

April 13, 2016

Notes

It's not the environment that causes my hallucinations, it's *my* environment.

You don't have anything when you are thinking.

In my insanity, I don't realize the force of the material world.

I'm interested in computers as machines, but not as machines that *do* anything.

What happens here is that the day unfolds as a "foolishness."

"Nondirected consciousness"

I'm always thinking about my thinking. I don't refer to other people.

Reality becomes fact with the passage of time.

A man is nothing but a container for prideful thoughts.

I *see* the meaning of words but I don't *get* the meaning.

I always have an excuse for myself, but not for other people.

I see things in terms of formal structure, not in terms of people.

I give myself over to other people too easily.

A fool tricks himself into believing something is true which isn't.

Today I am at the limit of my knowledge-I can't know any more than I know.

Women diet. Men fast.

There's no governing principle here.

I know what I'm doing , but I don't know what I'm doing *here*.

Health is not remembering your illness. Illness is your illness remembering you.

Admiration turns to envy.

This is just a constant reiteration of self. There's no way out.

As much as I could, I've used this time to correct my mistakes and the mistakes of others.

My mind plays itself out every day.

My own insignificance as an individual today.

I don't want to help myself anymore than is physically necessary.

There are irregularities in everything, but nothing is without reason.

I guess the male and the female are always talking to each other, albeit inadvertently some of the time.

I of course am waiting for the other person to show up. It never happens. This is not the way to do it.

After a certain amount of time in therapy, you want to know from people how you come across.

She's making it impossible to continue as an *individual*, but I *am* continuing as a *sane* person.

These voices seem to be a plain and simple explanation of reality that isn't correct.

I'm a victim of my own perceptions.

Human relationships are self-contradictory.

It isn't my intelligence-it's my understanding.

There's so much more to reality than words.

My thinking proceeds linearly. There's no recouping any of it.

Modern American man must be seen in the light of his *own* interests, not in the light of the interests of the society or the government.

Practical association!

The only true knowledge is experienced knowledge.

Thought pollution-unwanted thoughts. Unwanted stream of consciousness from dawn to dusk.

There is nothing to see in my outer environment. Throughout my life, everything has remained like this. There have been slight changes, but they are exactly that-*slight* changes. It is my point of view that is constantly changing.

I suffer from insincerity.

How I see my outer environment here in this house: "descriptive analysis."

With all the reportage on terrorism and the Arab world, there is very little mention of the real tenets of Islam.

One's own psychological changes are subtle and difficult to discern.

With all the advances in medicine, we must know a bit more than has been revealed.

I don't know in advance what my daily behavior will be like. It is conditioned by the drugs I take and by where I am. A lot of my inner world is a mystery to me. I find words are insufficient to explain my experience. Thinking by association is difficult and painful for me. Most of my behavior is pure restlessness except when I can rest. My mind is distracted. I'd like to go somewhere far away and never come back. I prefer doing the simplest things as opposed to the more difficult. Inaccuracies and untruths abound

in my mind.

When I am talking to myself, I am justifying myself. When I am listening to my inner voice, I am ...? There is a conflict between the two. Either way, I eventually run into nonsense. Is this running into nonsense due to a philosophical position I've taken? The inner voice is simply a defense against the noise in the outer environment? A constant distraction?

"Our life has a boundary but there is no boundary to knowledge. To use what has a boundary to pursue what is limitless is dangerous." Chuang Tzu

Going into old age is like going into the change in the seasons.

Nietzsche-The great bellwether of the 20th century.

Without experience, there can be no correcting of experience. We have to know the difference between acting freely and acting out of habit.

One part of my world is constantly misinterpreting other people's behavior. (This is the paranoid thinking I do all the time.)

I get through each day guided by my reason and the spirit of objectivity overseeing all my mental behavior (mindfulness or awareness). I am also misinterpreting the intent of my behavior.

Objectivity seems to be there forever. Meaning is only momentary.

I am learning to accept my consciousness as it is-whole and complete.

The greatness of a man is determined by centuries, not generations.

Reason is insufficient for me. I need something in addition. Maybe balance the reason with unreason. I seem to know all the reasons for not doing things that are harmful to me, but there is also something in excess of the reasons, resulting in an overflow and a takeover to my detriment.

