



own the rabbit hole



ABOUT-

Reality vs fantasy

Despair

Consumerism

Trauma

The scars of capitalist society



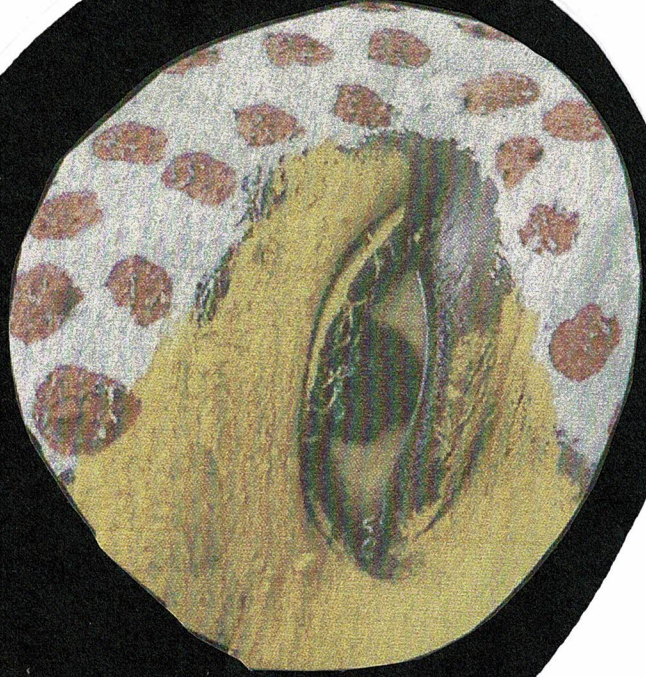
Credits-

'velveteenpirate', ...beyond amnesty... (zine about self-harm);

www.activist-trauma.net/en/mental-health-matters.html

Depressive realism

Leigh Blackall: www.flickr.com/photos/leighblackall/26614133792/in/photostream/



www.zoinkzoo.com
March 2019

© That moment where
you don't even really
care if you die
'cos there's nothing keeping
you here

It would be a relief to go
But you would rather die
at your own hands

Than a prolonged and
painful death by this
monster the human race
has created.



You don't need a gun
to kill someone.

You don't need prison walls
to make a prison.

- velvetteenpirate

MANAGING FLASHBACKS

1. Say to yourself: "I am having a flashback". Flashbacks take us into a timeless part of the psyche that feels as helpless, hopeless and surrounded by danger as we were in childhood. The feelings and sensations you are experiencing are past memories that cannot hurt you now.
2. Remind yourself: "I feel afraid but I am not in danger! I am safe now, here in the present." Remember you are now in the safety of the present, far from the danger of the past.
3. Own your right/need to have boundaries. Remind yourself that you do not have to allow anyone to mistreat you; you are free to leave dangerous situations and protest unfair behavior.

I sit with my peers as we study Pete Walker's "Complex PTSD: From Surviving to Thriving"

Are we really safe/free now?

Is our trauma really over, or have our abusive parents etc. just been replaced by abusive leaders/structures?



That moment you realize you're not safe even with people around you. That nobody's safe that you are a drowning swimmer;

No one can hear you screaming over the wind and crashing of waves your waving hand is but a speck in the water, soon to be engulfed. And even if someone saw it, they will probably think you're just having fun... Like they always thought you were happy because you smiled.

Existential
moments...

© That moment you
realise all your
hoarded belongings
mean nothing,

For death could
knock on your
doorstep tomorrow

I don't think anything's changed

And that is a terrifying thought

A thought most people do not want to face

Only the maddest have strayed from
the path and seen such a vile place

A place that would surely send
anyone mad!

