, so I was totally thinking of Wittgenstein there.

The truth is this talk of love and hate and these choices I have to make in life tear me up inside.

I need to go to bed... Sweet dreams... <3

[\[-\]](#)to [berserkgrl](#) sent

I really hope you're okay... <3

Perhaps you're getting treatment, which, of course, is still okay!

[2emotional4u](#) hello hello, it's berserkgrl
[expand allcollapse all](#)

[\[-\]](#)from [2emotional4u](#) sent

~berserkgrl here. I made a new username. This one is my favorite one yet. Thanks for sharing your thoughts on love and hate. That totally makes sense to see them as moments and being able to alternate between the two as opposed to them being static or something, as feelings never are. I looked up Wittgenstein on my phone last night after I read your message and he seems cool. Do you have anxiety at work about how people view you/do you get along with your co-workers? That's some terrifying imagery but, like love and hate, hopefully it was just a moment and didn't last too long. I had a really....interesting day. I cried a lot. And sulked. My friend tried to calm me down and I *think* I feel better. Well, my meltdown promoted me to make this username because clearly it's so cool.

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Hey, haha. Good to hear from you! I like the user name.

Yeah. I do have anxiety at work about how people view me. I feel that I get along with my co-workers,

but I feel that there is always a sense of distance between myself and them. Right away, when my boss compared me to Sheldon and cereal killers, it made me feel as though I were constantly exuding an aura of awkwardness and creepiness. I don't feel like anyone cares to know me and be friends with me, only to examine me like an oddity, or dismiss me completely. I've questioned my co-workers and made sure that I'm doing okay, and all of them seem to that I am. Anyway, it's hard. I feel like a boyish madman among them. The older people think I look young. The younger people think I'm strange, it seems to me. And how can I blame them? I haven't been cutting my hair. I haven't been buying fresh clothes either-

Humans co-exist in a system of mutual exploitation. I can't help but feel that any position in this system will bring me the greatest discomfort and suicidal thoughts. My thoughts are strange tonight, so I typed that out abruptly.

You're right it's terrifying imagery. But it's hard for me... reconciling the fact that humans enslaved humans to make the world, and that systems of inequality will continue to exist forever. It doesn't surprise me that people should develop delusions of persecution, if you merely consider the possibility that history is ruling us and punishing us. Lately I've just been wishing for nature to treat me well, but it doesn't. It sucks that nobody shares my interests (everything and nothing). In a way I feel tormented.

Wait... I just remembered that I've received compliments from some people, mostly my superiors.

But I should really get back to describing the way I view crowds. It's frightful when you reduce them to comparisons ffffffffffffffffffffff. They're people.. People aren't bad they're just disappointing.

I don't know what I want to do in life. I don't want to do anything in the galaxy. It's all just chemical rewards. It's all just stimulation. It's all just dissolution and the dropping of stale stimulus into the maw of the stimulatable. I want to talk about our future with my friends, but our future is extinction, so my lines of discussion seem morbid and doomed to condemnation. I feel that I'm sentenced to a life of misery. Life is a massive disappointment. uuuuuuuhh. my brain isn't working... im' drunk.

[—]from [2emotional4u](#) sent

Everything is just too much. And yet not enough. It really is all chemical rewards. Serotonin and dopamine running through our synapses or whatever neurotransmitter is in right now as the motivator for human happiness. God. That's a dreaded word. Everything sucks. Just an hour ago I really felt happy to be alive and yet wanted it all to be over spontaneously. Those moments are tough. Mostly knowing that they are probably some of my better moments (when I'm not being purley upset) and they're not great. I don't expect life to be great but I don't want to be a part of things I never asked to be a part of in the first place. Everyone's emotions are ridding out of themselves and the world is a giant sweat lodge. I can't breathe anymore. I'm really sad right now. The cop thay took me to the hospital after my mom called to have me comitted emailed me today and i dont even tjink its worth bother replyinf. His resources didnt help me and no one is goinf to make me want to live like everyone does. Masks!!!!and hanks for listening. I'll be okay. I'm typing in my phone so excuse the typos. I Havent gotten high in like three weeks but my friend bought some blow and anxiety pills so that should be decent. Itll be nice not to be consumed with thoughts

