

A Study in Prurient Contempt

Prologue

I have noticed something about myself for a long time now. I find myself almost invariably frustrated at, on, or about women. I am 23 years old, with a degree in Biology and a minor in Chinese, I can play guitar almost as well as I can cook, I can make people laugh, and I exercise regularly. I have never had a girlfriend, and I've never had sex. This was hardly a problem in high school, and it was only a slight bother when I started college, but I'm a graduate now. My peak is past. The time of my life when I was at my most fit, most handsome and most physically attractive is already past. Histologically, my body stopped growing and started dying years ago, and my life already seems over. I want to write about the times I've had, and my memories. It won't help anything, but I think it might help me get some perspective on myself, or even help give others some perspective on me. If I'm lucky, this manuscript will be used as evidence in my psychological profiling and subsequent biographical movie after I become an infamous serial killer/ organized criminal/ suicide.

Chapter 1: Auld Lang Syne

The first event I can think of, and possibly the most important, sweetly enough, was my very first kiss. I was nineteen, and it was new year's eve, 2005. We were up in the mountains, in the woods with everyone else in my age range. There was a bonfire, and some drinking, and everyone seemed to be having a good time.

My thoughts were occupied. I was utterly infatuated with Jenna, a girl only a little younger than me. She was completely beautiful by any definition; blonde, cute face, perfect body-she could have been a model, or a porn star if she wanted, and it was all her, just the way nature made her. I had spent some of the night trying to make myself a candidate for the coveted midnight kiss. We chatted a little.

I don't remember much of us talking, but I do remember her trying to convince me to drink. She was younger than me, but I had never tasted alcohol before. My understanding of both state law and human health had long convinced me to just put it off til' I was 21, and I rarely encountered situations that convinced me to start earlier. She was kind of persistent- just regular, "oh, look at me, I'm a responsible drinker," and "I don't drink to get drunk, I only like to get tipsy," and "everybody's doing it."

That was a couple of hours before midnight, and I spent a lot of the time mingling. There was a bit of a crowd, after all, and I had some good friends around.

The midnight toll was drawing closer, and I needed to make my move. I finally worked up the courage to just walk up to Jenna and say, "could I be your midnight kiss?" She was just standing near the fire, shoulder-to-shoulder with Sarah, a girl I knew from high school. I pulled it off smoothly enough. Her response was, at first, a disappointment, but after a quick realization, absolutely awesome;

"...I already agreed to kiss Sarah, so you'll have to kiss both of us."

I was ecstatic. Midnight came, someone with a watch shouted, "Happy New Year!" And I had my first kiss. It was a little awkward, about two minutes of a guy and two girls hugging with their shoulders in a triangle, cycling through combinations of who-kisses-

who. I was later complimented on my technique. I couldn't have asked for a better first kiss.

Well, we were all three lying around by the fire, basking in the afterglow for about 10 minutes, when Jenna started throwing up. Like, hard. Really belting the stuff out. Turns out, she had been to-the-gills drunk the whole time. I gave her and Sarah a ride back to the house, and hung out a while to make sure everything would be okay, but, long story short, I got a reputation for being the guy on the mountain who gets girls drunk to take advantage of them. I remember a couple of years, whenever my sister tried to set me up with some random girl she knew and I didn't show interest, she would say it's because "I couldn't get them drunk to make out with them," whether or not she knew how much it hurt me. Jenna hardly spoke to me after that. If we were at a party together, she would avoid conversation and eye contact with me. The kicker is, she was still best buds with Sarah, the bisexual girl. Making out with a girl didn't embarrass her at all. Making out with me? Now THAT's shameful.

Also, up to that point, I had been exactly the type of romantic white-knight dope who considered getting a girl drunk, or manipulating her in any way, to get laid or even just get a kiss, to be the most despicable, dishonest and reprehensible kind of thing a man could do. And, what do you know, the only reason I had my first kiss was because I was doing it without knowing it.

Next up, there's New Year's Eve 2006. I was still pretty bummed out from last year, and felt that I was getting a cold shoulder from Jenna, but I still wanted to have a good time. There was a girl there who I didn't know (I don't remember her name, I think she was just visiting), and, to be careful about it, I decided to ask her for a midnight kiss several hours before midnight. Being sober, she flatly refused (and acted kind of insulted about it). Discouraged, I kept asking around, but with no luck. Midnight started coming around, and I wasn't having any fun. About half an hour to midnight, I decided I wanted to just walk home from the pavilion, where we were hanging out.

Now, who should catch me but my cousin Daniel. He could tell I was unhappy, and when he asked why I was leaving, I told him all about... everything. He seems genuinely concerned, and decides that this is a good opportunity to give a speech on why women like him and not me. See, he likes himself, okay? Like, he just likes being with himself, and doesn't need women to be happy, and doesn't even really want anything to do with women, which is why girls always like him, because he gives them the *privilege* of his presence. He's just that happy with himself, that it makes girls happy to be with him and let them be happy, even though they don't really deserve it (I am paraphrasing and will readily admit that my own attitudes are a serious influence on this retelling).

Now, I had recently read the book "The Game," which is all about tricking women into having sex with you by convincing them that they aren't good enough for you, and tripping up their self-esteem to make them think that they need to gain your approval, and convince them that you can give them the validation they lack- my understanding of the book, in summary, is that strength, looks, talent, compassion, all that is total shit when it comes to winning a woman. From my understanding of the book, if a man-ANY man, no matter the flaws- is dishonest and selfish, women will throw themselves at his feet. And here's my cousin, half a foot shorter than me and changes girlfriends more often than I change my engine oil (though I should do that more often), educating silly, stupid ol' me, that you can get girls by not giving a shit about them. Now, I really don't have cause to

complain: he says you can be attractive by being overly pleased with yourself, by ignoring the women you like, and by liking yourself more than anybody else, and I say you can only be attractive if you're an asshole, so it sounds like we're in total agreement. Funny story; this whole conversation takes place about twenty feet away from Will Smith (not *the* Will Smith) noisily making out with a very drunk version of the girl I had asked for a midnight kiss. Will is not better looking than me, or smarter, or a smooth talker, or particularly charming in any way that I can pick up on. During the parts of Daniel's speech where he insists that you don't have to get girls drunk to make them like you, and just be yourself and they will appreciate that, I would gesture aggressively towards the man who, despite ignoring all of Daniel's advice and squarely hitting the "get bitches drunk and do what you want" douchebag stereotype that *I* had understood to work, had unquestionably succeeded where I had failed (namely, in making out with that one girl). Daniel glanced back at them once, then decidedly ignored that evidence against his beliefs.

On my way out, Hannah tried to sympathize- she gave me a hug and said something like, "don't give up on being a good person, you'll get a girlfriend eventually." Years later, I was reading a debate on atheism and organized religion, and they mentioned that all the glories of God, all the pleasures of heaven and grace and enlightenment, are never happening for an individual right now, and that having the rewards permanently in the future is a sure way to enslave someone with hope, no matter if that hope is grounded or not. That made me think of Hannah- no reward now, but you'll get it later if you keep doing what we tell you. For all I know, my reward will never come, but hey, that won't stop people from insisting that I need to stick with the habits that make me such a fucking miserable loser. God forbid I take a lesson from any of the guys (sic; all guys but me) who get everything they want right now merely by being an asshole.

So, year after that, its new years again. 2007, and I don't have a kiss. I proposition Hannah, and she agrees. She says she needs somebody other than my cousin William. As she tells it, William, who already has a steady, long-term girlfriend, is infatuated with Hannah, and Hannah isn't having it. Sounds good for me.

As midnight hits, we're counting down to the new year, and at about 'three,' before I can get over to Hannah, William swoops in and steals that kiss. Hannah doesn't fight it, she doesn't put up resistance, she doesn't get anything going about permission or respect or his girlfriend, she just accepts it. After he's done, she gives me a friendly peck on the lips. I try to learn something from this; William has a girlfriend, which Hannah admits is a strike against him for her. The fact that I'm single probably puts things in my favor there. Hannah had decided that she didn't want William, but apparently he didn't care. So, in spite of having a steady girlfriend that he could fall back on whenever he wanted, he still wanted more. He didn't ask, didn't wait, didn't care what she wanted, and in the end, I came in second place to him. I had to wait for him to finish. I'm dying of thirst and he's swimming laps. I know its petty and juvenile, but that two second wait, that two seconds that was such a clear indicator of pecking order, of the ranking between guys who want to give girls what they want and guys who just get whatever they want from girls, it eats at my fucking brain.

New years, 2008; I resolve to not even try. I have no interest in kissing anybody. I am miserable, I wish I stayed at home. It is freezing, but I try not to go inside. Hannah tells me that "everyone's going down to the bridge, c'mon!" I try to be curt about not going

along. Countdown from ten, everyone shouts. I wait for them to finish Auld Lang Syne, and I take off with out a word. I walk around the lake, on the back roads, which have fewer people. I don't want company.

Strangely, I run into the Kiser boys. They invite me along and I join them. They are pretty cool, after all. We walk along and hang out at the Smith house. It's dark and freezing in there, and I ended up sleeping on the carpet, but I had a great time. We talked, smoked a little, had a few laughs, and generally had fun. I feel like the simple act of avoiding women is all it takes to make me happy.

Chapter 2: Cohabitation

My personal learning experience regarding women owes a great deal to the efforts of my roommates.

Freshman year, I was rooming with two guys in a double room, which gets crowded. It's me, Josh and Max. Josh and I are kind of geeky, so we get along great. Max is a drinker, a partier and a pothead. I'd describe further, but I don't think there is anything else to get out of him, I'd just fill his name into the template letter describing any party college freshman.

The girls love him, naturally. He's not particularly athletic, smart or funny, and he's a far, far shot from seriously good looking, but what the hell. Girls will pour into the room just for the privilege of chatting him up.

So, one time his girlfriend visits. She is really, really hot, and as I understand it, both she and Max cheat on each other regularly. I want to know how to get a girlfriend like her, because you see, I am horny. I try to learn about what girls like from Max.

Here is romance, according to Max;

Your girlfriend comes over.

You spend ten minutes introducing her to everyone on the floor.

You ask your roommates to give you the room for a few minutes.

Fuck her.

Once.

Take her to dinner at the campus cafeteria. Not even the nicer of the two dining halls, the one with decent décor and more selection is like a five minute walk away, and the restaurants are five minutes the other way, no you take her to the high-school looking dining hall that's right outside the dorm.

Go back to your room.

Let your girlfriend WATCH you play "need for speed 3" on your PC for a couple of hours.

Go to sleep spooning.

Start fucking in the middle of the night until one of your roommates wakes up and throws a shoe at you (so I heard- I apparently slept though it).

Sophomore year, I'm starting at UNC. Hinton James dorm. Everyone at UNC knows the name, I'm not gonna lie, it's the worst on campus. I'm rooming with James Pittard, who apparently goes by Ben, who recently apparently goes by James P. Filth.

He has a hot girlfriend. She's no bimbo, though, she's into biochemistry, which just makes my mouth water. All I ever see from them is arguing. Not like, disagreement arguing, but like, "Ben, I thought we were going to meet for lunch! I was waiting up

there for an hour!” “GOD! I said I was sorry! Man Katie, why do you have to be such a bitch?” It sounded less like an old married couple, and more like an altercation between a fourth-grader and his teacher.

He’s more of a pothead than Max threefold. He’s also a dj. He’s also more of an anime nerd than I ever have been. He has also had friends over early in the morning. Friends who vomit.

My clearest memory of Ben is after one of his arguments. Katie is giving him grief for taking her money or something, and she takes off.

He comes over to me with a sort of “-chesh. Women. Eh?” kind of attitude.

Keep in mind, I don’t have a girlfriend, have never had a girlfriend, and would gladly get a broken arm in exchange for having his girlfriend, and he’s grubbing for sympathy over how hard it is to put up with her complaining about him being childish.

“God, I don’t know what her problem is. Like, even my mom tells me, it’s awful the way Katie treats me. I’m so sick of it.”

Sigh. “Hey could be worse right. At least you have a girlfriend.

“huh? Oh, yeah, but dude, no- see, I’ve got two chicks I’m seeing on the side, and they’re both *much* hotter than she is. So, like, it’s really hard for me.”

It’s strange- I didn’t feel mad. I felt *something*, but it wasn’t quite anger, though it was similar. Parts of it felt like anger. More, it felt like a revelation, like learning something, like the universe had given me a gift of showing me a small truth. Since then, however, thinking of it just gets me mad.

Junior-senior year, I was rooming with Matt Jansen. He was pretty cool, kinda nerdy, not that into girls. We got along really well. Not like, friendly, we weren’t friends at all, but effectively. We spent maybe ten minutes talking to each other the entire two years. The most interaction we had in a day was at night, when I was ready to go to bed and he was on his laptop. After a month, we had refined it to the point that I would look at him, point to the ceiling light, he would look at me and nod without taking off his headphones, and I would turn out the lights. Absolutely no conflict in any form. A zero-friction rooming situation. It was great.

Then there was the trip to China, where I was rooming at the dorm by the Baicheng gate at beautiful Xiamen university with Jon. Early on, I thought that I should record an account of him for this such occasion. No montage of my roommates OR my resentment of women would be complete without these entries.

Okay, so just a quick update from China. I’m here in my room between classes, and my roommate’s here. He’s sitting on the bed, looking in the mirror, wearing sunglasses, and playing a cheap acoustic guitar which he bought when he got here. He always plays lots of acoustic-y songs with pretty good fingerpicking and pretty atonal lyrics. If these songs were totally ad-libbed, I’d be pretty impressed. They seem pretty well on par for a really talented musician just making up a song off the top of his head. Most of his songs are about how he’s totally, hopelessly in love with a beautiful girl in a clean, platonic and romantic way. Kind of along the lines of an appropriate song to play for a girl to give yourself that “oh, look, I’m

sensitive and compassionate” vibe, but with enough songs about girls cheating on him to instill women with a need to prove their worth. For some reason he describes a different girl in each song. Once, he left one of his drawers open, and there were two different cans of Axe™ body spray *and* two kinds of Old Spice™ deodorant. Whenever freshmen girls are in the room, he charms them with his rapier sense of humor, which consists largely of quoting entire skits from SNL secondhand (If only BoUNCe could accomplish the high-brow humor of incorporating so many “and then Christopher Walken was all like...” into one article).

The current date is September 9. My standing estimate for the number of classmates he will have casual sex with by December; 4.

Update for September 16; He has successfully hooked up with his first classmate! A freshman/sophomore, not sure which, about the youngest person in our group, who I had always liked for being sweet but a little timid. At about 4 in the morning, they barge into the room, soused to the gills. He works his magic (“So you wanna make out?” “Um... I think so...” “get in bed”) and proceeds to get undressed and climb under the covers. Two feet away from me. I eventually interrupt and end the party.

Ah, memories. I recall one of our hot girl classmates coming in and starting a conversation, which moved to east-Asian countries, at which point he commented that “All Thai girls are down for some fuckin’” with a big grin on his face. One of the girls crowded around him argued that they had Thai friends who weren’t like that, against which he argued, “Nah, whatever, man. I know all Thai girls are down for some fuckin’.” He later asked if the other girl was mad about anything, and she assured him that no, everything was fine. They proceeded to schedule a playdate for later on.

Roommate came into the room a couple days ago going on about he met “some really hot Jap girls. I might have to make an exception.” Pause. “...You know, about how much I hate the Japs.” Prince motherfucking Charming.

I have decided to start keeping a counter of how many times I personally hear my roommate use the term “dope” as an adjective, beginning at 11:00 pm on September 16. Keep in mind we’re in different classes, and only see each other a couple of hours a day. Count yourself lucky I am not noting the use of “fuckin’,” “baller,” “nigga,” “dank,” or “sweet.”

Current count;////////

I spent time trying to understand the ethical development of this guy who has helped himself to about eighty percent of the surface area of the room as

storage area, and frequently assigns his belongings on top of my clothes and bed. In class, when we discussed the one-child policy in China, he revealed he's an only child. Connection?

