

Part I

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I'm building someone old up at the expense of someone new.

My morality--What seems okay at the time is not okay afterwards.

Mine is a sick mind trying to heal a sick mind.

My emotions have been severely disrupted by my traffic on the Internet--Michelle 7.com, etc.

I'm the straggler around here--the unhappy one.

Random associations for memory and voice.

I was supposed to be these: a lady's man; a womanizer; a rake; a libertine; a lecher--an all around bad boy.

I don't see any point in ceaselessly doing things that have no meaning.

Proving myself to myself, not to others. I see only myself. I feel threatened by others.

After disentangling myself from the media (Radio, TV), I have a lot of time.

The insanity is like a drug. You don't have to think.

I'm buying a high class, professional woman (Gonna) to be my spiritual whore.

The cause and effect of a mentally ill person's mind is ridiculous.

I can't figure my illness out with my own mind. I need help.

Consciousness has many different faces.

The inequality of human bodies.