[—]from [2emotional4u](#) sent

Simultaneously*

[—]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

I know what you mean. Today I felt good, or so I thought, because I also felt a sharp and persistent pain throughout the day. I was driving down the street and looking at the trees and the leaves on the trees and the cars, and I wanted it to end. It's like I thought: this is great, so great I could end it here; and here; and here; and here. All. Day. Long. It's crazy.

I'm sorry to hear about your situation, how sad you feel. I really wish you could feel better somehow. I hope you manage to stay safe and that you even find some relief, even if it's in the form of a prescription drug or whatever. Personally I'd be too hesitant to reply to the cop, I don't know. If I were in a situation in which I was face to face with a cop (since I wouldn't bother to write) I'd probably just try to blow the cop off by lying (and not even lying) about how I had read a really depressing book lately, which put me in a low mood, and my overreacting mother called the cops on me, unnecessarily.

Ah... So hours have passed since I started writing this....

Now I'm high, listening to <https://deathsdynamicshroud.bandcamp.com/track/--223> and drinking coffee. Feel better... :)

[—]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

You're totally right about the avoidant side of me, I think.

I was so shy and withdrawn around my parents that I hid a lot from them. Even their religion seemed to encourage, ironically, death over life, so I was literally brought up in a confusion. I'm estranged from the world because I'm baffled how such a confusion could be permitted to exist, and while in such a supposedly advanced society. More and more, it seems to me, I'm learning that I have crazy high expectations. I'm so withdrawn and into myself and my thought process and my expectations and my ideas that I convince myself that going out into public and finding clothes for myself is going to be way more painful than it is; that doing simple up-keep tasks is going to be more painful than it is; that shopping for groceries is going to be more painful than it is, probably because what's painful is ripping myself away from myself. I'm also learning how cruel humans were. It's like there are too many things wrong. This is so hard to type. I'm so low energy all I can do is write a few thousand words a day about how much I hate life on my computer, and I've been doing that for years in so-called books. But I don't kill myself! I'm torn apart; between the impossible task of destroying myself for the world that I hate, and altering the world that's too powerful for me to alter. It's like I want to achieve a balance between myself and the world, but where do we begin? This cycle of fuel and fuelled; economics, the dismal science. This war. This conflict. It was exciting. Now peace is. Well here I am... rambling while high. Wishing therapy wasn't expensive and the world was a better place and a billion bad things never happened.

[—]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

i feel like that last message was a little incoherent. :\

[—]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

I really hope you're okay... <3

Perhaps you're getting treatment, which, of course, is still okay!

Did you mean like in treatment or something? No, I'm just incredibly exhausted a lot of the time and haven't checked Reddit in awhile. Forgive me. I ended up not responding to the cop that came to my house to have me committed, because I don't feel like lying and saying I'm doing well and I also don't want to use his resources because they don't actually help. No one is going to force me to change. Sad truth of being an adult. I've been thinking of going on medication but I would rather start exercising and eating right than truly entertain that thought for real. I know I've been saying it tons but after this weekend and the latest the following week is job hunting time. Not looking forward to it but I also for once feel like I have the balls (metaphorically) to put myself first (I mean as much as you can in a slave position anyway) and not just be nervous beans hope for any job I apply to and actually see if it's something I think wouldn't cause me to have a meltdown. Maybe I should have done it this way years ago but was too insecure. Ah well. Having a schedule seems annoying but whatever. Enough of that. Please tell me how you are doing!

[—]from [2emotional4u](#) sent

this is a self portrait (okay, taken with my smartphone) of how I'm generally doing when I don't reply for a bit:

https://scontent-ord1-1.xx.fbcdn.net/t31.0-8/13268555_10156964557950029_7265741075230681208_o.jpg

Sorry if I ruined your enjoyment of talking to me by putting an image to the typer. I don't look actually look like a photograph, anyway, and I imagine you don't either.