Update, 9/20/08

I tried something different last night. I went out to a club to celebrate a girl's birthday in our class, and I made a point of being content, confident, and just generally happy with myself. It was really nice! I tried not to think about how I wasn't good enough and how lonely I was, but just be in the moment and happy with what it was.

Then I came back at about 2:00 and walked in on my roommate fucking some Korean girl. I left for about twenty minutes before coming back and trying to get some sleep, and he spent about ten minutes charming her with first-year Chinese and making out loudly before I asked them to break it up. I remembered earlier in the day, he mentioned this girl, and one of our girl classmates said not to do anything, that she was a sweet, introverted impressionable girl who might feel pressured to do things that she would later regret, and he really ought to respect what she was comfortable with, to which he chuckled and replied, "Yeah, it's great!"

The next morning he accosted me and I got a lecture on the importance of not cock-blocking your roommate. He couldn't understand why I couldn't just roll over and ignore them. We had a conflict later on, but I think it's mostly resolved.

For the record, the count so far is; 2.

10/6/08; we're discussing culture mixture between America and China, including the popularity of Basketball in China. Roomie's explanation; "the NBA is just a bunch of cool black people doing athletic things, and everybody likes that."

10/18/08

An interesting sight I walked in on in the room today. Remember that girl? The first one the roommate hooked up with? The one who keeps doting on him even though she knows he has a girlfriend? Well, today, I walked in on them sitting in the room, and this girl was going on and on about how her father doesn't love her. Like, she'll write home about all the fun she's having in China, and he'll only reply about the grammar errors in her writing, and won't say anything nice about the people she's met or anything. She tells all this to him, and he says that she's doing great in China, and shouldn't worry about grammar, and she should be proud of herself. Like,

roommate's giving her all the reassurance and compassion that she wants, but doesn't get, from her father. I think he may have stumbled onto some kind of super-effective technique for getting girls to like you.

10/22/08

Guy mentioned in class that he really only respects women who are modestly, conservatively dressed, and who don't show a lot of skin. I have noticed that this doesn't describe the women he seems to prefer bringing back to the room. There's a syllogism in there somewhere, I'm sure. I overheard him in the elevator saying how all he wants to do is impress his father. I don't know the context, but that might have been very telling. I'm wondering if the manipulative elements present in the music he plays for women can be deciphered for independent use. For instance, one of his favorites is about a girl he got pregnant. Repetitive and uninspired lyrics aside, I think there's a few themes that would be very effective for controlling women. He says, "see that big ol' belly/ with my baby in there." I get some feminist indignation that it isn't "*our* baby," but that's a personal matter, so nevermind. The song focuses on him describing how he has taken such good care of this woman, and how he will always be there for her. I would think that being able to convince women that you will be with them forever is an effective way to make them have sex with you tonight? He also repeatedly illustrates all his positive traits as a father and a caregiver, perfect for women looking for a surrogate father-figure. He never refers to the woman as his wife. His own story portrays him as nurturing and caring and thoughtful, and, from what I'm aware, that is more than enough to convince most women to have sex with a guy who has a pregnant girlfriend.

10/23/08

Well, a funny change of pace. The sorority girl next door came by asking for advice. She was in touch with a guy that she was going to get together with when she got back home. She really wanted to be with him, because he's the only guy that she ever really, really liked. She wanted to be careful about what she said, and she didn't want to talk to him a lot, because he's really basically a dick, and he's manipulative, and he's selfish, and he's a bad person. But she wanted to make him like her, because she really wanted to be with him. I know when I tell women about this, they will all insist that "this is just one girl, most women aren't like this, this really never happens, bad guys never end up happy, they're only happy in the short term," etc.

10/31/08

He's been doing it the whole time, and it needs to be said. This guy does this thing that he thinks is so funny where he'll just start talking in a really breathy lisp, like he's trying to be gay. It's something that regularly comes up when he's talking, and he clearly thinks it's hilarious. So, just to review, pretending to be gay works if you're an unendurable douche.

11/8/08

Okay, so this is a grievance, although I guess I really have nobody to blame for this but myself, since I am the one who agreed to let roommate's friend crash on our floor for a couple of days. In my defense, I assumed that the guy would be trying to stay out of the way and make himself small, so my bad. When roommate said his friend would be sleeping on the floor, he didn't mention that they would be bringing in a mattress to put on said floor. This is in a room which scarcely has room for the two mattresses already there. Naturally, stuff gets moved around, and the guy helps himself to just pulling out all of my stuff that I've got in the crack between my bed and the wall. Paul does not like people grabbing his stuff. Also, this new guy is like just another bigger version of the roommate, being all gregarious, the girls fucking love him, and he's always so "funny." Gonna be a long weekend.

11/29/08

Well the fun never stops. During packing, the roommate left out a little present; a 40-pack box of condoms which was totally empty. Now, he said that his Korean girlfriend is being abstinent until marriage, so this either means that he's pressured her into breaking from her beliefs so he could have sex with her, or he's doing lots of fucking around on the side. The kicker is, about a half-dozen girls just came in (all looking for him, of course), and came across the box, and they were just like "awww, that's so cute! This guy sure is silly." Nothing implying that sex with women is a bad thing. So, once again, no guilt for this guy, no shame for this guy, and all the girls don't think that he's done anything wrong. If I even suggested having sex with a girl, I wonder what kind of reaction that would get.

12/1/08

Hey! Guess who just-now finally got a new idea for a song to write!? My roommate! Guess who's trying to figure out how to play that song right now?! My roommate! Guess who's in the middle of writing a ten-page paper about five feet away?! My self! This would be much easier if he could write lyrics.

12/6/08

It seems, just from observation, that the way this roommate behaves with his girlfriend with the lights off in bed while I'm a short reach away is pretty close to the way I treat girls when I'm alone with them. Either he's being self-restrained, and the stuff they do alone is just off-the-motherfuckin'-CHARTS, or this is the way he acts whether I'm here or not. Like, whether I'm here or not, makes no difference to him. I just completely do not matter to this guy at all, I don't even exist.

God, one more week. Give me strength.

12/6/08

(later the same day)

Wonder of wonders, the fun never stops.

So, I get woken up at about 7:00 on a Sunday morning by stuff getting knocked around. I glance over and I see the forms of two people in my roommate's bed. Apparently he volunteered to bring his girlfriend over for a night and tried to start some stuff while I was sleeping 3 feet away. I hear stuff going on, and I can't see well, but if I had to come up with a theory, I'd guess he was jerking off onto her. I don't have much time left with him, so I can stand out for a short stretch without starting a fight. I just try to get back to sleep.

A while later, I'm waking up and stretching out. He's already out of bed and she's still under the covers. I don't know if this is irony or not, but the first thing that I hear him say to her is, "So are you going to Church today?"

(muted trumpet womp-womp). I go into the bathroom to shave, and when I come out, guess who's up and getting her clothes back on. None other than - you guessed it- NOT HIS GIRLFRIEND! It's like seeing a perfect diorama of the worldwide human condition as it crumbles to dust before my eyes.

For our readers still with us, the count is now; 3

12/7/08

I was eavesdropping on the guy having a phone conversation (well, that's not true- I never wanted to hear it, but he always phones his 'bros while I'm in the room and doesn't seem to favor an "indoor voice"), and it was a nice, pretty basic conversation, miss the guys back home, I haven't smoked weed in months, etc., harmless enough. What got to me was bragging about his future plans to petition the college to fund a research expedition in Asia. I don't know what he would be researching, but we all have presentations to do for our class together, and his research topic was hip-hop in China, and, from what I gather, his research is based around going and hanging out at

nearby ritzy dance clubs (for those of you who think I'm kidding, fuck you in the eye- I had to live with this guy). He proceeded to boast about how he knew this guy who knew all about how to get research funding, and this guy once got 12k from the college, and got to go to Asia and went to bars every single night. I just love the thought that some, any, proportion of my tuition money will go to granting this crapstack a five-month paid vacation so he can pretend to squat out some pointless thesis. This friend of his is going to let him know "exactly what you need to say to (the college) to get lots of funding," because God forbid you get funding by honestly telling them what you plan to do. Just another footnote in the tome of "Disingenuous Guile = Success." More than that, what makes my bile rise is the thought that, not only is this guy having the time of his life in college by being an asshole, academia will allow him to make a whole living by being an asshole- he'll be more successful, wealthy and happy than almost any honest person in America.

Also, I don't know if this is worth mentioning, but what does it say about a guy if he always pretends to be really gay? Like, not to the extent of trying to be convincing that he's gay, but only that he's pointing out "oh how funny would that be if I were gay."

Examples of the semester;

"Hey. Wanna have gay sex tonight?"

"Boy, I can't wait to get home and have gay sex with all my friends."

"So, you wanna have some gay sex this weekend?"

"Those Chinese haircutters are so cute, I just wanna have sex with 'em!"

This, in addition to excessive innuendo, intrusive body language and a tendency to suddenly start talking in a "gay" lispy voice when he wants to be funny but isn't quick enough to think of anything clever. I dunno, I don't like it.

Chapter 3: The Last Temptation

December 31, 2010.

The last day of the decade.

I have made up my mind to try and be a bad person in 2011.

I have considered it for a long time, and my neurotic tenacity to the principles I have believed to be demonstrative of a good person have frequently sabotaged my life, i.e. I try so hard to be a good person, I become dysfunctional. Honesty is only a virtue to the extent that it isn't too inconvenient- if lying is helpful, honesty just proves you're stupid. I spent most of my young adulthood exposing myself to treatises and works of literature espousing the necessity of simply being a good person- Epictetus, Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, Lao Zi, Jesus Christ, Winston Churchill, Ludwig Wittgenstein- and I was again and again enchanted by the simple truths they spoke; don't lie, don't hurt people, be

selfless, do what's right even if it's unpopular, even if nobody else does, work hard, have patience, be honest, even if it's inconvenient, even if it doesn't seem useful, do unto others, and all that shit.

I'm a 24-year-old virgin with no prospects for a girlfriend and a slew of neuroses. I've exhausted myself trying to figure out what would work, how much more I would need to work out every day, how much better I have to play guitar, how flawlessly I can engage a conversation before a girl would give me a chance, and how much easier it would be if I actually took the advice of all the guys who don't take any kind of moral issue with saying what gets them what they want, forsaking the truth.

For years, I've been telling myself that I would eventually snap, that I would turn to the dark side some day and become like all the guys I have hated and envied for so long. I think I've been waiting long enough. I'm ready to see what I've been missing.

I will lie to women.

I will get women drunk.

I will tell them what they want to hear, and what will get me what I want.

I will be manipulative.

I will start smoking, not because I enjoy it, but because it looks cool.

I will drink coffee regularly, and destroy my long-defended caffeine sensitivity.

I will pretend to be interested.

I will learn things about other people, and exploit it to my advantage.

I will flaunt and exaggerate my positive qualities while concealing my flaws.

I will pretend that I don't like girls in order to make them like me.

I will ignore women if that works.

I will lie about myself.

I will not ask a girl's permission or approval or consent of anything.

I will make her believe that she will be unhappy without me.

I will not apologize.

I will not say "please" or "thank you."

I will suggestively attribute positive traits to myself, true or not.

I will tell stories that never happened to me.

I will think of women as objects.

I will get into fights.

I will not be the change I wish to see in the world.

I will not try to set a good example for others.

I will make claims that I can't back up.

I will overindulge.

I will have sex with women, even if I don't really love them.

January 6, 2011.

I just bought some new earbuds even though my old ones still work. I'M A FUCKING MENACE!

February 14, 2011

Valentine's day. Exactly one year ago to the day, I moved out of my parents' house and became fully financially and socially independent. For a full year, I've been a healthy,

functional guy who plays guitar, cooks, ~~speaks four languages, can bench 250, has a 7-inch penis and an IQ of 148.~~

You know how I spent Valentine's day?

Building a computer.

And you know what? I had a great time.

Up until tonight, I was planning on getting dressed up nice, doing my hair, getting some nice sunglasses, perfuming myself a bit, and lounging at a bar for a couple of hours and hope maybe, eventually, a woman spending valentine's day at a bar would give me an opening to introduce myself, and I could throw myself at them. You know what happened? At work, I got news that my only senior math student recently had a major math test. She was the ONLY ONE in the class to pass.

That's when it hit me. I'm awesome. I never liked math, hardly studied it at all, made it my weakest subject all through school, and, when I apply it, my student goes from being average to the statistical outlier of her entire class.

I thought, you know what? I've spent my whole life trying to convince myself that there was something wrong with me. That I wasn't good enough, that if I just learned one more language, ran one more mile every day, figured out one new song, that that would be what it takes to get a girl to want me. And you know what? Girls are fucking stupid. I'm smarter, hotter, tougher, funnier, harder, better, faster, stronger than anybody could reasonably expect of an average guy. If girls don't want me, that doesn't mean there's something wrong with me. It means every girl in the world is an up-her-own-ass idiot. And I'm elated!

I got home, started tinkering around with some computer parts that I had been fooling around with, slowly putting together over the last week or so, and within a couple of hours I had a computer up and running. I don't know shit about computers. I literally spent my whole life using out-of-date Macintosh computers, and here I just literally built a functional computer from scratch out of individual parts with my bare hands. This is amazing. Not only that, but I realize that me doing this amazing stuff is only possible because my life is completely devoid of physical intimacy! My ability to accomplish things in life has been greatly improved, simply by sheer absence of women! And it's awesome!

This is the dawning of a new era, the birth of an age of Paul Preston genuinely giving statistically less than a single fuck about how willing women are to sleep with him.

Some bitch thinks I should think less of myself because she's not horny for me? Look at my fucking stats. Look at my physique, my education, my contributions, my accomplishments-if she thinks that turning someone like me down proves more about my qualities than it does her own histrionic masochism, she's enough of an idiot that I should be openly glad that I don't have her in my life. Once women start realizing what they're missing out on, I'm gonna have a fucking field day wreaking my revenge against them.

Until then;

Read books,

Make machines,

Do work,

Get paid,

Smoke weed,

Fuck hos,

Bitches ain't shit.

Mecum Omnes Plangitebistis

2/19/11

Okay, I'm going to a birthday party tonight. I'm going to try to put my new not-giving-a-fuck philosophy to the test. I'm not gonna make myself look super-sexy, but I'll try to be presentable. I'll show up with some weed and liquor, hang around a bit, carry some condoms and business cards just in case, and put absolutely no effort into getting laid. I intend to leave once I start to get bored. Let's see what happens.

Chapter 4; Schizm

3//7/11

The day after my birthday in New Orleans. Something interesting happened tonight. I didn't really learn anything new, but I think I put together some old information in a way that reveals something more about myself.

This requires some back story- First of all, I have a fairly extensive science education, and recently I had been reading a book about brain function and how different regions of the brain delegate different tasks. Also, when I get stoned, I get really strong headaches. Like, right behind my eyes, if I'm really baked and tired, I'll get this pressure, this grinding wail pushing against my forehead.

Now, one time, long ago, my friend got me ripped on some stuff that was so strong, I nearly passed out from vomiting from the nausea. Naturally, my headaches were out in full force, but with this stronger weed, the headaches were slightly different, since they were accompanied by an additional sensation; a very distinct tingling, buzzing numbness in three places; my right eye, my right big toe, and my penis.

After exhausting myself throwing up, I collapsed in bed, and, unable to move or fall asleep, I decided to wander around in my own head to investigate the pain. I felt myself walking around someplace very dark and warm, wreathed in a thick mist I could barely see two feet into.

The first thing I came across was a crusty, scabby mound the size of a house. I pressed a hand against the dark, cracked shell, and cracked into it. Bright-red, warm goo, like jelly, poured out, glowing and flowing. It took me a minute to realize it was so hot it was burning my hand. I pulled my hand away, startled- I recognized the feeling. It was hatred, stale and old but still nascent. The age of that crust made it look like this pile had been kept here for years, forbidden to be touched. But that was not the cause of my headaches.