Anti-psychotic drugs are there for the purpose of reducing stimuli.

It's all right to repeat-to correct oneself.

Too much meaning in my life at this time.

Driven to tears for two years. Grief at the death of my daughter, the death of my mother, and my own spriritual death (due to schizophrenia).

Take it out. Use it. Put it back.

After acting there is always more-something left over.

After they've got you there, when they *have* you, they observe you. Then they act.

One of my main functions when thinking about or toward others is accusing.

Blithefully unconcerned.

Knowing hunger and fatigue again.

The Church speaks of the "living word." Christ is dead however. His word is alive. (Apply this to Buddhist terms).

I have a lot of health in me (physical not mental).

Purposeful activity. Living in the now.

Man without God is man with himself, with the other.

During the day, I am passing through a tunnel of reason.

In my solitude, I think with my heart.

Air pollution. Noise pollution. Water pollution-man's foolishness. He harms himself.

The meaning of nonsense.

Other people can sense me through four of the five senses. What they *don't* do is taste me.

Meaning and objectivity are the two linchpins of my consciousness.

Objectivity, awareness and mindfulness are synonyms.

Meaning is mine, not necessarily the world's. A dilemma.

Words have the potential to start a fire or to put one out.

The truth of the matter right now is, (and I'm going to hypothesize), it's not true.

I think by analogy. Analogy itself is a false way of interpreting reality.

We can be just as malnourished with a surfeit as with deficit.

Presence of mind is not mindfulness. Presence of mind holds the situation in mind. Mindfulness holds your thinking in mind. Contemplation is detached observation.

Concepts are words taken out of context.

My Alienation: Just as I am alienated from the outer environment, so am I alienated from my inner environment.

Hearing is a function of listening. You need to listen before you can hear.

Correct logic prevents one from exaggerating or distorting reality.

Kiss-Slap: I do this in my thinking, not in my acting. The slapping is a mental act, using my body to insult others after "kissing."

Lately, I've been unable to take anything seriously. Sick at heart this morning because of this superficiality.

Even the most spiritually intended relationship turns out to be basically sexual. This is disappointing, malevolent, harmful.

I met an older couple on the street yesterday evening who left me with a lasting feeling of respect because of their intrinsic dignity, simplicity,

integrity and humanness.

I come back to this again and again: it is logically impossible and incorrect to generalize or make generalizations (a paradox).

Is there something beyond words? Action? Should action be accompanied by description? The "closedness" of thought without communication. The "closedness" of certain types of communication.

It's the nature of mind not to be able to see itself completely. Like the back of the body.

Companies and the advertising industry use words indiscriminately to describe their products. Any word will do. Pharmaceutical companies and the computer world make up *new* words to describe theirs. One more reason why today words are losing their meaning.

Boredom is a function of understanding.

The Law of Reciprocity: love thy neighbor as you love yourself.

Mindfulness is meaningfulness

Given the passage of time, we can accept and adjust to any situation.

Science is reason and reasoning carried to an extreme. It has answers but no single answer. Its truths are impermanent.

Time itself is the great grasper.

The worst I could do each day used to be to make a fool of myself. Now it's talking to myself all day.

When I'm out in public, the difference between myself and other people is that I am engaged in turning my head about, looking at them, while they are intently peering forward in one direction only. (Schizophrenic distraction)

Destruction of the Environment: Man's waste products are defiling not just

his body but his mind as well. As more people come into the world, more pollution is arising. A vicious circle has developed. Man lives in an environment more and more of his own creation. He is literally drowning in his own waste. Eventually he will end up wasting himself. Waste has been disregarded because of its own lack of value to man himself. It casts a shadow on all his actions and behaviors. Soon enough he will find himself unable to act. Civilization will slowly grind to a halt.

Too much knowledge is equally as dangerous as too little.

How many transistors can we fit on a computer chip? How many angels can we fit on the head of a pin?

The transforming power of words themselves-language, syntax, spelling and grammar be damned. Send them all to hell!

The schizophrenia: I have too many thoughts and feelings intended for others which I regretfully squelch, suppress, let fall and die out of a fear of "overcommunication"

The schizophrenia: I am full of a restless, distracting energy intended for me alone, causing me to fritter away the time during the day.