[—]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

You're okay. You haven't ruined anything. I'm just glad to hear back from you.

Yeah, I was referring to therapy. Applying for jobs is always difficult. I honestly don't know what to say...

I like your picture (not the misery). I want to share a pic and I wasted hours mulling it over (do I share a pic or not share a pic), but I didn't. Ugh. It's so hard... Okay, I'm now remembering some comment David Attenborough said about not giving up. When you look at this intentionally distorted portrait, see that I don't want to give up: [removed]

I guess... I don't want you to feel abandoned, that's why I shared it.

I'm sorry! I couldn't help but feel incredibly repulsed by my every photo.

This is my fault..... I look like a burnt out Michael Cera or Woody Allen or Kafka or something! or

worse!

Ahhh! Fine... I don't look like a photograph though, either... <http://i.imgur.com/ZXRyaIT.jpg>

I don't know... Please take care... Right now I'm keeping busy by reading Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

I've been drinking too much, and I've been feeling lonely (and maybe hated too), but that's not true at all.

Omg... Please don't share this photo... I value you... Please take care...

I would have sent less of a distorted photo if I wasn't so much of a coward...

haha, eating right for me is usually eating only once a day and having less than 2 drinks a day...

I'm going to go to sleep now.... I'll click save and pretend it was an act of madness sending this photo, and run straight to bed.

No really.... Thanks for talking to me... haha... Have a nice breakfast tomorrow! (hugs)!

[–]from [2emotional4u](#) sent

Michael Cera or Woody Allen or Kafka

AH, I totally was NOT expecting a pic in your response. I would have probably stumbled on reddit sooner if I had, how shallow. Haha, nah, but I can actually see a resemblance to those three people. I laughed out loud, but totally not in a bad way. We seem to be of the same kin with our black and white-esque photos.

I'm depressed and thinking of using this reddit just to troll people so don't judge me. By troll I really just mean play devil's advocate. I'd never show anyone this photo! Not my property. *hugs*

WE LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY. Sigh

[–]from [2emotional4u](#) sent

I wish I had more to say but right now i'm just harassing a friend of mine because I'm a jealous dumbass and incapable of being alone.

[–]from [2emotional4u](#) sent

I also just don't want to deal with my life.

[–]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

I'm typing this at work... I had to reply right away.

hugs

[–]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Hey... I'm glad you got a laugh from that pic, haah..

I probably could have sent you a more normal looking photo, but I didn't. I guess I wanted to show that I had made a black and white photo too. So, you really think you would have stumbled on reddit sooner if you thought you could see the faces of depressed people? That's interesting. Earlier I was thinking to myself: Well, maybe America isn't such a free place right now, since talking about suicide can get you hospitalized (depending on the circumstances). I don't think this should be the case, especially today when we're faced with discussions on transhumanism and altering our states of consciousness. When you start contemplating different states, I think, it's very easy to start thinking of dispensing with your current one altogether. And what's worse is the modern world is changing so quickly that we don't really have the time we'd like to reflect on these matters, concerning mankind. People aren't getting paid as much as they should, and the planet is overpopulated, too. The desire to express and discuss and partake in these (admittedly depressing) discussions in a way that's reciprocal is denied to us (if you're unlucky enough to lack a confidant you can talk about things with), so it churns around and around inside our heads. When we do express these things we'd like to express, most people (caught up in their routines) instantly reject these expressions as a sign of depression, when what, I think, the individual would like, is a back and forth discussion about it, and a lengthy one at that (which is often impossible in a fast paced society). It's really hard for me, personally. Such a life of rapid change coupled with high demands can be doubly depressing and overwhelming. Hard to deal with, like you say.