I kept searching, wandering in the mist, walking over or around various landmarks I didn't recognize, then my vision started to swirl. I felt vertigo, my eyes started rollilng around in my skull, and my headache roared. I had discovered the epicenter of these headaches. I had to be strong, and get to the bottom of this

Bracing myself against the pain, I bore down and tried to focus. I didn't expect the reaction would come so suddenly- The swirling immediately stilled, the pain of my headache ceased immediately, and I was presented with a vision; my own exposed, rigidly erect penis on one side, and the face of a beautiful, passionate and expectant

woman on the other, separated by a gulf between two parallel lines running perfectly tangentially to the nearest points between both of them. The parallel lines came apart as my dick swung away from the girl's face, and closer together as it swung back towards her mouth. Closer and closer, but when the tangent lines overlapped, there was a screech of metal on spinning metal, and a flash of pain, then they bounced apart. There was a few more bounces, each with a shock of pain, until the bounces slowed down enough that the lines separating my dick from the girls face were overlapping, which caused my vision to start spinning and blurring and causing even more intense headaches for a few seconds before the spinning grinding intensity was great enough to fling my dick and the girl's face apart again.

This confused me to no end, and for months I had no idea how to interpret it in a way that would help me. That is, until recently, last night, when I had enough of a blend of booze, weed and exhaustion that I could do more wandering around in my own head. I decided to have a quick dirty daydream, and started slow with me hanging out with a hot girl.

Starts normally, making out, foreplay, all that good stuff- a gentle kiss on the lips as I run my fingers up her neck into her hair, gently sucking on her bottom lip as my other hand presses into the small of her back, making it arch, I drag the tip of my nose across her cheek and nibble her earlobe, one hand slides down her thigh, grips it, lifts her leg up, the other hand grabs the back loop of her belt, yanking the fabric tight against her crotch, I feel the heat from her blushing face, her fast-breathing pleasure-drenched whimper keeping a rhythm as she digs her fingers harder and harder into my shoulders and back. However, once I got to the standard blowjob stage, stuff started to get strange. She got on her knees, and started to get really blurry and wobbly, like she was getting criss-crossed with the blur tool in photoshop. The same thing happened when I started taking off my pants- my entire hip-area was blurred and streaked in a strangely 3D way. Even though the erotic effect was killed, the fantasy kept playing out, and my crotch-blur mixed into her face-blur. That's the moment my headaches started again. In pain, I tried an experiment- I made a point of me fantasizing about taking her off of my dick, and pushing her away from me. Strangely, my headache focused into my body, then my penis, then into the tip of my penis, until I could push it all the way away, and, as soon as my dick was out of her, she appeared normally kneeling in front of me.

That's where I started theorizing.

The left side of the brain is in charge of factual recording, and is where my accurate memory of my own body is recorded. The right side of the brain is in charge of fabrication, invention, and imagination, and is the location of my theoretical image of women (the only image I have- what I think a woman 'might' be). When the brain functions normally, communication between hemispheres is normal and I can imagine myself having sex. When function is lowered, communication between hemispheres is weakened, and it is difficult for my brain to connect my idea of myself with my idea of women. Like, that's how much of a virgin I am, I get headaches just trying to visualize myself having sex with women.

Now, here's something cool- generally, when there is a loss of communication between the hemispheres, both of them will increase function to compensate, which means this sexual self-contradiction driving a wedge between the halves of my brain, this improbable makeshift corpus callosectomy might be responsible for my drive, creativity, discipline, all the things that improve my function. I actually have a pursuable reason to

not have sex now, its like a superpower! If I ever did have sex, it might reconcile the incompatible images in my head of my dick and a girl's mouth, which might take away some of the drive that I've finally been taking advantage of lately. Awesome! I'm a force of nature, baby.

-end-of-day addendum;

okay, I know I said I want to put zero effort into having sex, and I stand by that, but I'd be lying if I didn't say that having thousands of really hot girls dressing really slutty and getting really drunk wasn't really making it hard for me to enjoy myself. I'm getting that old high-school feeling again, that, "any single one of these girls is all that I would need to be perfectly happy and content the rest of my life, and every single one of these girls is probably going to be fucking some frat douche shitfucker by midnight tonight, I just wish I knew what I had to do to make that happen for me" kind of feeling.

Making a rule of putting no effort into getting a girl's attention definitely helps, and it definitely made the whole parade a lot more fun, but, well... at this point I think I'm just getting totally consumed with lust, and I always hear that desire is the root of all suffering, Q.E.D. etc. etc. Maybe this just means I need to train my mind more.

It's a cycle that manages to reliably repeat no matter how many types of variants I try to throw into the equation; I see a girl, I get a chance to start a conversation, I learn a little about her, I listen when she talks, I make her laugh, I tell her about myself, I might reveal some positive quality about myself, I try to act warm and engaging, and the ^split^

^fucking^ ^second^ I think I've established my qualities as a man enough to reveal that I'm any kind of attracted to them **BAM!** Down comes the wall. No matter how well I present myself, or how sensible of a choice I would be, or how acceptable it would be given the situation, or (yes I'll say it) how much of a loose-standard low-standard no-standard whore her sexual history proves her to be, the threat of somebody who knows her finding out that she had sex with a healthy, intelligent, attractive, affectionate man because its something she wanted to do is such a mortifying threat that it keeps her safely in the sexual habit of just being a passive victim of underhanded, predatory males.

Today, I tried an experiment. I was raised being taught (by my parents. Pretty much my entire scope of understanding of dating and women is based on the fundamental lessons I learned from my parents) that all women are open-minded and sensible human beings, and, as such, I could hypothetically have a chance at winning the affection of any woman in the world. This view earned me years and years and years of frustration, confusion and all-out misery, for two reasons- one, if I have a chance with all women, given the dozens, maybe hundreds of women I've propositioned since I've hit puberty, I should have succeeded at least a couple of times, and two- every time I fail, I was told (by my parents, whom I trusted as an authority on the subject) that it didn't work because there was something wrong with me. She's open minded, she's healthy and well-developed, she'd be down to fuck a good-looking guy who would treat her right, so if I make a move and it doesn't take, that means that I fucked up- the fault lies with me.

The reason I don't like this view isn't that it presupposes that all the many carefully-gained qualities I have sought for myself to increase my appeal is utterly meaningless in the face of an ingrained ineptitude with women so reliably prone to failure that it borders on a universal constant. No, the reason I don't like it is that it just doesn't fucking make sense. A good theory is one that can successfully predict the actions and patterns of an

unknown variable. The idea that I have a chance with any woman in the world, in that case, is a bad theory.

So what, then, would be a good theory for this study? Curious to try something new, I saw if the exact opposite was true. I tried to view myself living in a world where I had absolutely no chance whatsoever at getting a girl to like me. Every single girl in the world was predisposed to reject me, no matter how poorly-informed that would be.

All of a sudden, the whole world started making a lot more sense. I imagined every girl keeping herself carefully sealed inside a giant, invisible, unbreakable glass bubble, one that kept her snugly and safely isolated from ever having to have sex with men. Multiple degrees, I see from experience, don't break the bubble, and neither do multiple languages, health and fitness, a sense of humor, confidence, creativity, or a large penis. So, for the sake of this theory, what if we suppose that there is something, some word or gesture, that can break down this unbreakable bubble and leave any girl in the world vulnerable and helpless against any man who knew how to penetrate her defenses.

To date, this is the most comprehensive theory on sexual relations that I have ever come up with. I will have to pursue this further in the future.

3/27/2011

had another herbally-induced thought-hallucination today. It took a lot of focus, and it wasn't very clear, and I had to keep my eyes closed, but I tried intentionally making myself see the following scene;

Mr. P. stands at the front of a crowded college classroom of over two hundred students, facing a chalkboard.

"Metacognition," he chimes. "the art of introspection- thinking about thoughts, considering considerations, meditating" he wheels around to face the class full of excitement, "on meditation itself!"

He scrawls a circle on the board, with a line coming straight out of it branching in two directions. "as a functional habit, the brain tends to make decisions on a binary scale- left-right, yes-no, diet-regular, blonde-brunette; for the sake of convenience, the brain will learn the most obvious two options-based on upbringing and experience- and use those two options to give itself the power of choice, the belief that there are times when the brain can control its own destiny."

"the illusion of control is quite different from actual control, however-" Mr. P blurs out one of the branches- "it's a fairly simple matter to condition someone into believing they have only two options. If you wanted to control such an individual, it would be a simple matter to train them to believe they have choice, but the only choice you allow them is between what you want them to do and something that definitely doesn't work- they'll choose what you wanted them to choose every time, and they get the thrill of being in control."

"the big problem with this is that it's a shitty deal for the subject! After a couple of years of doing the exact same thing over and over and being punished whenever you choose differently, the novelty of telling yourself that you're in control starts to fade. The usual answer? 'the decision I made was wrong- ill decide something else this time,' which leads to a period of trying the option that doesn't work, long enough to realize that this option is much worse than the first, and they return to the first option even more convinced that it's the right one."

“the solution,” mr p states, “isn’t, then, in the decisions we make, but rather the way,” he scribbles on the chalkboard, “that we make those decisions.”

He looks at the chalkboard- he has written a simple two-line shape that looks kind of like a “y.” perplexed, he tries again, writing the word “way” on the chalkboard. W, A, but as soon as he put the last line on the Y, the letters started wobbling, then disappeared.

Mr. P turns to the class and gestures; “empty class.” He stands in front of an empty lecture hall, and returns to the chalkboard.

The next part was supposed to be about how “way” translates to Chinese as 道 dǎo, and that metacognition is central to Daoism. Stroke by stroke, he writes dao on the board; two dashes, a line, crossed, a box, slots inside the box- no trouble, it looked fine- but as soon as he added that last dash-swish-swoosh to complete the character, as soon as it went from a symbol, which my right hemisphere can process, to a character with literary meaning, which is the domain of the left, the dao started wiggling, then twisting violently, then disappeared.

Fascinating...

4/6/11 (midnight)

shit I did today;
donated platelets
tried a new donut place
went up to tate
saw suckerpunch
made ramen with lobster stock

shit I wanna get done tomorrow;
change
my
life

4/6/11 (next morning)

I’m super-stoked. This is the day. This is the day everything changes for me, I can feel it.

I’ve spent the last couple of weeks in the library. There was a book that I hadn’t finished yet, and when I came to try and find it, it wasn’t there, but at it’s number was a set of encyclopedias on human behavior. I leafed through the first volume, checked a couple of entries that sounded interesting, and ended up learning more about myself than I have from the thousands of dollars my parents made me spend on one therapist after another. It took some doing, but I think I have concretely identified enough personality traits that I have that, using the book’s description of the causes of different psychopathologies, will give me the tools I need to identify the personal causes of my worst quirks, and, once that is handled, I’ll be able to try and change them.

Here We Go

First thing I notice is that a lot of my personality traits are symptoms of internalized adolescent psychopathology. The symptoms of externalized pathology sound like they'd get you laid.

Okay, apparently "adolescence" is defined as a time when extreme levels of conflict with parents result in a reorientation towards peers. That never happened for me. Every school I went to during the ages I was most likely to turn adolescent was on the other side of the city, so all the friends I made at school lived about ten miles away, typically. I didn't have a car until I was a junior in high school, so for years, once school was out, the only people I knew for miles were my parents and my sister. My parents were the closest thing I had to actual protection from my sister, so when I wasn't around friends, my biggest goal was to stay on my parents' good side. The stories I heard about teenagers, ungrateful for the free food, shelter, clothing and care they received for free, starting fights and yelling at their parents and being any kind of angry at the only people in the world who could take care of them, always surprised me and shocked me, and I always wondered how anyone could be so despicable. At 25, I find out this attitude is extremely uncommon in teenagers.

Did I never have an adolescence?

According to Jean Piaget;

Sensorimotor period>preoperational children>operational period>adolescence allows formal operational thinking/meta-cognition

Adolescents misperceive others as equally interested in their own thoughts and actions but unable to understand the emotional experience.

Kohlberg describes 6 stages of moral reasoning; 2 stages w/ the same 3 levels; preconventional, conventional, principled. People at lower stages are rule-obedience bound. People at higher stages recognize the arbitrary nature of rules- can be changed if unjust.

WAT

Okay I have been an extremely principled rule-follower until now. Signal before changing lanes, stand in line, say please and thank you- I always had the idea that I was done growing because, out of principle, I believed in the rules strongly enough to no longer need to be taught their importance. Now I'm finding out I'm only half-done?! Hahahahahaha, oh brave new world...

Young adolescents start conflicts over mundane issues. If my sister had a bad day at school, she could go into a screaming fit that sometimes broke windows and furniture. If anyone else had a mundane issue, we were grateful for the quiet. One of the running lessons I get from all of my therapists, one that I actually agree with, was that I thought my parents were doing everything they could just to manage my sister, and they wouldn't be able to handle me giving them trouble on top of what they already got from my sister. I had this idea that if I was even a little bit troublesome, that might be what it took to destroy my parents, and that my having a family depended on me never doing anything bad.

Average; one conflict every 3 days.

Shrinks agree that peer relationships are necessities, not luxuries, which positively impacts sex roles/ moral development.

A quality relationship with parents can replace peer relationships, but lacking.

IDENTITY MORATORIUM

Two drives that conflict under the chance of achievement- achievement motivation vs. fear of failure.

My dad, who majored in psychology, told me I have approach-avoidance conflict.

The transition into adolescence includes de-idealizing parents

Parental disapproval is more upsetting than peer disapproval. There are times that I have been willing to avoid people if I thought my parents wouldn't approve.

Aggression; a response that delivers noxious stimuli to another organism.

Justify aggression by playing it off as self-defense.

Because of their past learning and personal development, some people react to frustration by turning their aggression towards themselves (INTROPUNITIVE) and become depressed, withdrawn or guilt-ridden.

Holy shit the encyclopedia of psychopathology is the only one that understands me.

I used to get frustrated, angry, and resentful of my sister, but she had a well-enforced policy of punishing any external expression of those feelings, so I quickly learned to bottle them up. I had to be careful, though, because sometimes (when I was a real little kid), when she would do something mean, when she was done I would just pace around muttering angrily to myself in another room, but if she heard me muttering to myself, or she walked by my room, or she noticed any of the quiet, passive, fearful expressions of anger I made, I would get in trouble for that, too.

In college, I started cutting myself, junior year. I didn't really have a reason why, I had just heard of people getting depressed and cutting themselves, and I was depressed. If I drank, I was breaking the law. If I did drugs, I was breaking the law. If I could have gotten laid, that would have made a world of difference, but I was s.o.l. I was angry and frustrated, and would have loved to just throw down and start a horrible bloody fight with a big gang of mean-as-hell guys twice my size, but even talking about violence is grounds for getting suspended from school, so that was no option. I wanted a release, and I wanted to hurt something, and I realized a handy loophole; Nobody is allowed to hurt anybody else, but, I remembered growing up, everyone is allowed to hurt me.

So I did. It was great, I immediately felt better, like a weight was lifted from my shoulders. Before I was old enough to drink, before I worked up the courage to try drugs, before I hated school enough to start smoking out of spite, before I had any kind of romantic prospects in my life, bleeding was pretty much the best high I had to look forward to.

Since I started smoking weed I really haven't thought of it, though. Friends and parties are more fun than that.

Research criminologists on violence typology;

1. reputation defending
2. 2. norm enforcing
3. self-image compensating
4. self-defense
5. pressure removing
6. bullying
7. exploitation
8. self-indulging
9. catharting

If you want to hurt someone, make them question their sense of control.

---Learned Helplessness

people feel control-deprived when they feel a lack of contingency between their efforts and their outcomes/RESTRICTION OF BEHAVIORAL CHOICE

One response to control deprivation is to look for more information.

Growing up I was a study-nut. It was a pleasure for me, learning, feeling my mind expand, teaching myself new things, facts, ideas, it excited me and made me happy. I would often use the library as a welcome sanctuary after getting freshly rejected by a girl. Also, all the advice, tips, tricks, hints, facts, numbers and statistics I've picked up about getting laid could fill a book, so there you go.

When he was an undergraduate, my Dad says his senior thesis was on learned helplessness. He told me about the experiments he did, putting rats in a cage with two electrified plates on the floor. First one plate was charged, and the rat would skip the other. Then the other was charged, and the rat would leap to the first. Next, both plates were kept continually charged, and the rat would leap from one to the other, desperately skittering back and forth, until the rat gave up and collapsed. After that, if the plate the rat was on was given a current, the rat wouldn't bother moving to the other plate, it would just give up. Apparently, my father won the "lil' Alfred" award for killing the most lab rats. The award is named after the son of a psychologist who was used in his father's experiments.