I'm insane because I know too much. It is basically a failure of communication.

With words, the use and context define the meaning.

Western man is a soldier of progress.

"The happiness of quiet." Sigmund Freud I have a major conflict with the world with this expression.

I've chosen this life style or life path for myself but it's becoming impossible to maintain it.

Man the record keeper.

Is this logically sound? Is logical truth the best truth?

Words are paradoxes in themselves.

The English language, or any spoken or written language is limited in what it can say by vocabulary, grammar, syntax, idioms etc., esp. by vocabulary, which is limited in itself. What comes first-what is to be said, or the way to say it? It *is* true, pictures *are* worth a thousand words.

Who am I talking to? Who is my audience? There's no commitment to an other. Commit to whom or what? Not a question to be brushed off lightly.

As I think, I try to escape my own previous reasoning in order to maintain my freedom. I run out of choices. (My existentialism)

Sometimes, when I have a choice, I choose the lesser. This is very difficult, if not impossible to justify. Is this choice a *wrong* choice? It brings regret or light remorse. This is a kind of sin of omission. It's worse to choose against the better, but it's not the worst. In this there is a taste of maintaining freedom of choice. This present reasoning is an attempt to justify this choosing, which is well nigh impossible, as if reasoning itself could justify it. You begin to look like a philosophical Tartuffe. Sartre's term for this kind of specious reasoning was "bad faith." I would call it bad choice. Herein it consists in simply choosing the right words, but there is no right choice. This is all philosophical doubletalk.

If you can get it, you don't want it.

The integrity of Being.

When you are caught in someone else's concern, (that of a psychiatrist for instance), there's no escape.

This spring, when I close my eyes at night, without fail, I see in vivid detail and with great richness, the green leaves of the trees and plants of this area.

People are never as happy as they want to be. They always want to improve

on things.

The conscious, rational mind supersedes the unconscious id.

I don't have any account of the passage of time nor of what happens in it.

My hallucinations follow distinct reasoning patterns.

It's not true that time is the marking of events. Time is the marking of itself.

My mind is usually, if not always, agitated by its own thinking.

The day is a huge distraction from sleep.

My positions in space in my house (on the furniture) became sinkholes of thinking.

I become unable to act on my behalf. Or unable to act at all.

Words describe thoughts. They are not the thoughts themselves.

Reason has the power to overcome everything but itself.

All of a sudden I found I knew a lot of people.

Although I may not be able to think correctly, at least I *can* think.

At the end of this day my mind is casting about, wandering about, loooking over people, places, situations, things-wandering all over the place- ceaselessly, restlessly trying to find something or someone to settle on, never finding an answer from any of it.

I prefer to be awake rather than asleep, conscious rather than unconscious.

I guess my insanity is worse than the world's insanity.

It costs *him* money to have *them* tell *him not* to spend money (lawyers, bankers).

I respond symptomatically to my reason with unreason.

People are not expedient devices.

I reveal my emotional state in my dreams.

Continue on. Bear with your mind. Be patient.

Nervous Breakdowns: 1962, 1980, 1990, 2002

Now it's the inadequacy of the senses.

Strong feelings of self pity have come over me lately. I'm in tears a lot. Also-feeling sympathy, empathy and compassion for others.

If there ever was a mind out of control, it is this one (mine).

Schizophrenia is, for one thing, having too many choices.

At this time in my life, the only trustworthy thing for me is Time.

Reason can't understand unreason.

We are born with a "tabula rasa", not innate ideas. John Locke

What is the point of living? Is it mere existence?

I'm my own servant.

I've found I've gone too far in my looking for my self. There is no self. The seeking for the self is a will-o-the wisp, an ignus fatuus.

Words aren't anything without other words.

Some trouble comes from my not doing things which I know I *should* do, which I don't *have* to do.

"In the prisons of time..."

Man seems to live *for* his reason.

I should present the world as it is, not as it seems to me.

Now, and for quite a while, my own language has come under scrutiny by

me.

I'm a kid with my mother's money.

I'm an island of solitude in an ocean of hell.

The logic of the body: eat and drink, stand, sit, lie down, move about, rest, sleep, sense, breathe, digest food, excrete, circulate blood, oxygenate blood, provide hormonal changes and glandular functions, sweat, create flesh, blood, mucous, bones, hair, nails.