I'm sorry that I just started spewing this stuff out about states; I did it since I recently started reading *Being No One*; that's why I started, only now, speaking of these reciprocal desires, since much of society is structured in a one sided way, in which you're sent to school and tested and talked to and explained to and registered and dejected and taxed. One teenager I had spoken with told me that he found his whole life, so far, to be abrasive and confusing.

Earlier I had a conversation with my mother and it, too, was one sided (she was talking about health problems), but as she was "expanding" on her point, she was talking... like... this: Not in paragraphs... but... in a tedious manner... drawn out... over a long period of time. And earlier I was reflecting, too, on how for centuries people have suffered from such a manner of speaking and from the mental terrorism that is Catholicism, which terrorized people for centuries and burnt countless people alive. It's immensely depressing to be alive at this stage; this point in history in which we look back at a "progress" made possible by mental terrorism and a future of altering our state of mind forever. And why? For our bad behaviour? Because we humans couldn't get along like otters: floating downstream while holding hands? (note: so I just did a ctrl +f search for otter, to see if I had mentioned it, and found that the word "lottery" contains the word otter, which called to mind the funny thought that maybe we'd like to win the otter consciousness ottery lottery)

I feel kinda bad for rambling so selfishly here... I'm really sorry about that. I won't judge you for trolling, either. Although I am curious who you're trolling and why you think they deserve to be trolled.

I think I'm feeling what are called psychosomatic pains, intermittently. For such a depressed person, I still have a wide variety of interests. Then again, maybe I feel bad about life and so my interest (or obsession) is figuring out what's so bad about it. Sometimes this drives me back to the thought of

suicide (because I'm bad), other times this furthers my interest in figuring out how to eliminate what's bad, but not through suicide.

Ugh... I want to type more, but I'm extremely tired and I have to go to work, so I rushed this message... :(

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

ummmm..... i feel like that last message was pretty stupid. :c

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Hey.. I hope you're doing okay right now.

I think my mood has sort of improved lately. I definitely still think about dying a lot though. It's hard.

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Hey, how are you doing?

I'm still reading and writing and thinking of suicide, as usual.

That seems to be what I do with myself. Lately I've been interested in philosophers and people interested in peace, or the lack thereof, like Einstein and Kant, it seems to me. I'm also getting more and more anxious, or so it seems to me. It's not that I want to be so anxious, or even that I am anxious (when not working) it's just that I can see the anxiety and turmoil on my face, at least it seems, and this disgusts me. When I look at my face in the mirror, I see someone who has been beaten, or almost mortally affected, by the awfulness that is the world. And what's so strange about the world is that, unlike the usual nightmare, I don't wake up from it, but keep waking up to it, again and again. What's quite possibly worse, is that I think that over the course of this correspondence I've managed to form some views that I don't really have the heart to share, and I've been keeping them inside, and so I feel myself becoming more and more isolated. These feelings are true, but I know that, in a sense, they're invalid, since I do socialize and I'm not isolated. Strange.

I hope you're okay.

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Hey...

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

I'm so alone...

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Are you still there? My depression feels abysmal now. I don't know what to do. I am busying myself with an essay. A friend of mine said it was surprising that I could have such a bleak view of things, and simultaneously feel such a strong will to fix what's wrong with this existence. I felt cursed, because it

would be easier to die, so I wondered if I was cursed with this will to fix, so that I might suffer more. I can't believe I've let three weeks slip away. I feel so very overwhelmed and I don't know where to turn to. My parental family is out of the question. I don't want to be a drain on my friends. The state in which I live is like a monster which is utterly incomprehensible to me. I feel like I'm living in a fairy tale world (fairies, if I recall correctly, are creatures with the power to induce nightmares); and when I look in the mirror, I feel like that person is living a nightmare.

Gosh.. I'm rambling again. I miss our messages. Are you still looking for work? How are you?