This seems like as good a time as any to write some stuff down. Whenever I have something from my childhood that makes me unhappy, I get in trouble for talking about it with my parents. They taught me to genuinely believe that remembering bad things was intentional and it's my fault for holding onto the past. I spent a long time trying to forget everything that happened, and that only seems to make it worse. For a long time, I've had the idea that just writing these ideas down would make me feel better, but I've been afraid to because it would be unhealthy and regressive and it would make me feel worse and why do I have to hold a grudge and why can't you just forgive your sister and fuck it, here we go.

My sister would hit me. A lot. From what I gather, I was born at a stage of her life where she was particularly needy for attention, and my being born was a grievous crime against her. I grew up honestly believing that my greatest goal in life was to try and not make my sister angry. I was her personal physical, verbal and emotional punching bag. Well, that's not fair. She did grow up from being a child, and matured beyond being openly physically abusive at conveniently the same time I hit a growth spurt and got bigger than her. After that point, if I complained about her saying hurtful things to me or hurting my feelings, I would get told I don't appreciate how far she's come and I'm not grateful that at least she doesn't hit me anymore.

My mother is the one she was emotionally dependent on, the one she would call if she was upset, the one she demanded lots of personal alone-time with, the one she would cry to and ask for a neck-rub or a back-rub or a head massage or a foot massage. My father, she was openly antagonistic towards, the one who always made her mad just by being himself, the one she would get into fights with, criticize, insult, blame. Once, my sister took a trip to France with our mother and had a great time. A couple of years later, my dad planned to take my mom on a trip to a different part of France, and my sister threw a fit about "you don't respect me at all" "France is for us! It's special for me and Anne!" "so you just ignored me when I said France was something special we shared," "you're taking her away from me," etc. My view of it was of a cute modern gender-bendy twist of the Oedipus complex (not an Electra complex- that, for a girl, would have at least made sense).

As long as I'm on topic, I've got a story I've never told that's been bugging me for years. So, when I was like ten/early teens, our family had a system set up where we would all take turns making dinner- mostly for our benefit, so we'd learn how to cook. Once, it was my sister's turn. I asked what she had planned, and she told me not to worry about it. Our mom was out of town and our dad was on his way home from work (guy bikes 3 miles to and from work every day- watta champ), and I was right hungry.

So fast forward a few minutes, my dad gets back, dressed in bike gear, dripping with sweat, getting home after a long day at work. We're all standing in the kitchen, and my dad asks what's for dinner, and my sister says in this sassy I-can't-believe-you-have-to-ask tone, "Um, yeah, we have decided?" if I wasn't already afraid of my sister there's a hell of a lot of things I would have said right there, but by then I knew better "that it is totally unfair that we have to take turns making dinner and you don't, so tonight it's your turn to make dinner." I was staring pretty hard at the back of my sister's head with my best "THAT was your plan?" face. My dad stares at her, frustrated, sighs, and puts on some instant noodles while he changes. It's about what you'd expect for instant noodles. When she's done eating, my sister does this condescending chuckle and says, "um, yeah, that definitely doesn't count." Never got in any kind of trouble.

So, yeah, just to give you a background for this whole chapter of the story. She was in love with my mother, and she hated my father.

Me?

I was the one she had power over.

My dad and mom had the authority to punish her if she got out of line. She had the authority to punish me because it's funny.

One of my earlier memories with my sister is in our grandparents house in the mountains. She was making me play a game called “judge,” which was basically her glaring at me, and whenever I did anything she would growl, “WHY DID YOU DO IT?!” and I would ask, do what? And she’d say, “WHY did you pick up that rock?/look at that window?/blink?!” and I wouldn’t have an answer, and she would say “you are a criminal and I sentence you to DEATH!” If I were 15, it would have been stupid. If I were 10, it would have been hilarious. I was, like, 5. I seriously thought she was going to have me killed for picking up a rock.

Anyway, back to the notes;

Says there are 2 main elements of problem solving: knowledge of the subject (which I have tons of) and attention to the problem (..... mother of god) so THAT helps me a TON. I’d always get rejected once, assume that no-means-no and respected it whenever she wanted to be friends, and I’d give up. I have never made an effort beyond the initial rejection, because I was raised to assume women were very accountable for their actions, and if they said they didn’t want me that means I should respect their decision and stop trying.

I feel like I just discovered a new continent. Like a street I’ve walked by for years that I never bothered turning down, then on a whim try it and find the exact perfect spot I’ve been looking for my whole life to just sit and write! It was there and I never saw it!

Women don’t mean no. If a guy is flirting with a girl, a guy who takes no for an answer sleeps alone. No means try again. No means make a better argument. No means you haven’t convinced me yet.

If I ever manage to fall in love again, I will make a determined effort to win her attention, affection and favor.

>preconscious information processing- incubation

anxiety- unpleasant emotional state of feeling threatened, but the threat is unknown

Guilt- unpleasant feeling from violating one’s own principles of conscience, accompanied by lessened self-worth

I am unofficially diagnosing myself with teen-onset guilt complex.

Common defense mechanisms: repression, denial, displacement, projection, reaction formation, isolation, rationalization, intellectualization, sublimation

Some of these “defense mechanisms” actually sound a fair bit like stuff my sister would do to me. Projection, itself, would explain a whole lot about some of the stuff that I remember.

Per se-

Something comes up and we’re talking about electrolytes. I’m like 16 at the time and I wasn’t sure, so I asked my dad, “what’s an electrolyte?”

He looked at me and said, “something in a drink that makes your muscles work better by supplying nerves with neurotransmitters.”

I nodded. Helen laughed out loud.

“He has nooo idea what you’re talking about!” she guffawed.

Now, I didn’t know much about electrolytes, but by high school I was pretty good at cellular biology, so I replied, well, actually, neurotransmitters are what nerves use to communicate between each other, by sending them across the synaptic gap.

She went, “oh. Well, I don’t know what he’s talking about.”

Huh. That might have been pretty embarrassing for her. I’d feel bad about that if I hadn’t spent two decades being her favorite outlet for anxiety over her own inadequacy.

Some partial memories of mine;

We’re talking about driving. She laughs out loud, knowingly, and said to me, “oh, paul, we really have to do something about your fear of driving.”

I replied that I had my own car, and that I went to school ten miles away and I had to drive through the busiest part of the city, at about a hundred miles a week.

She said, “Yeah... well, you’re afraid to drive on the highway!”

I brought up the trip to the beach last summer, which was a six hour drive which, since we’ve been old enough to drive, we do in 1-hour shifts and I volunteered to take her shifts because she was afraid to drive our mother’s old mini van, Junie Wank. That wasn’t so much because I wasn’t afraid of driving on the highways (it’s pretty fucking scary if you think about it), but when I was a kid, we were starting the trip to the beach and Helen was calling me names and I said it wasn’t fair because I wasn’t allowed to call her anything back and she said no its because there’s nothing wrong with me and I said tht’s not true, so she said well then tell me something wrong with me and I said no you’ll get mad at me, and she said no I won’t, and I said sometimes you’re immature. Like sometimes its your turn to set the table and you don’t do it so I have to.

So she says “nuh uh! I’m not immature” and she asks my parents, “Guys am I immature? And Anne says, “well, you’re sitting in the middle of the seat and making your brother sit against the window, so, eh.”

Then she slammed sideways into me and pressed me against the window, and I said what’re you doing, and she said, ooooh, I’m immature, I’m a spoiled little baby, wah wah wah,” so I unbuckled myself and tried to sit on the other side, but she wouldn’t let me (there’s plenty of room to move around, we take out the middle seat for the trip), and every time I tried to sit down she blocked me, and I ended up sitting on the floor, and my parents said “paul get in the seat” and I said, “it’s okay ill just sit on the floor” and my mom said “its dangerous to drive without a seatbelt. Helen, let him sit down.”

“goo goo ga ga I’m an immature little baby and I wan the whole seat!” so my mom let me sit up front, and she tried to sit in the back (this is while we’re driving) and she kneed my mom in the face and was yelling and screaming and they had to tie her up with duct tape to make her stop hitting my mom. She spent the entire six hours swearing, spitting, screaming, saying hurtful things, singing “fuck the whole god damn world” over and over at the top of her lungs to the tune of “do your ears hang low.”

It lasted for six.

Fucking.

Hours.

The next year, she was playing spice girls really loud on a boom box and when my parents made her use headphones she would sing along with, and every time they asked her to stop singing, she would sing louder, until she was screaming it, and when they

tried to take the boombox away from her, I ended up riding in the front seat squeezing my fingers into my ears as hard as I could for six.

Fucking.

Hours.

Two.

Years.

In a row.

So by the time I had a drivers permit, I was ready to do anything to make sure she didn't do anything she didn't want during the trip. The time I spent at the beach was the greatest ten days of every year, and I wasn't about to give it up.

Man.

I've never written that all out before.

Ive never told it to anyone.

It's been in my head for years and years, I think about it sometime, when I'm alone or in a bad mood I'll start thinking about it and the things that happened over and over, and every time I try to talk about it with my parents, I get lectured about how evil it is to hold a grudge, and hatred eats you up inside, and why can't you forgive her, that was such a long time ago, she said she's sorry, it's so immature to hold onto the past, just forget it happened. Like, I felt guilty for holding on to this story. I never even told my therapists a bout it, because I thought that if I wrote it down or talked about it I'd never forget. But you know what? I'm never going to forget. That will always be what happened to me, and I feel good finally writing it out.

Now, I didn't tell her all that, of course. I just said, "what about last year, when I drove us to the beach? You didn't even drive."

She said, "yeah well you're afraid of driving on the highway by yourself."

Now, this was about four years before my one-man trip from Atlanta to California and back, so I pretty much just had to agree with her.

Come to think of it, she went to high school in our neighborhood, closer to home than I did, but when she went to college, it was a two-hour drive from home, on the highway, that she took alone. I can't believe I never once thought of this.

Oooh! Ooooooh! Another memory!

One night, it was my turn to make dinner (I think I was maybe 17), and I was making pan-seared chicken-finger sandwiches, but I waited until like 7 to get started, and I was taking a long time, and she said, "why isn't it ready yet you should have started sooner im hungry" and I said, "here, some of the chicken fingers are already done, you can have those as a snack" and she grabs a few and puts them on a plate, and I keep dredging and frying chicken, and she comes back in and starts throwing half-eaten chicken strips back onto the cooling rack, with her mouth full, growling, "I can't eat it! I just can't eat it!" then she kicked a hole in the wall and stomped off. I thought those sandwiches were pretty damn good m'self, but I put them on a sandwich.

Man, I'm getting off topic.

More notes;

Defense mechanisms are an important part of a child's development

In late adolescence, most common ones are projection and identification.

Herpaderp

Okay, okay, now we're getting to the good part;

Dependent Personality Disorder

Oral dependency

Dependency stems from;

Symptoms include-

1. yield to the views/opinions of others (me)
2. high levels of suggestibility (me)
3. are cooperative and compliant in social/academic/psychiatric etc. (me)
4. help-seeking behavior (me)

Depression; negative cognitive schema, only notice negative facts about yourself- critical parents, strongly negative life events, learned helplessness- efforts in harsh situations make no difference, why bother?

There's a single, super-specific class of embarrassment- conspicuousness- could include people singing happy birthday, or when being complimented/congratulated.

I've disliked birthdays for the longest time.

Since I was about 8, they just made me feel really, really depressed. When I was older, I would wait until the day after to tell anyone, so that I'd get a congratulations and a happy birthday paul but no big party or anything.

I think I was 19 when I was at a shopping center in Dekalb near the barn, and my sister and mother and I were walking across a parking lot to get some lunch. It wasn't stormy, but it was really windy and warm and the trees were rolling and twisting, and the sky was full of churning, dark clouds, and I said today has an awesome eschaton-ish feel (I was home after just taking a freshman course in comparative religion).

My sister says, paul don't make up words it makes you sound stupid

My mom happens to be a comp-rel major and said, actually it is a real word, I'm

impressed you know that paul, I agree, I see what you mean, it is kind of eschaton-ish.

So my sister is dead silent the rest of lunch. That night, after dinner, I was walking by in the house through the kitchen and my sister was setting up some roses and she looks at me and said, "hey paul, you're really smart when it comes to really useless stuff- how do you keep roses fresh?" and I said, I don't really know anything about roses, and she said, oh, well it's not totally useless, so I guess you wouldn't. And I just, kind of... walked off.

Embarrassment symptoms; less eye contact, more body movements, speech mistakes, smiling, stammering, fooling with hair, clothes
Ways to excuse embarrassing actions; environmental circumstance, lack of intent, personal characteristics, scapegoating

Extroversion; prefer action over planning for action. Fascinating chart on figure 5 about extra-introversion- makes it sound like the biggest difference is if you want to have personality problems (intro) or conduct problems (extro)
Swearing=extroversion.
Disobedient, bossy, egocentric, lying, fighting...
Yes... yeeessssss.....

Melancholic
Choleric,
Phlegmatic,
Sanguine

Extroverts have more learning through “discovery learning” than “reception learning” which is especially helpful after a long period.

“Duchenne smile” differs from fake smile by 2 muscles- zygomatic major (voluntary) and orbicularis oculi (involuntary).
I’m not gonna lie to ya. The second I was done reading about this I thought it would be a great way to pick up girls.

French author 1532 Francois Rabelais
You can use ambidextrous gesturing to emphasize contrast

Glial cells

Sylvan tomkins; guilt is the affect of shame when centrally assembled with a moral judgement that the self is blameworthy.

Developing humans quickly learn to continue/repeat good scenes, escape/avoid bad scenes.

Qualia?
Qualm

When a good scene turns bad, it becomes a candidate for psychological magnification
Anaclitic depression
Somatize
Morasmus

Constructive (not destructive) hate is preferable to a false guise of happiness

Without expressing hate in a constructive way, he wouldn't have been able to live together
“without losing my temper and without every now and again murdering him”
Conscious hate=constructive, destructive hate=unconscious

Dominican republic; dickless men?

Hypnosis?

Jealousy;

What I thought- “you have what I don't and I want it”

What the encyclopedia thinks- “the emotional reaction to a real or imagined loss of something valued to a rival.”

In the west, most common in sexual relationships.

“At least some forms of sibling rivalry stem from a child's jealousy response to the attentions lavished on a new baby”

yeah thanks for your insight Sigmund Freud.

Jealousy is immature

Jealousy kills love

Almost any brain chemical can become a plausible mediator of the effects of learned helplessness/uncontrollability. GABA counteracts sympathetic arousal.

Funny story, I have insomnia, and once my sister gave me a coupon for a sleep aid that uses GABA. Just a thought.

The finding, in literally hundreds of investigations, was that the experience with uncontrollable events interfered with the ability to solve subsequent problems.”

A previous exposure to controllable events immunized human subjects against learned helplessness. Similarly, exposure to contingencies reversed helplessness deficits.

1. Hypothesis testing; propose various hypotheses, presumably more and more complex theories, uncontrollable events make them discard hypotheses later necessary for the solution of the task.
2. State orientation; non-control problems produce a marked self-consciousness of his or her own physical state, past, present, future. “how am I feeling,” “why am I having trouble” “what does this imply about my well-being?”
3. 4 cognitive exhaustion; learned helplessness elicits huge cognitive activity, eventually exhaust mind
4. 5. secondary control= final stage. If you can't control it, at least you can try to understand why you can't, being fatalistic is helpless, but at least you understand WHY.

C.A.V.E.

In some cases, passivity is clearly produced by reward and punishment

Eros
Mania
Storge
Pragma
Agape
Ludis

All different combinations of passion, intimacy, commitment

Was watching porn the other night, and the starlet had some comments worth reflecting on-

I've cheated on every boyfriend I've ever had

I do have a boyfriend, and he does not know I'm here. If he found out I was here, he would probably murder me and go cry to his mother.