A word can't be an object or a thing. Words are symbols. They stand for the objects they represent. They aren't the actual objects or things they represent. Whether abstractions are the words that represent them is a matter of conjecture.

I see the world as it is presented to me, not as it is.

When to act and when not to act?

A mind should have proven itself by the end of a person's life.

Understanding is not something you have immediately. It is something that is arrived at gradually.

Sound diminishes in volume with distance and space.

I used to think in pictures, now I think in words.

Reason is its own reward. It is an end in itself.

The force and violence of the modern age...

I suffer the consequences of my own inaction.

To understand something you first have to have the wish or desire to understand it.

Usually, the only way I have of planning anything is to rely on momentary

decisions.

I would like to go back to school to study for the understanding not the knowledge.

One thing-my pictorial imagination is pretty much dead. It's been repalced by a mind that reasons all day with words and sentences.

My philosophical problem: my words don't describe the outer environment, they only describe each other. Where is the bridge to the outer world?

My relationship with myself seems more important than my relationship with the world.

One of the languages of today is "Technoreason". A lower form of Technoreason is technobabble, used by geeks and others associated with computers, such as companies like Google, Microsoft, Intel, etc.

The difference between Nietzsche and Wittgenstein is that Nietzsche is thinking whereas Wittgenstein is referring to words.

The absurdity of the modern world: men are committing logical suicide without knowing it in their wars against each other in a time of the lowering of barriers to understanding and in their conflicts with the natural world and the environment.

My powers of description are missing most of the time. I can't describe much of anything.

I fantasize a lot where the outer world and my wishes are concerned.

I think more and more like a computer. My mind is more exacting and precise. I defend myself in my speech and with my silence.

There is a virtue in simply waiting rather than waiting *for* something or someone.

I am always trying to make sense out of things, but my mind is not letting

me *make* sense out of them.

Too much understanding leads to inaction.

I'm tormented by the *way* I think not by *what* I think.

I attach value to things that aren't that valuable, for instance, to my cats.

I shouldn't have to worry so drastically about the noise of traffic.

On and on with this tedious boredom.

My thinking has no fixed purpose, no fixed goal. It just wanders around in there, going nowhere.

I have an insatiable appetite for words.

I can't make a poem out of reality. There's no poem in it.

The day, the light, the weather. Hours pass. It goes from darkness to light to darkness again.

One of the main problems with philosophy, if not *the* main problem, is mistaking words for meanings.

It's better if I generalize about my illness rather than particularize.

Self pity leads to compassion for others.

I seem to have lost pleasure in my two senses of sight and hearing.

I have the power to act in the mornings. I don't have it in the afternoons.

Nobody wants me. I have to ask for what I want. "You give and you get."

My guitar playing was a failure at comprehension and self-discipline.

I can see the ridiculous aloneness and the absurdity of the situation I am in.
I am choosing it because I *do* choose it.

My being a father was dutiful rather than loving.

I don't have the same sensory apparatus I had when I was younger.

For me, the year of 2012 was the year of "laughing dangerously."

Today, at the farthest reaches of science, scientists are seeking out answers to absurd trivia. From the micro to the macro, the answers science finds are totally useless. At the farthest reaches of science today, the scientists are bent on discovering the most absurd, ridiculous trivia one can imagine.

A blizzard of words.

"Words can make or break you." Lieh Tzu

"Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

About words and paradoxes Wittgenstein says: "You don't want to cut off the branch you are sitting on."

I have a lot of relationships with people who aren't there.

mutus mutando-change for change's sake.

With me there *is* a way to pass the time. With me there is a *correct* way to pass the time. I seldom do this. The question is: what is it necessary to do?

Absurdity for me is being confronted with a choice. Neither answer is any good. They are both harmful.

My thinking goes on whether I am awake or asleep.

Stream of consciousness-river of glut

A person can't be another person unless he's an actor.

What would I silence myself. I don't have anything to say to anyone.

My mind is a process.

When I was young I had a lot of unformed ideas. As I've gotten older, they have taken on form and meaning.

Nobody wants me. I want people for various purposes. People rarely call me on the phone. If I want to talk to someone, I can reach them by phone or by email, but they don't want me unless I contact them first. I am surprised at my isolation and aloneness. You have to know how to ask for things.