[–]from [2emotional4u](#) sent

Sorry I haven't replied. I am doing....it's hard to say. My emotions fluctuate daily. I read you were reading Kant right now. He is pretty cool. I'm currently reading a book by Mark Kingwell (the world we want) and this is my favorite quote so far:

"Imagination is the faculty of the human mind that responds to story and image, that is most excited by art and has an acknowledged cultural primacy since it is central to aesthetic experience...imagination also has a political role, because it is imagination, not pure practical reason, as Kant thought, that responds to the deep pull of justice. The true force of universalism lies not in the act of picking out some dutiful responsibility to an abstract moral law, or in relying on reason to adjudicate the differences that separate us, but in the shared capacity of humans to be pained by the pain of others."
-Mark Kingwell

I thought maybe you would appreciate that quote too as you feel cursed with the feelings you're able to bear (though barley). I'm not working yet. I got a job housekeeping at a motel, not sure if I went into depth about it but I worked a total of 6 hours before quitting. Luckily I got paid. It was beyond disgusting. I've stayed there before and I don't know what I was expecting, but yeah, I haven't looked for another job. I've just been doing a lot of nothing (some reading, at least), hanging out with my boyfriend who I argue with all the time because we're both miserable, and occasionally I get high with my friend. Oh, I started jogging with another friend. I've gone a total of three times. I feel like I've actually gained weight. I just wish I had the capacity to starve myself because I can't stand this fat all over me. Sorry, that speaks volumes to my privilege right there.

I am pretty sad to be honest. How is work? Send me a favorite quote of yours :) it doesn't have to be an excerpt from what you're reading (though it could be), but just in general.

[–]to [2emotional4u](#) sent

I find Kant appealing because he has an unhealthy obsession with peace, or rather, the lack of it, like me.

I'm sorry to hear the job was a horror show. And no, while I guess you could say that what you said speaks volumes to your privilege, I think the notion of privilege, as it's currently used, is absurd. If you're in a good position in the world, and then you say something to the effect of: "I want an even better position in the world." then people today will call that a privileged statement. But the truth is that such a person could be saying: "I want an even better position in the world, for all." implicitly, yet

people act as if that ideal, which usually is implicit when people make such a statement, is not implicit. It's simply a put down. For example: If I'm white, and I start talking about how I'd love to have a digital, simulated, body in a holographic environment, with unlimited resources and food (note how this could involve the complete removal of my brain from my body), then I'm demanding more freedom for myself, and presumably due to my white male privilege (despite how in the simulation I described I don't have genitals or skin). In this context, the concept of privilege evaporates completely with my flesh, since any race could want such a thing. I mean, that's not to say white privilege has no existence whatsoever. There are situations, like where a salesman is selling something to a black person, where they might judge, or suspect, that black person has greater likelihood of committing fraud or not paying, but even here it seems, to me, more likely that such a salesperson, through the traumas of sales gone wrong, is induced into making such a judgement. I think economic inequality could make any salesperson, in the situation I described, make a judgement, no matter what race; except it wouldn't be a judgement on race but an induction based on appearances and mannerisms and expressions, linked to traumatic associations, like failing to meet your sales quota and not getting paid.

Anyway, wanting equality for all and happiness and peace is overwhelming.

I read some Jean-Jacques Rousseau, after which I took a break to read some science fiction books: *Blindsight* and *Starfish*.

They weren't bad, but rather difficult to follow. It's weird reading books where the point of view seems tucked outside this existence, but they were nice since they gave an me opportunity to escape. Some of the themes described, which had to do with the flimsy nature of consciousness; empathy, paranoia, mania, madness, sadism, masochism, simulations, necessity, the idea of consciousness being a tool, doomed to be useless someday, among other identity problems, was very much up my alley of interests. I read it and I felt less alone. It's hard for me to shake the thought that humans are stressing themselves out, working forty hours a week or more, in a stupid quest to create a machine to replace themselves; that humans are suicidal creatures of agony.