(O man if she was my girlfriend I would probably totally have done that)

I like it when the guy takes control

I like to be on top so I can have control

Holy shit eureka!

Research shows that when men/women's self-esteem is threatened, when they are anxious and afraid, when they feel insecure or dependent on others they tend to be especially vulnerable to falling in love.

Fucking Rosetta Stone right here.

I've spent my whole life being told that I should compliment women, make them comfortable, do whatever they want, tell them they're pretty, treat them like angels, and my whole life I've wondered why I get friendzoned over and over, and all these girls fall for shitcocks who try to make them feel less than human.

My parents' advice on women is one part telling me what to do, nine parts explaining why it's my fault EVERY SINGLE TIME the advice fails.

Here's the flowchart I've figured out-

They tell me how to deal with women- ask her out to dinner, tell her she's pretty, ask if she has a boyfriend - and it doesn't work.

"well you didn't follow our advice carefully enough"

If I can prove that I followed their advice to the letter, but I mentioned before that it seems like strange advice, or I'm not sure this is a good idea, or even a breath of doubt, its

"well you didn't believe it would work. It only works if you believe it will."

If I assure them that I really, truly, honestly did my best to believe it would succeed with all my heart and soul and it still didn't work, I'd get,

"she's crazy. You don't want a girl like that."

And if it is a girl I've known a long time, that I like a lot, and we have similar interests and she's really smart and funny and we get along and she makes me happy and I would have given anything to be with her, I get the ultimate grand prize of advice from my parents;

"yeah, well... that NEVER happens."

NO MATTER HOW OFTEN IT HAPPENS.
I WAS 23 WHEN I FIRST THOUGHT THAT WAS BULLSHIT

“timing is often everything-sometimes they look for love, sometimes not.”
“if they re already dating someone, they may even devalue others as not to be tempted.”

People reject potential dates who are arrogant, conceited, rude, boring, or make life difficult.

60-70 bpm= rhythm of love.
Music can make you more attractive
More comfortable the setting, more attractive you seem.

NONVERBAL BEHAVIOR ill have to study this later

Holy shit shit shit SHIT FUUUUUUU
Self-presentation; occurs when an individual attempts to manipulate the impression others are forming of him.
DECEPTION; DIFFERS FROM SELF-PRESENTATION ONLY IN DEGREE AND SOCIAL ACCEPTABILITY

Dominant; more eye contact while talking sub; eye contact while listening
Sub; more constrained, less flexible use of nonverbal behavior, take up less space. Touch less, interrupt less, use quieter voice
Extroverts; more nonverbally expressive.

Okay right now I'm taking notes outside and it's really sunny, and I cnt see the screen anyway, so I'm gonna be typing blind for a while...

People tend to conform, and match what seems normal, if you if you can take an idea and make it, normal no matter what it is its right

Disobedience can still count as an authority/correct

“foot-in-the-door” effect- getting someone to agree to one thr request gretly increases odds of agreeing to another.

“Personality disorders are generated because they are, over some length of time, found to be the most effective waay to cope with the environment.

More distorted/disturbed environment= more distorted/disturbed disorder
More likely to emerge/be reinforced/ become long-term solution
.o_o.

looking at this chart of personality disorders, me and my sister perfectly match descriptions for completely opposite ends of the personality-type spectrum; she's "controlling" I'm "introverted"

so, if I can travel along the spectrum by altering my personality it would go it would go introverted.inhibited.respectful.sensitive.cooperative (I may have made it this far just by reading this (sociable.confident.xaggressive.controlling

schizoid?

ELABORATE, HEROIC FANTASIES ARE AN ALTERNATIVE TO NORMAL COPING MECHANISMS

Histrionic Personality Disorder

Seek attention, overreact, easy to start new relationships, little depth of insight into their own responsibilities in a relationship. They are flirtatious and seductive, but with little maturity or true sensuality. if you accept their advances, they act insulted or attacked. "conflict-habituated" marriage usually between histrionic personality and passive-aggressive personality.

Histrionics avoid blame for relationship trouble;

Use projection.

Beliefs;

-being responsible means losing the "zest of life."

-

-rejection is disastrous

-people only love me for what I pretend to be-being special means you never have to say, feel or mean "sorry"

self-help seminars telling people to believe "I'm number one" with no evidence that there is room for a number 2 or 3

sadistic cruelty can sometimes be turned inward as self-mutilation; "for a higher goal"

Behavioral patterns; flattery operated

Malignant narcissists: Hitler, Stalin, Hussein

There

There is however such thing as a "productive narcissist."

“its psychologically necessary to prevail
all my bad features come from my parents/background
recognition, admiration and respect are necessary, and the reason for other people
selflessness is a sign of weakness

sociopathy defined with “mask of sanity”
weird order of priorities
no irrational thought
no nervousness
uuuuu, also a whole lot more really negative features. ☹

Avoidant personality disorder; need a guarantee ahead of time that a relationship will
work- “relationship warranty.” “nothing ventured, nothing failed”
0_0

“Only God, my dear,
can love you for yourself alone
And not for your yellow hair.” (Yeats)

Dependent Personality disorder
-seek out stronger personalities. To make decisions for them, MUCH more common in
women. “a loss of self is a fair price to pay in order to obtain a relationship, ;even an
occasionally abusive one.”
“sadism; use cruelty to establish dominance relationship, demean/humiliate others
publically, harsh discipline for people ;under their control lies to hurt people use
intimidation to get what you want, restricts autonomy of these in a relationship.

D
Entheism means; having a godly spirit within.
Curious, secure, constructive, fewer “um”s.

Preference judgements; vs b to a
Status quo bias- reject better option because it means change.

Elimination by Aspects
Pornography- “the writing of harlots”
Part of the definition of porn is that it lacks “serious literary, artistic, political or scientific
value” (Miller v California 1973)

In

Informative, well-made porn=legal??

Dsfk

Content-based definitions; violent porn, degrading porn, EROTICA

***porn+socialization+personality>sexual characteristics>facilitating situations (privacy, arousal, disinhibition)>sex (fucking)

porn+no self-control+low intelligence= anti-woman sentiment

porn is so profoundly different from real life, there is usually no real effect.

People with good upbringing see porn and know its fake, doesn't have an influence. However, sometimes they see something they never would have thought of, and, even though it's still not normal, it becomes a *possibility*

Main misconceptions of porn;

That women are sexually nondiscriminating, easy to arouse, and always willing. If these are misconceptions, that would imply that women are sexually discriminating, difficult to arouse, and only occasionally willing.

Understand that at which you wish to control; sun tsu. Or Buddha.

Fear of success, learned helplessness, masochism, self-fulfilling prophecy, self-handicapping, self-injuring behavior. SELF_DEFEATING_BEHAVIOR

O_O

Underachievement, self-defeating; self-defeating excuse-making, anxious about success, avoiding accurate information about one's abilities

Self-defeat happens when people experience insufficient reward for self-actualizing behavior. Men's maladaptive beliefs about self, others and social causality develop further self-defeating behaviors occur, consistent w/maladaptive beliefs.

When you fail, despite increased effort (like @ getting poor) you consider giving up that goal and tolerate the misery.

changing a belief frequently requires engaging in expectancy-disconfirming or risk-taking behaviors.*

NEW expectations and theories about oneself, others, or social causality form.

Wilhelm Reich ("and the crowd goes wild haaaaaaah") said masochists are annoying, had an actual or fantasied nonfulfillment of an inordinate demand for love

Children w/ fear of success have parents who give hints, criticize more, and talk to others about their child. They preempt their child's independence, solving tasks for them. THINKING WITHOUT DOING vs DOING WITHOUT THINKING

There are 3 style of coping with stress that relate to ill health/poor psyche-

1. rational, anti-emotion
2. ;2. helpless, hopeless, over-dependent
3. 3. the angry, aggressive style.

Pretending not to be stressed is less healthy⁷ than being stressed.

Relaxation disclosure to others, and social support are shown to improve immunity.

Boredome susceptibility: aversion to repetitive experience/work/people through restless discontent

Disinhibition; need to seek release in uninhibited social activiteiies

Experience seeking-nonconformity, travel, music, art

Thrill-seeking desire for speek, danger, novelty and defieance of gravity

Zuckerman; sensation seeking is related to reproductive success- animals must control enough territory ttt territory to sustain themselves/ mate

Le Gros Clark; olfacio ergo sum

.....okay. Buckle in, kiddos;

“sex roles”

sexsex roles dev determined in childhood

mead did research on 3 primitive societies;

-arapess; men n women are passive, nurturant, cooperative, sensitive; universal submissive

-mundugamore; men n women both aggressive, suspicious, uncaring- universal dominance

-tchambuli; men & women roles reversed (from american standards

First, children learn “I am a boy/girl”

Then, self-criticism for comparing to an abstract ideal. With the advent of autonomy, individualization results in conflicts/ resolves. Individual forms more complex identity- period of androgyny. 3 stages; no sex role, either of 2 sex roles, both se roles (transcendant)

So... you can gain enlightmenment by being androgynous?

Dude, last month I took an online psyche test from the bbc

It reads your “brain gender

It rates you ofrom –100 (female) to +100 (male) and the test was designed to conform to an to conform to separate Gaussian distributions for the results of both genders so that the average score for women is –50 and for men is +50

My score? Exactly 0

So0

Sooo maybe I've overdeveloped? Or maybe I was never a complete, mental "boy"?
come to think of it, I can't think of any situation where I'd made a point of being
"manly".

Eroto

Erotophiles; people w/positive view of sex

Erotophobes; people with a fear of sexuality and sexual cues

d. ° °.b

Kinsey scale; 0=hetero, 6=homo

Libido; what Freud called instinctual sex energy-pretty much totally wrong about it, but it's
used as a non-scientific term today.

Sexual response r

Sexual respon

Psychogenic; excitation through mental activity.

Scripts; patterns of talk and action that people **LEARN FROM OTHER PEOPLE,**
BOOKS MOVIES & MEDIA. yhrtr str drcusl dvtipyd

Yhrtr str drcusl dvtipyd got frslinh eiyl

THERE ARE sexual scripts for dealing with every stage of a relationship.

Nobody taught me this, but I had always clung to the belief that you should always be
yourself, and find someone to appreciate you for who you are, and you should just say
what's on your mind. I looked on pickup lines, canned stories, or memorizing lines or
thinking of what you were going to say to be paramount to lying

Tantamount? Paramount

Well, either way it doesn't get you laid for shit. **LESSON LEARNED**

Most cultures surround sex w/ symbolic qualities, ritual meaning, or moral
implications to ensure monogamy & family

Sexual response reflex- moderated by lower spinal chord

Men like any opening line from a woman

Women claim to like direct, innocuous lines and dislike cute-flippant lines

GOLD MY GOD JESUS IVE STRUCK GOOOOOLD

Good health=good sex drive

I TOLD YOU BITCH I TOLD YOU IT MEANS IM HEALTHY IT DOESN'T PROVE
IM UNHEALTHY IT MEANS IM HEALTHY BIOLOGY UP IN THIS BITCH
FUCKIN MAGNETS

The more sexual scripts a person learns (fuck fuck FUUUUU well better late start than
die a virgin)

The more the person tends to think/act in sexual ways.

(woah. Okay, wow. Really dodged a bullet there. Aman, I don't wanna be totally
sexual... lets see if I can get laid using as few lines as possible, try to keep a maximum of
like 3 or 4 of these "scripts"...

paraphilia; sexual disorder of focus on 1.nonhuman objects (nope

2. suffering (mnn. No)

4. children/nonconsenting persons (haha I think im fine thanks)

5. so I don't have paraphilia

sado-masochism; named after Donatien alphonse Francois (marquis de sade)

sado; m5% f2%

maso; Leopold von sacher-masoch, german novelist. More females, he noticed.

Kidney found that 37% of adult men had been brought to orgasm by a man at least once.

13% of women tried it once.

Wow. Wow. I've never been a very masculine guy, and the last time I got tested online,
I was only 18% gay)(way below average0), but that's a waaay high number. Man. And
that's just the guys who work up the courage to do it, think of all the secret, closet- wife-
and-kids types there are out there, man I'm like a paragon of heteronormative conformity,
I need to start being a lot more confident about my sexuality.

Soooo, talking about gender identity-

This is a story that only tangentially relates to gender identity, but writing about my
past's been feeling pretty good, so here goes.

So iw was like 15 or 14, and we were in the dining room, and my sister was laughing and
hitting me and I was going stop stop hitting me stop hurting me and she was laughitn,
laughing and I had my arms up to try and block her with my hands out and she was
trying to punch around my hands to hit me and she took a swing and it caught

On my pinkie

And it didn't go backwards, it wne, out. sideways

So I collapse on the floor and it hurts so much I can barely breathe and I'm crying and I
can't even think because I'm squeezing my hand and it hurts so much and my sister
stands there looking at me for a couple of seconds

And she looks at me for just a second

Then she starts yelling at me, going, why did you do that, why did you put your hand up,
you're gonna be in trouble why did you put up your hands

I said, between gasps, you were hitting me though

She said nobody told you to put up your hands stupid,

And so I said I was sorry and iw ont do it again

It wasn't broken I'm not sure it was even sprained, but I couldn't move it for a couple of weeks and I wore a cast for a little bit to help it straighten out.

A couple weeks ago,

A couple weeks before she hurt my pinkie, my sister was hitting me but my parents were home, and they took me away from her, and my dad took me upstairs and I was bruising So my dad takes me to another room and I'm bruised and kinda crying, and he takes me by the shoulder, and looks me in the eye and says real soft and gentle, "I know I don't need to tell you this, but I just want to be sure you know-... you're not allowed to fight back."

I remember being shocked and arguing, but she hit s me all the time, all I can do is try to stay away from her, if I could hit back just once, if I could like punch her in the arm just once, just so I could hit her b-

My d;ad went NKO. That is NOT okay. You are not allowed to hit girls. That is NEVER okay.

That

Was him raising his voice to me

I had never heard him raise his voice when my sister would hit me,

I don't really remember him every raising his voice to my sister,

So I had a lecture,

\and got in more trouble

for talking about fightingback

than my sister has gotten in for any of the beatings

so either the rules change to make me lose

or there are set rules, and I'm just worth less thans he is as a person

Chapter 5: Remembrance of Things Past

Since highschool, I've come dup with

I remember getting told a story aby my dad about when I was 4 or 5 (I don't remember aany of it) but once I was playing with a cousin of mine,

He was the oldest of 3, so he was much more of a dominant, confident, enthusiastic personality, but he was only ten day solder than me so we got along really well. So, we were playing, and he kept hitting me, and I said stop and I think I went aand told my dad and he brought me back

Brought me back up to him

And said, in front of Daniel,

If he hits you again, hit him back

And he didn't hit me aanymore

I never really thought about how much of an influence my cousins have had on me, but interesting.

I remember once, when we were maybe 10, they had gotten a new dog that was an untrained puppy, and my cousin was roughhousing with it and playing around and got and the dog got excited and bit Daniel and he started punching it in the head and it ran off, and I was the only one in the room and he said, 'its okay, that's the kinds dog youre

supposed to hit.” Hears later, I had a coworker talking about a girl who was really hot and a great lay and he made a point of treating her like shit and avoiding her and ignoring her calls because “she’s the kind of girl you’re supposed to treat lousy,” and I got a flashback. My response the first time was, huh fi didn’t know about tht that’s interesting. The second time my response was, “wow, this guy lives biking distance from me;kl;jk lives biking distance from where we work, and he drives to work to work as a delivery driver in a big jeep suv with maybe \$60 worth of bumper stickers talking about talking about how we need to protect the earth and pollute less and he didn’t vote and he goes from bragging that this is the easiest job he’s ever had and complaining that they don’t pay him nearly enough, and he would say something like that aabout a woman who would let him have sex with her, is a skinny rosy-cheeked guy with a bowl haircut and a full beard, and he has more sex in a week than I have had in my entire life. “huh” just “huh.

Wow, my train of thought was un ful intercontinental criss-corss today. Man I feel lighter, like I could hit the gym and have energy left to write a few pages. Funny how the mind moves.