Express not explain.

I sell myself short.

At this point, maintaining my mental health means constantly maintaining a reasonable mind.

I'm having a great deal of difficulty accepting thinking for itself.

Thinking is mainly a process of becoming, not being.

The most recent concession man has made to science is to make the brain part of the body. Some scientists go so far as to say that the brain is the mind.

From the media, I have the impression that American society is cold, cruel, and forbidding.

My condition is one of boredom with heavy meaning. I am turning nothing inside out.

There must be some truth for somebody that isn't *their* truth!

Understanding is not an end in itself, but a means to action.

My mind is more important than my body.

My schizophrenia is a huge piling up, accumulating and adding on of detail of everything imaginable, most of which is incomprehensible.

I now appear to others as if I have my mental health. This is what they tell me. This couldn't be farther from the truth.

No matter how many times I look them up in the dictionary or run across

them in my reading, I know many words that I will never know the meaning of because I will never use them myself. This is an absolute.

I'm just a piece of brain that is getting pounded by sound.

Now I am worried about being in the world physically, especially and particularly with the onset of old age.

I'm like a taut bow all day without an arrow.

I'm not waiting for death. Death is waiting for me.

I have come to prefer the workings of my mind to external reality.

Modern man-once removed from the objects in the world.

Most psychiatrists leave out the human condition. The ones that include it are ostracized by the others.

My thinking system is a huge logical absurdity.

For me reading has become like eating. A few bites of this and that and you are on your way for the rest of the day.

I get the pinpricks of logicians.

"The best logic is correct speech, which is invisible to the untutored eye."
Nietzsche

My definition of irony: Agreement with a stronger but harmful force in order to continue.

With Wittgenstein there is not enough expression. He doesn't talk about anything. His thinking is a picture of a dog chasing its own tail.

Most women don't take themselves seriously. Only if men take them seriously are they serious. Wit plays a part.

Hesitancy is the rotten apple in the barrel of consciousness.

Nietzsche is the wit of the 19th century. He really belongs in a 17th century french salon.

If I remain witty, I can keep my head above water with other people . It's not enough.

At first, psychotropic drugs conflict the brain's operations and only then the operations of the mind.

The clarity of one's wit gives clarity to its pronouncements.

The clarity of my thinking depends on my moods.

Are statements propostions? Is symbolic logic better?

Most of the time, I can't contradict my inner voice by speaking aloud-to it, or about it, or independently of it.

I have learned to be proud of my naked body, not to be ashamed of it.

The psychology of the spoken word. The psychology of the written word.
(Meaning)

A morass of noise.

The impossible man.

Chronicity-Now it is not enough to *want* to do something. I must be compelled to do it. Most of the time, I won't do what is good for me, only what I *have* to do. I am mostly unable to act. I fall into things.

There's nothing good coming my way. It is all foul.

In this day, anyone can choose his own values.

A first principle for any man: the recording of his experience.

Another first principle: the freedom to choose.

Before the age of 60, my body chose *for* me.

The upbuild of mechanized devices and the increase in population are causing absurd situations.

One of the stated values of the Internet is for everyone to know everyone else.

Instinct is not reason. Instinct is primary. Reason follows instinct.

All human speech implies certain values, even the most factual speech. There is a value in being factual. Some values are implicit in a person's logic. There is a value in being logically correct.

With the onset of the 20th and the 21st centuries and the huge increase in world population, we have the democratization of knowledge.

Politeness is what is making it possible for civilization to continue on.

Action precludes thinking when you are young. Thinking precludes action when you are older.

Today there is no agreement as to what is right anywhere.

With my talking to myself all the time, I am a slightly educated "Unnameable."

Any way in which I turn, self justification is the norm.

Science has got a grip on the throat of reality. Mere words are too inaccurate to describe it. Perhaps words shouldn't be used anymore. We can replace them with numbers.

I'm waiting unnecessarily. Suicide? Act before it is timely? Money has me waiting to get it, to spend it. Should I go ahead? I have to force myself not to act. Act only out of necessity? What is necessary?

Fastidious meticulous not obsessive compulsive.

In human relationships it is what is unsaid, not what is said. You have to read between the lines.