The state of the world depresses me to no end, honestly, and yet it interests me. I don't know, maybe it's like the book (*Blindsight*) suggested, and our society really is favouring sociopathic traits more and more; that empathy served its function (merging mankind into a gigantic state prison), and now, all that's left for empathetic people to do is feel alienated and trapped (these are the Kafkas of the world) and suicidal. It's not like there's any nature to take advantage of any more, anyway. Now that we populate a world where our food comes from other humans (due to everything being owned by the state), what good is empathy with other humans, anyway? Let's say you empathized with your food, wouldn't you starve to death? Maybe empathy is just another, more insidious, form of combat among animals in nature (humans), and that's why Kafka thought of himself as evil. But, of course, I do write with the intention of finding answers to these concerns. Several days ago I was house-sitting and had access to a gun I might have used to kill myself, but I didn't. It just didn't feel right. And yet I don't know why I didn't.

Maybe you're wondering why Kafka would think such a thing? Here's a quote from Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

It was in these circumstances that Jesus came to establish on earth a spiritual kingdom, which, separating the theological system from the political system, destroyed the unity of the State, and created the intestine divisions which have never ceased to arouse Christian nations. Now this new idea of a kingdom in the other world having never been able to enter the minds of the pagans, they always regarded Christians as actual rebels, who, *under cover of a hypocritical submission*, only sought an opportunity to make themselves independent and supreme, and to usurp by cunning the authority which, in their weakness, they pretended to respect. This was the cause of persecutions.

So think: If spirituality is metaphysics, and metaphysics and peace is impossible, then can't love for the spiritual, as proved by the horrors inflicted by the Catholic Church, be a pathway for outright hatred of life, and everything material?

Maybe that's why Kafka thought he was the bad guy. He thought his weakness was, in fact, an insidious form of strength.

Let me digress as I look out the window:

I want to feel like I'm doing something good for the world, but the world doesn't need me.

I want to feel like I'm doing something good for myself, but my self is impermanent.

There. I'm not really sure why I had to say that.

I'm unhappy, and I feel trapped. I experience pain and I don't know why, or what for, and that scares me. Over a decade has passed since I told the suicide hotline person on the phone that I felt I would kill myself someday, and I still feel like I might kill myself someday. What a thing to live with all your life: the feeling that you might kill yourself someday. What for?

Anyway, it's good to hear from you. I wish I had something to say to comfort you, but instead I wrote what's above.

I hope that's okay. You inspired me to go for a walk, haha.

[\[-\]](#)from [2emotional4u](#) sent

Yeah, Kant saw a lack of peace (grammar?) in his time so it's no wonder he was obsessed with peace or lack thereof. I'm feeling really down right now. Overall, it was an okay day...but then those moments come, and sometimes one second right after the other, and I don't know what to do with myself and I get really upset. I wrote a lot today in my notebook, and then I reread what I write and loathe it, haha. I mean, not all of it, but near most. Sigh. I like what you say about privilege; I actually never thought of it that way. Are you into transhumanism? Your viewpoint of privilege sounds a lot more positive than the go-to obvious statements that everyone resorts to. But then, people as a kind of general rule are very narrow minded, no?

I need to read more of Kafa. An old friend (ex friend) recommended him to me years ago because apparently I kept writing about pain and she thought I would find him interesting. You know, as much as I do love reading and I find many authors fascinating they don't really help me feel interested in

progress. So it makes having interests in the world, real interests feel kind of vain. I mean, I enjoy passing the time and books are a good way to do it, but I don't think anyone is truly capable of helping anyone in profound ways but there are a thousand instances where this occurs but I hope you can grasp when I say in profound ways, or universal ways which will promote great growth among our species and not just change. I know for sure I am evil, or like, I don't know - I don't know if I believe in good and evil, but I know for sure I don't have good intentions. What you say about being spiritual tying into hatred once understood within the material realm (at least, I think that is what you were saying) resonates with something inside me because this is sort of what I mean when I say I don't have good intentions in a way that can be seen in the material world. Like, sometimes I think I am an okay human being at heart, inside, but to try and help others and show them this really just ends up being in me being a proud, well, all around unauthentic being. Lately, though, I've been considering that being artificial in terms of attitude isn't such a bad thing. I mean, what is so damn great about being authentic? Because I am just miserable when I try. I should say right now I am a terribly difficult woman to get along with in person and by authentic I simply mean my true self which is terrifying to people sometimes. So, when I say artificial I mean I've tried to adapt a more "polite" mannerism to my character because, well, I'm an asshole.