4/8/11

Okay, I’ve been feeling a lot better lately having written some of these old memories down and gotten them out of my system. I have an hold habit of running over them in my head, but since I’ve started writing them down I’ve been doing it less and enjoying myself more. So, let’s give it a go.

I know my parents care about me and love me, but I’m starting to think that their ineptness has done more harm than good. Per se,, I’ve been having some form of depression since not quite as long as I can remember. Like, when I was six or seven, I would just randomly have a day when I could not get happy, and And, sometimes, I would just be sad and tired and I would start crying for no reason, and I couldn’t stop, and msometimes my mom asked what’s wrong, and I said I don’t know, I just feel so sad and unhappy all the time, and the world seems so unhappy, and she tells me that the world is a good place and I’m only unhappy because I want to be unhappy and im trying to be unhappy and why am I trying to be so unhappy why do I only focus on the bad things my life is great I should be happy all the time and I was llike six so I just said but I don’t want to be unhappy, and she said well stop being unhappy then. Some of my therapists say I should talk about my problems, that discussing htem and letting them out might make me feel better. So, once, like recently when I was a like 23 or 24, I figured that enough time had passed that it would be okay for me to talk aabout the stuff that happened when I was a kid, and one day I was hanging out at my parents house and I had been having a couple of bad days, and I had been doing that thing of replaying bad stuff from my childhood in my hjead, and my mom walks by and she says hye hey wats up, and I said, I said I’ve just, I just have been thinking like about stuff that

happened to me, that makes me unhappy, and without skipping a beat she says “oooh, hows that working out for ya” in a mocking voice and walks off.

I lived with my parents way too long, I’ll admit. I moved into my own place after graduating college, on valentine’s day right before my 24th birthday, which seems pretty late and I hear that some birds build nests first with brambles, then twigs, then leaves then downy feathers, so that when the chicks are born its all soft and downy, but as they chick grows up they strip out layers until its old enough to fly and its sleeping on thorns and its like fuck that im out, so I’m glad that they helped me move out, but I think talking about it will help me feel better.

Like, I her heard years later that when your child leaves for college you should leave their room alone, because of some psychology thing I didn’t really get, but the year after my first year at college, my parents started renting out my room to a grad student at Emory, but I was fine with that and I thought it would be cool for them to use my room like that. Then, when I was a junior in college, a little cousin of mine got sick with bone cancer, and we live really close to one of the best hospitals in the southeast, so I had relatives staying at our house for a couple of years; my cousin got the guest bedroom, her parents got my room, and for a couple years, whenever I was home from school, I stayed in the attic. It’s a pretty decent attic, and its bigger than my room, and I had like the most privacy of anyone in the house, even if there wasn’t a bathroom, so it was pretty cool really. I didn’t have trouble with it.

My sister’s room was untouched throughout her college experience. Not for renting, not for storing- I went to school out of state, and was only home on holidays, and she was driving distance and was home every weekend so it kinda makes sense. While my cousins were staying with us, my cousin had bone cancer and didn’t complain, her parents had been gone from their home for months and didn’t complain, my parents had to host a crowd and didn’t complain, my Me was living in an attic and couldn’t be happier,

My sister was the only person who hadn’t given up anything-she had her own room, untouched- her own bathroom, no rent, free food, and she complained more than all the rest of us combined.

Once I was home with my dad and she came home and noticed we were home alone and she throws some stuff down and goes “okay could I just like VENT for a minute? So I know sarah has cancer and everything but I am so sick of these guys leaving a mess everywhere and making me clean up after them” and sarah is like a 15 year old girl and I haven’t noticed any messes at all, our house is actually usually pretty nice and this wasn’t too different, and my dad interrupts and kind of firmly says, “I’ve been trying really hard to make them feel welcome in my house and I don’t want them hearing stuff like that, and my sister starts yelling about how unfair it is and I hear a door slam really hard and for the first time ever I hear my dad yell at my sister “no, you can’t just go breaking things when you’re upset” and she goes “oh yeah what about that time you punched a hole in the wall” and he said “that was ten years ago,” and I think briefly about how, when I was a teenager, she had stopped hitting me but would still regularly try to put me down, like she had some kind of cycle that could last for months or years where she had a running theme of how she gave me shit, like when I was a little kid, I was kind of a bookworm and I liked talking about the cool facts I learned and sometimes my sister would say something wrong and I’d say actually its this and she would start yelling at me

about how “GOD! Why do you have to be so LITERAL! It’s like theres something wrong with you, youre always so LITERAL why do you have to be so LITERAL! Then there was like a summer where she spent a couple months trying to convince me I was gay, and one time, for like a year and a half, if she was in a bad mood and I did something she didn’t like, I was “so IRRATIONAL, why do you have to be IRRATIONAL aall the time,” like once, she had to get her car fixed at aa dealership that was an our and a half drive away, and she made me agree to come pick her up, so I get a call and she says “come pick me up,” and the instructions she gave me were that this car dealership was by a bank, you just had to make a left at the bank, it’s either a suntrust or a Wachovia, I don’t remember which, so I go and drive up there like an hour, and I’m on the road the dealership is on, and I see a suntrust so I take a left and didn't find the lot, so I kept going til I found a Wachovia and took a left and didn’t find it, and I keep going, and I come across this huge, conspicuous chevy dealership that would have been easy to find if I had just been looking for a huge car lot that said “chevrolet” on it, and up in the corner of the lot theres this little bitty local bank with a anme id never heard of that she could have told me if she had literally just stepped out side the dealerhship to look. So I drive up and I’m kinda late because of the other banks and she get sin without a word and when I’m on the highway going home she says in this cold, matter-of-fact tone, “why did you take so long?” I said, because the bank was different, I took a couple wrong turns,” and she said, “why didn’t you just take the one in front of the lot? I said because you told me a different bank, and she says sowhy didn’t you see if there was a lot behind it?” and she shifts to this kind of whiny, I’m-frustrated-becaause-you-screwed-up-but-I-feel-sorry-for-yhow-stupid-you-are tone going”I’m not trying to be nagging, but its just sometimes youre SO. IRRATIONAL. I feel like if I told you to make me a sandwich, you wouldn’t be able to do it unless I showed you how to spread the jelly!!!!@#!\$#@#\$R”

SO MY FIRST THOUGHT IS, I’VE BEEN IN A CAR IN TRAFFIC FOR OVER AN HOUR AS A FAVOR, THEN I THINK, WAIT SECOND, her show me how to make a sandwich??!? I caan cook fucking circles around her, I was pushing out lemoncurd roulade while she was wrestling with mac n’ cheese, and then I thought wow so the noly7 reason she even cares that im SO IRRATIONAL is because it interferes with my ability to serve her.

And this is all in my head, I would never have said that out loud to her. I just didn’t saay anything and drove home.

So yeah, the roundabout-point I was roundabout- trying to make is that she gives me regular shit, but she was clever aabout it- see she could do mean things to me, but as long as she kept it less than once a month or so, if I ever complained or said anything to the tune of shes mean to me, she could just launch into this speech of I can’t believe your’s still mad at me, we we were just kids and I had a sickenss, I couldn’t help what I did back then, how can you hold onto stuff that happened like a thousand years aago,” and id be all but you took my7 allowance out of my room yesterday, it was \$20 and I was crying because I thought I lost it and I need that money for food, and she would just go why are you still mad at me for what happened so long ago.

Then she gets in a fight with my dad and and brings up a hole he put in a plaster wall, with his fist, in his own house, ten years ago.

At that point I just left and took a long walk. I like walks. Usually by the time I get back they're done fighting.

My sister had a weird thing about ownership, especially with the house. Like a couple of times when she was fighting with my dad, she would say, "you're at work all day, I spend more time here than you do, it's my house," and my parents never corrected her. My sister and I have this sort of dichotomy where I think the worst thing you can do is waste and she thinks the worst thing you can do is have clutter. So I would hold onto things if I thought they were useful, and she would throw shit out just because. Like, especially with food. If there was less than a full serving of cereal, or chips, or juice, or leftovers, she'd just throw it out. Sometimes I'd come home and there'd be a bag of cereal with only about a serving left, taped up on the fridge or the pantry, with a big sign that says "THIS IS NOT WORTH SAVING" and sometimes I'd eat it and it'd be cool. It sucks though, because sometimes we'd have leftovers and my parents would be out of town so I was the only one to eat them, and I'd plan my whole dinner around leftovers, like get some noodles with chicken with broccoli, with casserole with beans on the side, and I'd spend the day thinking about how I'd prepare it, and I'd get home and every single thing would be thrown out because it was less than a full serving each.

Souls doomed forever to crash against one another with rocks- why squander? Says one, 'why save' another

She would also give me a hard time for being messy and having too much stuff, which would be fine except she would give me lots of things, like little trinkets that I didn't really want or need or ask for, but I was afraid to throw away, and she would give me a hard time for

And

And sometimes she would say she had things for me, like a nice box, or a lamp, or something or other, and I would say, "cool, thanks," and then she wouldn't offer it, and go, should I give it to you? Are you going to use it? I don't want you just taking it and letting it sit in your room and get in the way like you always do, and I'd go, uh, I dunno, maybe and she wouldn't give it to me. One time she gave me this pretty nice mahogany box that I had a couple ideas of how to use it that would be cool, and she goes, "now, you're SURE you're gonna use this? I know how you like to just take stuff and where hoard hoard hoard? Hoard it. And I was like 24, and my therapists said I should talk about problems and I didn't lie it when she talks to me like that so I said, Helen I'm 24 I have my own house I can manage my life fine I don't need you watching over me making sure I'm using everything I own,

And she laughed at me

Laughed in my face

Like it was a joke,

And she goes on about "uuuhuhuhuh, what? Remember when you moved out, how messy it was? All the junk you had stored we had to throw out when you moved away? I don't THINK so."

So basically I moved out of the house I been living in for over 10 years, some of the stuff I kept and some of the stuff I threw out, and this proves that I'm a hoarder and a packrat and the ONLY WAY I CAN FUNCTION IF SHE'S ALWAYS CORRECTING ME AND BREATHING DOWN MY NECK AND TELLING ME IM

DOING IT WRONG AND THANK GOODNESS SHES THERE TO MAKE ME DO IT
THERKWWERTHE RITHGTWAYLKJJDSFKHJ.

For Christmas, just this last Christmas, my parents got me tickets to the bluemangroup, which id wanted to see for a long time, and they got me and extra one so I could go with a girl, and they did this last year and the girl I asked who said shed go bailed the day before and I had to go with my sister, so they did it again, and I found out months later that it was my sisters idea because she wanted to see them to so it was a great way for me to get a Christmas present and she still gets to see the show (last year was spaamalot which was fun) and I hadn't ever been able to get a girlfriend or laid or a date mostly, and im always telling my parents itd be cool if they set me up with someone id like that dad the girl my age at your office is hot I like her mom I like silvia, I told you I like jill and corey and all those people, and they never onecc once tried to set me up with any of the girls they know, but they'll dump a ticket on me to make being single that much more embarrassing- what the fuck am I going to do, go up to an attractive lady ive never met and say "hey7 you don't know me and I don't know you but I've got an extra ticket to this show, wanna go out on a date? If anyone has ever successfully done that at any point in time I will punch myself in the face.

So I I digress.

I take the tickets, chchristmas morning, and put them on a table in the foyer, where I keep all my stuff. My sister goes "whered you put the tickets" and I said "on that table" and she chuckles and goes "uuhuhuhuhhd, NOOOooooOOOOO, you'll forget them, you know how you always forget stuff," and I say, that's where ik eep all my stuff, its where I always keep stuff tot ake home, its where my shoes are its literalldsftyfsdsdfimpolssible fore metewrew to forget them" and she goes "where are you putting them when you get home" and I said "on my desk" and she says "uuuuhuhuhuihuhuh NNOOOOOOoooOOOO" and this is all in a tone of voice that would make you think I was a high-functioning autistic child.

A couple years before that, I was aw walking through the kitchen, and I had just gotten back from china and my sister has this thing where she'll be easting something like a bowl of cereal or dinner and she'll just lose interest halfway throughand leave a bolw of half-eaten stuff on the table or counter or living room and itll be there for a day or two before someone else cleans it up, and I was like 23 and I was old enough that I could sy something about it, and I said, "Helen could you clean this up? I don't like it hw when you leave food out" and she starts yelling "excuse me?!?!? YOU are a GUEST in this house! I have been here longer than you have, you have NO RIGHT to tell me to do that" and my moms there and goes "I aactually think so to I don't like" and she goes "HE CANT TALK TO ME Like THAT and I kinda just slink off.

On our back p back porch, once time we put up some lights like Christmas lights that looked really pretty and it was gret. Once I was alone at home at night and going tobed and the lights were on so I udnplugged them because I used to have Christmas lights in my room (they look fuckin baller)

And the next day I'm walking by and my sisters there and she goes did you unplug the lights and I said yeah someone left hem on and she starts yelling at me about youre supposed to leave them on! If you don't leave them on its dark outside!!! And I said if

its dark outside you can ju7st plug them in and she goes HOW CAN I FIND THE PLUG IF ITS DARK and I said theres a porch light with a switch in side, its super easy and she says it's even easier to LEAAVE THEM PLUGGED IN and I said I use Christmas lights, and if you leave them plugged in all the time they burn out in like 2 or 3 months, if you only use them when youre out there they'll last for years and she goes into this whole thing of how hyp hypocritical I am because I have an alarm clock that I leave plugged in all the time im such a hypocrite. Later my mom unplugged the lights and I as said be careful Helen will ge t mad at you and she was like its my house idowatiwant and im like "swell."

My dad has this weird thing of trying to make me do stuff, that if I had decided to do them on my own, I'd probably be an aawesome rock-star, but getting forced to do them just taught me to hate things. Like, I've never liked baseball beyond just playing catch or some fun games, and they made me go to basebasll camp, and id didn't like it. Then they found out I like playing soccer at school, because its fun to play and I like getting to hand out with my friends, and I was pretty good at it, so they made me take soccer lessons or practice or whatever you call it when you have to do it once a week and its like soccer ecse except you get in trouble for talking to other players so id didn't make any friends, and you had to stay in a zone and I got in trouble for elaving my zone and so I either got in trouble or spent most of the day just standing around, and I pretty much stopped playing soccer after that

My parents pretty much decided what college I wwent to. I got aaccepted to a place called wheaton, aand I didn't know anything about it, but apparently it was just like my highschool so my parents made me go there, and I really didn't like it, so I secretly transferred without telling them until I got accepted to UNC, but I ended up liking that even less so whatever.

My dad once signed up for a dating service using my picture and my name and then told me about aall the women who said they were up for dating me, and it was a nice gesture band the women were all kinda pretty but they were all at least ten years older than me and like really busy professionals and it made me feel kinda bad.

Recently, like a couple months ago, I was talking about how I got a job as a math tutor, and I was making \$ \$20 an hour, and he said "hey that's great! Good for you, I mean, at your age, you should really be making \$30 an hour, but hey great news!"

Once, recently, one of my math students (like a month ago_ tole me she had a math test and she was the only student I had in that class and she was the only one to pass the test, and I was super proud of myself and super pel pleased and it was a huge confidence boost, and I told a bunch of people about itand I tole my mom and she goes, "hey that's great! I bet you had something to do with that! And she's a seniorshe might be 18 already! And she'll be graduating soon, I bet you cocould ask her out on a date"

I remember clearly, 24 years old, the first time I ever used the Lords name in front of my mother, I went ".....no. I- no. Jesus, mama."

Speaking of breaking the third commandment, one time when I was like 11, I was getting pubescent and uppity and rebellios and ststarted trying to talk back to my sister. We were playing a board game in my grandparents living room with cousins, and everyone was hanging out, and my sister lost a round or something I don't know what but she was all

mad at me and calling me names, and this time, I started calling her names back. So it was like

“Poop dummy!!

and I’d mutter under my breath, loser.

Butt-munch troll!~

Loser

Fbooger-brat idiot!