I'm a foreigner to my consciousness and have been for a number of years.

Scientists are men who are bent on observing, measuring, and analyzing some aspect of reality.

Me as a scientist: I can't allow any faults in my thinking. An impossibility for me as I am mentally ill.

I'm valuable to myself when I am with other people. I'm valuable to *them*.
I'm without value to myself when I am alone.

I'm a stranger to myself- a stranger in my own house.

At the beginning of this century, I created an imaginary union with women, aided by the new computers and the Internet. My dead mother, my dead daughter, my former girl friends, my ex-wife, my therapist, my housemaids, women in public, women on the Internet-all were included in this delusion. This false union drove me insane. Thirteen years after forming and mostly burning out, this delusion persists to this day.

American society seems to serve people's wants not their needs.

Meaning exists in the moment and sometimes does not return. (A puzzlement)

It is impossible to generalize today. (A paradox). Today, it is wrong to generalize.

My life now is bent on understanding.

Written speech should have been spoken before. It is as if you are *hearing* the writing.

During the night, the mind's activity is directed inward. During the day, the mind is taken up in outward activity.

Meaningful noise Learning to listen

"The last thing one finds in a love affair is love." La Rochefoucauld

If cats could reason, they would reason about only one thing-the space they live in.

Photographs-You think you have something and you don't.

Computers and computing are like trying to put a square peg in a round hole. It can't be done!

Nonsense is all pervasive in our culture today. Some people know this, esp. the young.

My experiences during this psychosis have all been against my better judgment.

I'm not sure what constitutes language in the world today.

I'm ready to represent *this* world to myself but not to accept it.

I know where I am standing, but I have little to stand on.

Too much is demanded of modern man. He can't really do it all.

I have to have some kind of understanding all the time-Never quite having it.

I have a lot of confidence in myself but I can't prove anything.

A man is all mind. A woman is all body.

Always with me-initial enthusiasm followed by silence.

Rule for discipline: first harm and then you will know what the good is.

I never knew anything. I just went on with life.

There's no fixed constant for desire-It just rises and falls like any emotion.

You can't be true to your desires.

You can't have a disease of the mind. A mind is not a physical entity.

How quickly we recognize things we know.

Nonsense is a tendency of the human mind when it can't find meaning anywhere.

I'm trying to make nonsense out of something that doesn't mean anything to begin with.

Different languages reason differently. The reasoning depends somewhat on the language not the other way around.

I know what is right and wrong. I don't know what is true and false.

My reason cancels everything out.

I have come to see that physical mass and energy are more important than any thinking I do.

I know from experience that my unconscious is in constant rapid movement, like unto a film, churning out esp. pictures of imaginary people.

With God out of the way, there remains an ever increasing objectivity.

For me it's either meaningless or magical-no middle ground.

Sex is best done alone. There's too much disagreement among the sexes as to what it is.

Sequences of events that don't lead anywhere.

Such a huge mass of indigestible material.

Imagination is simply exaggeration of reality.

My life style: an insane person posing as a mental patient.

Thoughts follow upon emotions that have run their course.

All men are created equal but, no men *are* equal.

There is only a certain amount of things you can know about yourself.

My desires thwarted, I'm on the offensive.

It's "weak" because I don't have anything invested in it.

The self is not the body.

The space program is a big waste of the tax payer's money. There's nothing out there.

I'm a very correct gentleman who can't say no.

It is not the purpose of the mind to know itself.

I did not want to advance any further in my understanding of things. It had become too painful.

Mr Hersey is a playful version of his father.

I don't have any particular point of view of my own.

As fast as he can think, his therapist explains what he's thinking *to* him.

This is all going on in spite of me. I'm an old man and this is my youth.

Now girls don't seem to want to attract men. They just seem to want to look attractive.

The essence of the Church today is spiritualization without spirit.

When a whole lot of people get together and do one thing it's regarded as time. (work)

Name of a firm: "Media Mentor"

You can be yourself in bed.

In my life, filth is keeping the door open.

Knowing approaches and exits. It's good.

Man's thinking has changed. He thinks the same things but he thinks them in a different way than he used to.

Death the great inhibitor.

I dread time passing here. There's nothing in it.

I don't have anything to do. I don't know anything. I don't know anyone.