Damn, I had a really interesting thought I wanted to share and now of course I can't remember it. I'm glad I inspired you to go for a walk! I've just started jogging (more like, speed walking) with a friend because I hate my flesh.

I think we experience pain because of our psyche, and things that existed far before we are born that took hold of us in the womb and never really leave us and yet we have to separate from things, and people in life constantly. Ok, rereading that doesn't really make much sense, but I just mean we feel pain, I think, because, well...all we have in life to distract us from pain essentially is love and once you try to define and dissect love you realize there is only pain. Haha. I just realized I said two different things.

I'll try to keep in more frequent contact but I only come on to reddit to talk to you and I don't come on often. I hope you're doing okay. Oh, and I am glad you didn't kill yourself while house sitting, AND as much as I find science fiction intriguing, I always find it a tad hard to follow as well.

Here is something I wrote today that I'm sharing for no good reason:

We may be social, interdependent beings who are constantly changing but our souls respond best to that which is static within ourselves, and therefore everyone.

Take care. Be safe. Write back. :)

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Hey, sorry it took me a while to respond. My own mood has been pretty erratic lately. Some days I'll feel fine, and others I'll feel positively awful; though I think some of it might be due to drinking a little too much. I couldn't believe it: that after one day of heavy drinking I woke up, and for several days my head felt like a rock. I started to freak out inside, like I had lost my innate capacity to let my mind flow

through tiny things. I'd look at a tree and I'd feel dead to it, whereas before I'd look at a tree and it would induce a feeling like my mind was caressing the edges of each leaf. Something like that.

Ah... I'm glad that what I said on privilege didn't sound too bad. Sometime when I write things to explain what I'm thinking I look back at it and get a little disappointed that it sounds like I'm teaching or something. I'm not sure how into transhumanism I am. I've thought about it a lot, and I think it's good to use science fiction as a way to think about moral issues. But I think there's a dangerous side to transhumanism. Where does this discontent with our bodies end, destruction? I'm not sure if that's a great answer, or a non-answer. I just really have my doubts about it, even though I think about it.

Hmm. Bad intentions. Love. Pain. As someone that's been depressed for years, it was shocking to find that when I, say, would wish to sleep beside someone and hold them, that I'd simply hurt inside. I didn't want to hold this person, I thought, I wanted to melt away, that is, die. And my intentions for the world? What a challenge that is. Any organic being needs food, yet the spirit strives to be fully self-sufficient: completely ignoring material needs; tormenting and tantalizing and producing hopes in the mind, when the mind (or the brain at least) is doomed to die. The spirit ignores the material. I think that's why I've come to consider everything spiritual as dangerous, since I feel that I have to admit to myself that I, unfortunately, have to consume material things to live. Of course, I could stick it to the will to live entirely and kill myself as this material-consuming entity, preferring instead to give into whatever it is that urges me to hope that I can escape into a permanent state, even if that permanent state is nothing but destruction. This situation of being an endlessly changing entity (if you imagined my atoms) with the smallest point in my head as a space of psychic continuity, which, nevertheless, is oftentimes induced or urged into action by my brain, is beyond strange, and often painful. How can I have good intentions, for the world, if I feel that there's a small kernel inside of me that wants everything to stop?

Maybe you're right about the pain before birth. I don't know. I'm suddenly reminded of the dinosaurs, with their gigantic mouths. Those mouths and all their teeth existed long before man. It's actually quite terrifying to think that mouth weapons like that are a universal tendency. Why? Why is it this way? Is nature's own nature, through and through, pain? I do like sleep.... I love sleep...