Loser

Then BAM she punches me full on in the back of the head so hard it knocks me over and it hurts but I don’t know any swear word sand I don’t waanna say something dirty in front of my family, so I say

So I say “jjesus Christ”

And I got introuble because our religious aunt got mad at me

Nobody got mad at Helen

Speaking of my dad making me do stuff, it was like a year and a half ago he signed me up for a meetup group. By which I mean, he started a meetup group using my name and my picture, then told me about it later, and its basically once a month I drive out to a Chinese place and meet with people who either speak Chinese or are learning Chinese, and every time we’re all at such different levels, either hpopeless beginner or English is a distant 2nd language, its hard to get anything learned, and I’ve always s like d chiese and I think it’s a fun language and its an aweome hobby, but I don’t relly want to do it preofessionally, but my dad is seriously, like determinedly, ‘find a job translating for qa company in china and make easy money” and I’m like “but I want to work in biology” and hes like “fine get a job selling medical supplies to Chinese manufacturers” ror some variant of this. So like for ayear and a half, im going to this place, and when it happense thatpretty mmuch is what I’m doing on a Friday, and after a year and a half of doing it I’ve met the same person two times in a row, there are one or two people I met three times over a year and a half, but most people I just see once tand that is so it’s a really shitty way to get to know people and theyrel all way older than me and we don’t have nay common interests besides Chinese so I really don’t like it but I do it every timebecause my dad tells me to and hes smarter than I am and he knows better than I do aand he has more experience and he wants whats best for me so if I want tob e happy I just need to to do what he tells me.

I stopped going to meetup last month. There’s a meetup tonight, and ive been getting alerts, and I cant stop getting alerts because my daad’s the acutual group leader even though its my name and picture (I love explaining this to people, its never awkward at all)

Instead,

Im sitting here,

On a bench in the evening at the corner of vidal and lamont, typing about all the things Ive never said to anyone in my life..

FUCK meetup.

FUCK my parents

FUCK my

No

My sister has this thing, ever since I was old enough that not having a girlfriend proves theres something wrong with me,

She has this thing she likes to do where she'll offer me a ride somewhere, and I don't know why I would go, but she'll make it sound like fun, and she'll sometimes use the trip as a chance to have someone she can say whatever she wants to and I cant stop listening and I cant leave. Like, once I got a speech after a boyfriend left her or some shit, and she goes, "don't ever fall in love, people say its better to have loved and lost but that's bullshit its much better to have never loved at all," and she was like 18 at the time and she said it in a way that it was really obvious she had been reciting it in her head for a while.

Several time, actually, she does this speech that's the worst thing I think she does to me since I stopped being a teenager- see, after a long string of unsuccessful relationships (one time she hit on one of my friends at a party and he came up later and was like paul your sisters crazy and I was like haha yeah sorry and didn't think about it and I don't think of it much but then a couple days later she comes home and starts yelling at me about how im spreading rumors at my shschool about how shes a slut and I say you don't even go to my school and its on the other side of town but whaaatever) until she finally lands her long-term boyfriend, whos like ten years older than her and really shy and introverted and quiet and friendly and cooperative and if you have a dominant personality he's really easy to push around, and she likes to talk about how they started dating because she makes hcame up and told him to date her after a couple of months of flirting, and from as near as I understand it, their relationship is like some kind of fantasy reliving of her childhood where she can live with someone who ahs to be her friend when she wants to but she can push him around if she s in a bad mood and she uses some kind of control tactic to keep him from leaving her

And she used to say to me, several times, "don't worry. You just need to find a woman who likes you who likes to take control, like how I am with ken you need a woman who will find you and mMAKE you date her and MAKE you have a relationship with her and take control of you, like I have with ken, yhou kneed to find a woman like me, you'll be happy when you have a girlfriend like me, you'll only be happy if you have a girlfriend thew;teREMDINDS HYOU OF Med

Th

That reminds me of something else- what might have been my earliest sexual awakening. I was like 12. To preface, I was in like 5th grade and we had just had the sex ed class that consisted of a video (I knew what boners were and I didn't have wet dreams or acne so I didn't learn a single thing) and going through slide after slide of close-up hi-res shots of human genitalia in the late stages of the worst cases of all the most unattractive and shocking kinds of STDs. So I was driving around with mys ister, and I was going like, I don't get it, why would people have sex if that happens to them," and she's like, "boy sare stupid they try to have sex no matter what," and I'm llike "I'm a boy and I would never have sex (at 12), si don't want mushrooms onmy weewee" and she does this thing where she just decides she's right no matter what, and shakes her head and say sall matter-of-factly, "NOPE you're gonna have sex and you're gonna do it and I'm gonna say I told you so

My sister loves threatening with I told you so.

Like one time, I made dinner, and part of it was steamed broccoli, but the broccoli was real sort of old and had some brown spots, and she refused to eat it, but I said it's not that pretty but it's still good for you, and she decided it wasn't and goes NOPE it's bad for you and if you eat it you'll get sick and your stomach will hurt and I'm gonna laugh and you'll wish you hadn't eaten it and I'll say I told you so. So I ate my broccoli, and I hate to waste food so I ate the broccoli she didn't eat, and I felt fine. Another time, years later, my manager was throwing out ice cream because it was too old to sell, but it was still good to eat, just a little bit dry, and this was when we had cousins staying with us so I brought home like as much of this kinda stale but tasty gourmet ice cream, Jakes- stuff like, brown sugar vanilla, velvet cake, chocolate slap-yo-mama-ohh they got a huge reception, but my sister got mad at me for bringing home free gourmet ice cream because it took up too much room in the fridge. She'd when she found out where it was she said it had gone bad, and it would make you sick, and your stomach will hurt and I'll laugh and say I told you so, and I must have eaten half a pound of that shit and it was great and I felt better than ever.

Come to think of it, I'm not sure my sister has ever once told me so

Come to think of it, food has always been an issue with my sister. Like she was anorexic and bulimic, so when I was a kid we had locks on the pantry and the fridge. But see, one time, when I was like ten, I had just finished all of my Halloween candy and was thinking, man I love candy I wish I could have candy right now, and I thought, oh shit nigga hold up, I got cash and CVS is like half a mile away and I love taking walks so I started this tradition of walking to CVS and I was like the guy at school who had a magic pocket that was always full of candy lol,

So anyway, I'd walk like a mile overall and I'd hide stuff in my room and enjoy it, but she was always in my room-

Like she'd just wander in and snoop around and take money and books- when I was like 13, I started to like girls, and I would cut out pictures of pretty women from fashion magazines just because I really liked looking at them and I had them hidden tucked under my dresser against the wall on the floor that I thought was really cucking well hidden but she found them and laughed at me and made fun of me for being a horny little bastard and I was really embarrassed, so naturally when I started bringing food home she found out eventually and sometimes I could keep it hidden and sometimes she'd find it and if she found it she'd have her eat it everything and then I'd get a lecture on how inconsiderate I was about not doing a better job hiding my candy, . and I just said okay. One time, I had a bottle of like vitamin water or something, and it was a hot day and I'd been drinking it all day and at the end of the day, there were only a couple mouthfuls left and nobody had been shopping so the fridge was mostly empty except for this mostly-empty bottle, and my sister calls everyone into the kitchen and points in the fridge and demands to know why it wasn't thrown out and I said there's plenty of room in the fridge and my parents didn't say anything so I just drank the rest and threw it out.

AND I have digressed,

So anyway, she made it clear that I was definitely going to have sex, and boys can't help themselves, and when I inevitably did she would laugh and make fun of me, but I honestly just didn't see how that could happen.

So anyway, couple days later, she invites over this friend Angela. She's smoking hot, got a great face, sweet-as-hell body, and she was like fifteen so she was much better

developed than any of the girls in my grade, and she was hanging out with my sister for a while then my sister had to go do something and leave us alone together, and she was really nice to me and acted like she liked me, and she tried teaching me some guitar, but id didn't know anything about mu7sic so I didn't really get what she wsa trying to do, then we were watching tv waiting for my sister to get home and she sits in my lajp, which was something id never heard of but I was pretty cool with it, then she takes my handtake my hand and put it on her boob, and she had these really awesome 15-yeaar-olds boobs and id never felt aa boob before but id wanted to since I had hit puberty like jhalf a year earlier, and im thinking, oh wow shes lettingb me touch her boob, this is awesome ive always wanted to do this this is the best thing evawaaaaaaait a minute... they told me about people like you, people at school said this would happen, haha, nice try, but ive seen the pictures and I don't want my dick to look like cauliflower,

So I kjust let my hand go limp, and kindaa droop under her tits without touching them, which seemed like just the mootheest, most brilliant thing I could have done at the time. A decade later I'd hear that the younger yhou are when you start being sexually active, the easier it is for you to ttract women. So at 12, I could have had a girl hotter than anything or anyone ive had a shot at since, and now im 25 and writing about what I should have done.

I'm sure she was pretty weirded out over the whole thing, but the next day, my sister was hanging out with me and we were alone and she mentioned that angela tried to make a move and told her about it later, and she was really proud of me, she knew it must have been scary, and that I should be happy aobut what I did, and that was aabout the nicest thing my sister had ever said to me, and the nicest she had ever been to me, and I was super pleased with myself for dodging that bullet, because I didn't even whant to think of what she owould have tdone to me if id accepted thos advances from Angela.

Sweet holy fucking shit my sister ruined my life. I hope she dies. I hope she ;gets a horrible disease, then right when it looks like she'll get better, she gets hit by a bus.

FUCK my sister.

Okay not really. But I feel a lot better saying it out loud.

Chapter 6: Where Credit is Due

4/11/2011

okay, lately I've been having these guilt pangs, because of the stuff I'vebe been writing, because I feel bad about remembering these things and having held on to them and not being able to let go, but I've been feeling as million times better because I've been more outgoing and unassuming and breaking out of old habits, and it's been awesome. I went browsing at little 5 after toking some blue dream

I'll say this;

Once when I was maybe 8 or 9, my dad made me hang out t a golf park with a wheeled cooler and some sodas on ice, and he bought and paid for everything, but made me hang out for a day at the park selling sodas to thirsty golfers for \$2 a pop. I really didn't understand what a great lesson it was about supply and business and stuff (tht's like \$1.50 profit per can) but I had a great time, and worked hrd and enjoyed myself and had a gret time. So, yeah. It's not like I had an unhappy childhood or anything.It's just there are some parts that were unhappy, and I freel a lot better getting them off my chest.

So, back to work, lets dig out some of these old bullets.

How about this;

So when I was maybe 14, we were up in the mountains with lots of cousins. We were sitting on the screen porch playing some card game, and my sister starts going on and on about how she's a wiccan and she's in touch with the earth and she can sense the spirits of all that jazz.

Now, when I was that age one of my hobbies was runes. Like, old Nordic saxon Germanic runes. Reading writing, interpreting (there's a whole line of divination using runes) and had done a little research into the culture and history of the druids. So, she's going on, and I'm at this stage where I'm kind of trying to stand up for myself, and talking back to my parents and sister, so I go, "pff. Wicca is basically Druidic practice repackaged for girls."

And she gets all in a huff, and goes all, "Oh yeah? Don't act like you know anything Pul! I'm smarter than you are! I can speak French!"

Now I was pretty proud of myself for the druid comment, and I feel like I'm on a roll, so I go, "Does that mean you surrender?"

Now I like France, and I know enough history to know they're more than just surrender-monkeys, but if you're telling me you're smarter than me because you speak a language I don't I really don't have a problem being kind of a jackass.

So she goes dead quiet. She just kinda glares at me for a while. I get up with a couple other people to go into the kitchen, and she ends up there too.

She had a bottle of soda in the fridge, and she gets out the seltzer, and it's really hot and I'm thirsty and she's pouring some for herself and the others, and I ask if I can have some, and she goes,

"No! Only wiccans are allowed to drink this!"

I go wat

She goes "Only people who speak French are allowed to have any!"

And I'm pretty lost, so she keeps going, and says, this whole speech about how "why do you have to keep holding the past against me, it's so unfair that you have to hold stuff against me from like, a THOUSAND YEARS AGO, when all I want to do is be nice to you?!"

And I said I'm sorry. And I just drank from the tap.

That reminds me of another story;

So, let me preface; I don't like baby blues. I grew up loving the comics, but ever since Bill Watterson hung up his spurs, it's been an insipid cesspool of three-panel sitcoms that survive by pandering to a demographic specific enough that they can demand representation, and Baby Blues is a textbook example of this.

So it's like 11, right, and we're at this big Barnes n' noble book store, and I'm hanging round, and Helen just walks up to me and holds up this big Baby Blues book and says, "Hey Paul, you're gonna buy this for me okay?" Now I was a total pushover, and I pretty much did what she wanted, but I really didn't like baby blues and it cost like two weeks worth of allowance and she got more allowance than me anyway. She gets all indignaant and frustrated and goes, "But I'm gonna let you read it first though!" Like it just didn't make sense that I wouldn't do what she wanted. But, I stood my ground, and it felt great and nothing bad happened.

Tht reminds me of another story. For Christmas one year Helen got gift card to a really nice ggift card to this cool video store in a part of town we arely wnet to, and decided tht she'd rather have casshso she goes up to me and says, "Paul, you're gonna buy this from me for \$20 okay?" and sticks it out. I said, "but I don't really want it." She gets frustrated and agitated and starts glaring at me and yells, "But it's \$25! I only want \$20 you make \$5! It's like I'm gibving it to you for free!" but this was a store where the cheapest stuff they had was \$19 and I didn't have a cr and we go by that mall maybe once a year, but this is when I was really young and she would hit me so I just bought it. I spent it on a vhs of mst3k shorts, but it was pretty expensive for a llittle kid. Which reminds; me;

My sister broke her caar's CD player, and made me give her mine because it wsn't broken. I said tht that I liked having a CD player and listening to music- I usually listen to radio, but I liked listening to Cds too. She gets all flustered and loud and wide-eyed and just gets mad because she doesn't understnd why I don't just do what she WANTS me to do, and I never listen to music anyway, and she has to drive so long to get to school, and my parents tell me to do it so I do.

Another time, she lost her ipod. It was already crcked on the screen, and mine was perfectly good-as-new, but when she lost it she made me give her mine so she could wipe it's memory and put her music on and I said but its my ipod and she gets all wide eyed and loud and says I can just put everything on my iphone, but the iphone has like a sixth the memory of an ipod and a quarter the battery life, so I really don't want to let her have it, but she ended up finding her ipod anyway, so it didn't matter.

Here's sort of a tryptich that I've been wanting to tell for an age;

So, I'm like 14 and my sister's 16 and she's just learning to drive and she's enjoying driving me places so she can talk to me a lot, and one time we get in the car and we back out of the garage but the garage door was closed and she ended up kinda breaking it and itw as expensive to fix and she got mad at my dad for closing the door without telling her and he apologized. I never said anything, because I thought she felt really bad about it and she didn't want it brought up to embarrass her.

Months later, she's driving and I'm riding with her and we're waiting for a train to cross, and when it passes we start going again, but she forgot she had it in reverse and she got rear-ended by the guy behind her who wasn't moving, and there was no real damage and it worked out fine, but I never said anything because I didn't want to make her fele bad.

Years later, when I was like 20, my parents were vacationing in Italy, and it was just me and Helen at the house and they had given me permission to drive the car, and I was tking it out somewhere and like after thirty seconds of driving I feel hot, and I turn on the AC, but the Prius controls the AC with an LCD screen tht makes you look at it, and I took a turn too wide and I was only going like 15 mph but I hit the curb right where it was like 6 in ches high at a really bad angle that made a huge bang and the hubcap popped off. I immediately retrieve the hubcap, turn round, get inside, tell Helen I wrecked the car "I know the temptation to lie about stuff you did wrong to cover it up, but I never want to be one of thos epeople, I want to be the kind of persone who will take sresponsibility for his mistakes, so I loathe dthe ;idea of keeping secrets.) and immediately go online to order a new hubcap. The next day I took the car to NTB to get the alignment checked to make sure the wheels were all right, and they were. S

So by the time my parents got home, the hubcap was replaced, and I had the broken one in the back (I didn't want to hide it from them) and me and my sister drive to the airport to pick up our parents, and its gret to see them again and we're aall happy to be bck together and we get back to the car and my dad see's the huybcap and he goes "whats this about?" and my sister goes, "Oh1! Oh yeah, uh,... Ha! Haaa haa ha haaa ha ha!" in this really brethy forced laughter, "An... an you thought he was the responsible one! I, I bet you feel pretty stupid trusting him!" and everyone laughed and it hurt my feelings but I laughed too and we got loaded up.

Now the first thing I do wwhen I get in the car for as longas I can remember is buckle my seatbelt. We all get in the car and I close the door, and halfway into the two seconds it takes me to buckle my setbelt, I hear this really venomous, impatient, "Could we PLEAASE turn on the AC?!" and then I ws buckled in and I turned on the cr.

Just a sidenote; I come from a very musical family, and sometimes we would do like 2 or 3-part songs from movies and Disney cartoons and stuff, and whenever we did those songs, I had to sing the part of the bad guy. Every single time.

Here's a story that dind'thave much to do with me but even when it happened I felt it was a useful insight into Helen. We were were in the mountains hanging with a bunch of friends and relatives, and we were in a dock at the lake, and Helen is kinda trying to play around and she pushes a cousin of mine, second cousin, my age, named henry, just pushes him into the lake. Just for fun. Now the lake isn't that cold and everyone there can swim, but he wsa jully dressed and had decent shoes and no clean clothes up there, so when he got out he was kind of sulkingand henry's a great guy so everyone feels bad for him and tries to cheer him up,,, and he's saying he doesn't have any dry clothes, and helen's just kind of stnding there for a second... I think she was 16 or 17 at the time- and she takes a big running sprint up the dock and jumps into the lake right in front of all where all the people were standing around henry, and she jumps in and when she gets out she's all wet too, and she goes, "Okay, so we're even now, right?"

And henry goes, "I'm still wet, that doesn't help me at all,"

And she gets all psy and frustrated and indignant about how ;whts the big problem I jumsped in too we're even.

After that she was driving me home from the dock and I go I thought tht was a really nice thing you did for henry baack there and she launches into this whole shcpiel about "I can't believe he didn't appreciate that, I had my clothes on too, he had no reason to be mad at me etc. etc.

Once, when I was in grade school, it was summer vacation and I was in heaven, sleeping late, long walks, ahhh.

So it's like the second week of summer, and my sister comes into my room and wakes me up at like 8;30 saying, "Hey, you're going to abysit for me today, okay?"

And I go, what? No, but I don't wnt to babysit kids.

And she gets all mad and flustered and goes, "But I'm busy today! Pulyou've been wasting your summer doing nothing but sleeping and hanging around!" and she stormed off.

Like, 2 days later, iw as tired and taking a nap on the couch, and she walkd up anstarts yelling at me about how I'm being lazy and and I am not doing anything with my life and I'm wasting my summer. When I don't respond, she goes over to my momm, whos at the

computer about twenty feet away, well within earshot, and stars yelling at her about how her son is lazy and needs to get a job so he'll stop being lazy. That's the first time I noticed the phenomenon of talking about someone like they're not there, intentionally within earshot.

Years later, when we were in college but home for the summer, my sister didn't have a job and my sister goes up to my mom and says, "umm, yeah, so I have decided? That since this is, like, my last summer vacation, I should just be able to enjoy myself and not get a job." And my parents let her live there for years.

Fun fact; I was younger when I moved out of the house than my sister was when she moved out. One of the reasons? My parents started charging me rent. They never once charged my sister rent.

When I was a young teenager, my parents bought a cousin of mine an iPod. Like, a really nice iPod, back when it cost like \$400. I thought it was terrible to gauge how much someone loves you by how much they spend on your Christmas presents, and I wasn't really that much into music anyway, but they spent like a quarter of that on me. Their reasoning? My cousin is gloomy and kind of introverted, and has been depressed for years. When he got the iPod, he went, like, "Oh. Cool. Thanks." Which is pretty much exactly what they said they were expecting him to do, and they said afterwards, 'Yeah, can you believe it? He didn't get excited at all.

“

“and I was all, yeh, like you said he wouldn't” and they laughed at me and it was never spoken of again. They did end up buying me one when I was like 20. I named it “diapason” and it spins to this day.

When I was like in grade school/high school, sometimes my sister's friends would call and only I'd be home, and they'd leave messages and tell me to tell Helen stuff, and most of the time it was, like, “Jenny called,” “Ashley called,” and I was like a little kid, so I would only remember them like half of the time. And if my sister found out I had failed to give her a message, I would get yelled at. I was in high school, and there was something I needed her to tell my parents, I don't remember if it was important or not, but I needed a message given to my parents, and when I called my parents they said Helen didn't give them the message and as they were telling me this she picked up the other line and started laughing that fake-sounding laugh and yelling, “haaa haa ha! See what happened? Serves you right for forgetting my messages,” and this is after I had delivered dozens of her friends' messages, or like most of them anyway, and she never thanked me or rewarded me or paid me, and this was the first time in my life she ever had a chance to deliver a message for me and she was laughing and saying I deserved it and I told you so and that's what you get and I almost yelled at my sister.

Man, looking over some of these, seeing them written out for the first time, the way she was treating me was like blunt-force Pavlovian-classical association operant conditioning manipulation to help her live out some kind of absolute-control fantasy.

I have a theory; the left hemisphere of the brain deals with language, while the right hemisphere deals with emotional associations. I had been trained early on not to talk about bad things in my life, so I remembered them, as fears, hatred, resentment, confusion frustration; it's times when I've had bad days and I've been frustrated and scared and unhappy and helpless that I go back into these memories and relive them in my head, but they've always been trapped in my emotion-sensitive left side, with my right

side being unaware of it. It's like, I'm writing it out, which requires me to put it these memories through to the left side of my brain, and there's this whole half of my entire personal being that's finding out about these stories for the first time ever. It's an amazing feeling, getting them told.

4/12/11

Okay, before I get into telling more stories, I feel I need to make a point of summarizing my day yesterday, because I think I have might relearned a very important lesson that I've been neglecting from the beginning. I'm a little sad that my compendium of repressed neuroses is turning into my main daily journal.

So let me start with work. I was working in the morning/lunch/afternoon shift, and I was doing it with this super-smokin' hot girl coworker. I've got a thing for her, and she already knows it, but she has a boyfriend and from what I hear he's not that nice to her and she's sort of a party animal, and from how well I know her, I'm pretty convinced she's a perfectly likeable and friendly cluster-b histrionic personality complex so I'm not that beat up about missing my chance. .

Anyway, we're hanging out and too busy to do any real talking, but we do get a few quiet moments after the lunch rush to do a little chatting. She tells me about The Mothman stories, I tell her about Slenderman stories. She talked about how she was raised Catholic and Methodist by a mother who envied her looks, and I talked about growing up Episcopalian with parents who don't like to talk about bad feelings. So we get along super-well.

Now, during our chatting, I learn that she goes to the same dealer that my buddies who are also coworkers go to also, and I've been buying through these friends for so long, and I've been meaning to get introduced to this guy so I don't have to wait for the others to buy for me and get all complicated, and she needed a ride back to our manager's house after work to wait for her boyfriend to pick her up, and I volunteer because I've been dry cept for legals all month and dry as a bone for like week. So the evening shift shows up (both of the guys who I buy from) and we take off, and we're making small talk in my car, and we swing by my place first so I can pick up some cash for the shopping spree. We

Anyway long story short, they introduce me to the guy that our whole store buys from, and it's this cut hipster dude who runs a part-time late-night hot dog stand. I decide to spring for the expensive west-coast imports and walk away a few 20s lighter with a fresh 8th of Blue Dream. Our managers in his house when we get there and he's doing a photo shoot for an exercise machine and some self-help books, and he's there with a woman we think might be square, but there's a parking spot open right outside (his son is one of the evening-shift employees), and the space is free for the next few hours, so we decide to break it out and test the product.

We talk about sentimental video game memories for a few minutes, then I leave her and take off for 15p to go hang out.

At that point I'm really riding that blue dream and my hormones are roiling under my skin and I've got just the biggest confidence boost, and it's a beautiful sunny day and I'm just feeling really nice.

Now I'm walking up Euclid at little 5 points when I hear a voice call out, "real calm and unassuming, "Hey man, have you ever listened to hip-hop?"

Now years ago, I would have been offended just for being asked a question like that.

However, years before, when I was in high school, I was walking by on Euclid in 15p, and was strolling right by the exact same local-artists' boutique, and heard that exact same question, and wound up walking off with a CD titled Cipher Kenni- Chapter Zero, in a crummy little flap-case with some Xeroxed Jonen Vasquez fan art. Since then I CAN SAY I LISTEN TO HIP-HOP, AND HONESTLY, WHEN IT'S PRODUCED BY STARVING UNDERGROUND PRINCIPLED ARTISTS WHO ARE GENUINELY TALENTED, YES I LISTEN TO HIP-HOP AND YES I LIKE IT.

So, I'm standing in little five and I hear this same exact selling line, and I turn over and it's Cipher Kenni, and I was like man chapter zero was off the hook man, "and he was like, "have you heard the new stuff? Here- you like beats or chill?" and I was in the mood for chill and five seconds sold me on two CDs and he said it was \$20 for two and I was shocked like, "What? Ten bucks each? Man I need that money to feed myself!" and he was like, "okay, 2 for \$15," and I was like, "Man, last time I came by here you were selling that stuff out of a cardboard box on a folding card table, you were giving away that shit for free to anyone who would just give you a listen, for FREE man! You used to be cool, I gave you two bucks cuz I knew you were legit, now you're bustin me for ten bucks a disk? Man I need that money to eat!

And after a lot of I decided just to go for one CD, and he said how bout this, two for \$15, and I figured eh sure. And apparently I don't pay him, I actually take them inside and pay with a credit card, so man's gone legit, sellin his shit at real establishments and shit, and I'm real proud of my boy.

So now I'm just flyin' high as a bug, smiling at people, sayin hey, and I decide to swing down to Arden's Garden and pick up some juice, and there's this woman whose like in her thirties but pretty good looking with like a sleeve tat and she's in great shape and you know what its little five points, its just what you'd expect for someone running a juice place in little five points.

Anyway the guy in front of me is doing these shots, and I inquire about them, and apparently it's this four-part slam-combo of shooting whey grass, lemon juice, ginger and cranberry, which sounded cool so I asked some more about it, and was chatting and paying for my drink and I head to the door, I turn back and ask if I need to sign for it, and she says, oh yeah, wait, come here and let me get your autograph, so I can sell it on ebay," just joking and I play along like, saying, "all the best, keep on juicin'," while signing my name, and I was coming down from that Blue Dream and feelin like a boss, so I did this little quick four-line sketch of the profile of her hips and bust without really thinking about what I was doing, and she saw it and laughed even harder like she was really tickled by that, and I didn't even think about it until like the next morning that that was the best response I had ever gotten out of a woman. I tried to think back on what I did right, and the way I was acting was like flirting. That's when it hit me- all of my ideas about men and women were that men had to wait for cues to have permission to make a move on a woman, and making a move on a girl who hadn't shown any interest

was intrusive and impolite and creepy, and it occurred to me that my whole life the one thing I'd never tried was flirting.

FACT: I never used to lie to women. Ever, ever, at all, on any level. I refused to be the kind of guy who relied on dishonesty to get what he wanted in life.

THERE ARE sexual scripts for dealing with every stage of a relationship.

changing a belief frequently requires engaging in expectancy-disconfirming or risk-taking behaviors.*

NEW expectations and theories about oneself, others, or social causality form.

Self-presentation; occurs when an individual attempts to manipulate the impression others are forming of him.

DECEPTION; DIFFERS FROM SELF-PRESENTATION ONLY IN DEGREE AND SOCIAL ACCEPTABILITY

Chapter 7; Dragon*Con

9/6/11

day after my last day volunteering at dragoncon

I had an awesome time

I'm going to do it again next year

I just want to make sure I remember all the awesome people I had a chance to work with.

Andrew, who stayed with me, along with his friends Ashley and Matt. At the art gallery, John, Anne, Sam and Heidi, running the show, with Josh, Angela, Catherine, Kate, Trisha and Mike helping me out on the floor, and especially Elizabeth, Anne and Jesse.

I'm putting this entry here because there are some stories that would be perfect for the subject material I've been writing about here.

Day 1; In the evening, like 11 pm, I'm at the zombie prom with Andrew, Ashley and Matt. There's a girl there, dressed like a pirate. I invite her to dance. It's kind of awkward, because neither of us can dance very well, but it's all in good fun. Before she leaves I give her my card and tell her to give me a call if she's in town. It's horribly awkward, and the guys tell me how awkward that was.

Day 2; During lunch, I'm sitting on the ground next to these two really hot girls, one in costume. One of them mentions their starting school, and I ask what school, and she says Tech, and we end up having a conversation that runs on for like an hour while we go back and forth between the hotels. Turns out they're anime nerds, and really smart, and basically totally perfect. I lose them before I get their names, after we go into a DnD discussion panel.

Day 3; This one is what really kills me. So there's these two girls I volunteer with, right? Super cute, don't know much else about them. After I get off work and have been hanging with the crew for a while, I slink off to catch this show I found in the program, a fan-made hentai dub-over that sounds just hilarious. Who do I catch on my way down but Anne and Jesse! I ask what they were doing and they said they were in line for the SAME THING but it was filled up. I invite them to a movie I was gonna see at 1 am, some goofy horror flick. The line's just starting, and I hold their place in line for like an hour waiting for the theater to open up. I chat with some of the dudes standing near me, and Anne and Jesse chat up with a couple of dudes who might've been friends. The

movie starts and I wave them over and call their names but the line is kinda rushed and I lose them. Things aren't awkward the next day, but I really felt like I missed something, cuz man, cute girls who like hentai and cheesy horror movies are hard to find...

7:46 pm, December 31, 2011

Only a few hours left in the year. I'm gonna get washed up and head out to spend New Year's Eve partying with the Balkans gang, and I wanted to write up a little on this previous year. This is going to be my final entry- after this, I'm done with this writing project.

So, here's the short version. I get into a rut with daily routine, and get to the point where I lose lots of sleep for long stretches. I feel great, and I'm happy all around, but people are treating me different, in a way I can't understand, like there's something wrong with me.

Then I fell in love. It was a baseless, chance occurrence, around May- A girl I met online that, for some undefineable reason, completely consumed my consciousness. I would spend hours on end just thinking about her, and one day, sitting on my back porch, I felt this throbbing flash inside my head, and a blink, and then I was suspended in total silence. Like, the world became still, and I started to think, and everything made sense. Like, I had reached a point in my life that everything made perfect sense, the whole universe, on every level, was perfectly sensible and reasonable- except this girl, who made no sense at all.

So the next few weeks are great for me, because I'm just caught up in all of my own emotions, but everyone around me gets strange. People are telling me I'm acting tweaked out, I'm getting phone calls from people I guess my parents were telling to try and talk to me, my mother once started crying and said she was scared with what was going on in my life, but I just didn't get what everyone was so upset for.

Then my old friend Greg mentions he's going on a trip to China, and would like me to come along, and I'm excited to go because not only will it be great experience and possible business opportunities, but it will be a way for me to get away from the craziness going on all around me at home.

The trip to China was a disaster- On top of the 24-hour jet lag, I didn't sleep for about four days straight, and was behaving erratically and disturbingly. I ended up getting flown right back with Greg, and wound up staying in a mental institution in Chicago for a week.

By the time I got home, I was totally doped up on lithium and anti-psychotics that I'd never heard of, and can barely function. As soon as I get online, I find out the girl I've been in love with is actually a dude pretending to be a girl, which, really, was more relieving than anything.

I could probably construct a more accurate timeline out of emails and screenshots which are all available on this computer, but is more time than I want to spend on this, and I don't think I'd like to see them anyway.

Anyway, I got moved into this house... my dad's idea, letting me live in a place I'm fixing up to be sold off later as a way to find work during the recession, and collect some rent on the side. My roommates, Chris and Alex, are really cool, and it's a charming little home... but I've spent pretty much all of the second half of this last year failing to find work and trying not to feel too lonely and asocial.

I'm going to have a better year in 2012. I can feel it.

Also, I had sex. Her name is Betsy. She's really awesome. I'm excited about seeing her again.

The End.