I do feel like there's something weird about psychic continuity. Our souls... I really wish I could know in advance if death would make me feel better, but I don't. Part of me is so afraid. The fact that I feel that I never knew any pain at all while I was in the void of non-existence, only to be incorporated into this pain machine, makes me want to rebel against it, and throw it all away. But I can't, because I feel I have been wronged, simply by being existed this way. And yet any action on my part would be the opposite of the peace I supposedly want. And yet again, maybe I'm wrong and the universe really is mostly peaceful, and right now some mischievous (and not evil) force is toying with me, but it will eventually get tired and stop with its games. I don't know. I don't know if what I said was even at all coherent. I'm really sleepy now, it's late...

I will try and take care... I am applying for new jobs... You be safe too! MmK? (hugs) :)

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

This is so horrible... I think I'm going to have a mental breakdown soon.

I not coping with reality well. I want to get out of here. It doesn't help that I'm having financial trouble. Maybe this is how it's going to end... Whelmed by depression, and at odds with the world, and its demands.

I've been hyper-focused on social inequality problems, which isn't helping. I feel like I have to fix everything but I can't. I want to cry, then die, then have everything stop, but I have no reason to think this horror will stop after I'm dead, so I just go back to wanting to cry, but now, now I'm not crying but typing words; bringing everything down. And, what's more, is I have this crazy thought: that if I killed myself, my friends who I have not been able to help and who haven't helped me, will somehow be stimulated into living happy, productive, lives. Everything is in shambles. Shambles! What a word...

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

Just wanted to say I'm better today.

Take care!

[\[-\]](#)from [2emotional4u](#) sent

Sham. I like that word. Glad to hear you're better today. The desire to want to help, fix or educate everyone is a part of your nature (seemingly) so it probably won't go away, but focus on your own self first so you have much more to distribute, you know? Financial issues are the worst so if that's the issue pending right now I hope it gets sorted out. What are your political views, by the way? Probably not in favor of capitalism. Liberal? Communist? Socialist? Anarchist? blend?

[\[-\]](#)to [2emotional4u](#) sent

You're right. I have several days off in a row, which I plan to dedicate entirely towards job-hunting.

Political views are something I don't think I have. There was a time when I had thought of this kind of subscribership government, similar to a democratic republican government, only the representatives were subscribed to, and, thus, would always be on the verge of losing their "subscriber power" and hence their ability to represent. Anyway that was one model I had thought of.

It's not a question of when the governments of the world will be replaced, but under what conditions. I'm in favour of testing new government models in virtual environments prior to any territorial acquisitions. One sad thing is that our capitalist society makes people afraid to share their ideas, since they think they might be able to capitalise on them. So what happens is ideas remain unexpressed forever.

Also, the very fact that we are animals that require food, and that there are those among us that can do more than others, seems to suggest that social inequality is inevitable. Socialization seems to lead straight away to hierarchy and hence inequality. Fathers and mothers tell their children what to do, and the state tells us what to do. Human children cry like no other animal in nature. Humans are, it seems,

animals who were given misery, as a gift, courtesy of evolution, because it made them better at surviving.

Sometimes I feel like life is a hellish paradox for which our only hope is that it's all someone's made up imagining.

Every day, people should dedicate at least five hours to freaking the fuck out over the fact that we're on a planet anchored to a star that's going to die with no hope of finding a better planet for all of us to live on. The people who do freak out, however, are called "neurotic" and that's a problem.

We have got to stop fighting... We have got to do something. I can not NOT take the thought that things that feel like humans do will suffer and die by the quadrillions between the stars amongst the galaxies because the nations of the world couldn't figure out how to live in peace.

It sucks. I don't know what I'm going to do today. Maybe find something to read...

But what's my political view? Is hopeless a political view?

Maybe I'll take a nap... I'm dead tired right now.

[\[—\]to 2emotional4u](#) sent

Hello? :C

[\[—\]to 2emotional4u](#) sent

Hey, let me know how you're doing... I'm hanging in there, creating.