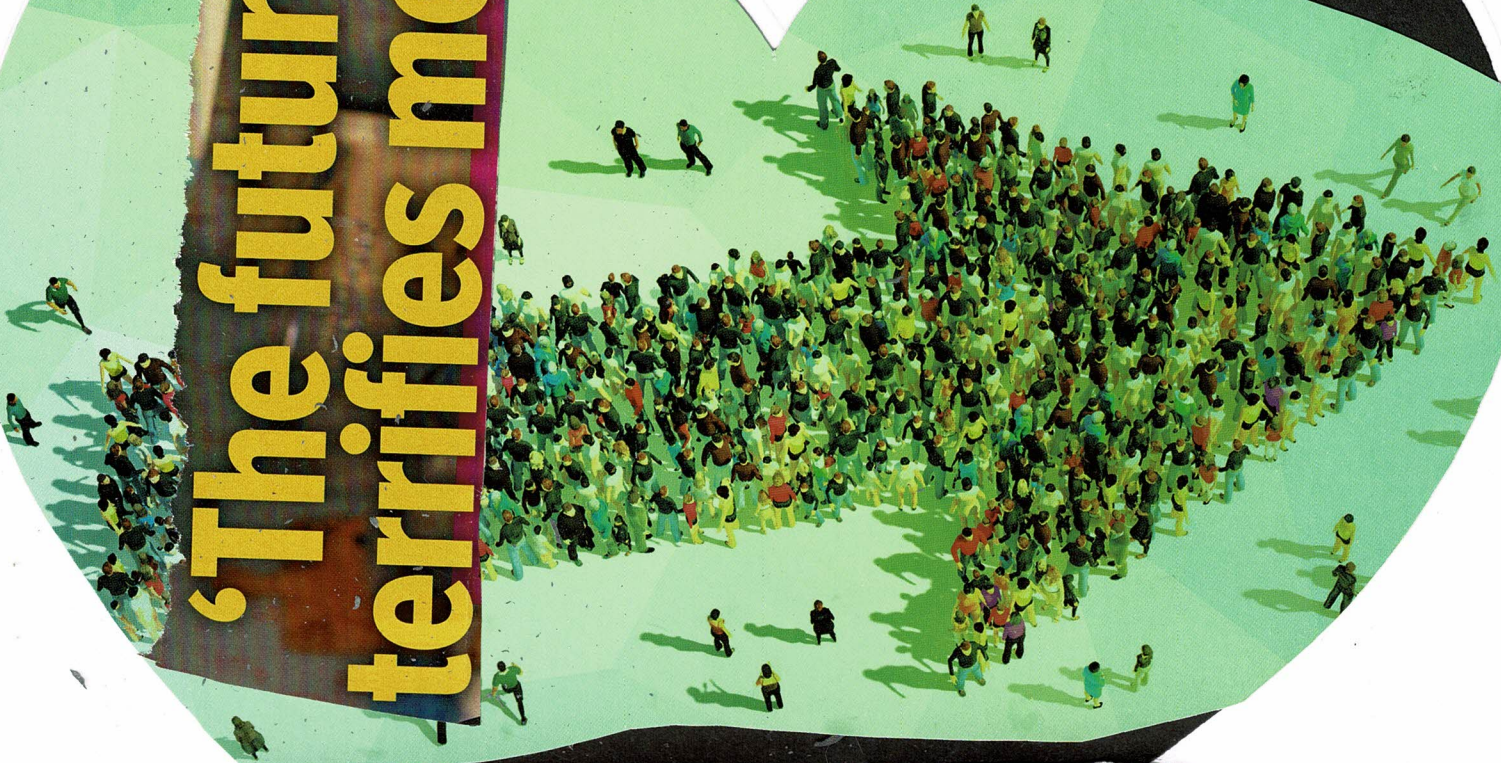
But some do come back and
speak of such a place

They are then told it is all in their
mind, and are sent away with pills,
or a depo injection to cure their
babbling nonsense

They are then forced to choose
between two grim realities:
That they've lost their safety
Or they've lost their mind

I think I'd still rather the latter;
a broken mind is easier to
fix than a broken
world, right?

'The future, terrifies me!'



BIGHT DRILLING

Each 5G phone will contain dozens of tiny antennas that work together to emit a narrow, focused beam at the nearest cell tower. The US Federal Communications Commission (FCC) has approved a new standard for 5G that will allow for much higher power levels than current 4G LTE. This means that 5G antennas can be as small as a few millimeters across, but still emit the same amount of power as larger antennas. The FCC is also considering a new standard for 5G that would allow for even higher power levels. This would mean that 5G antennas could be as small as a few millimeters across, but still emit the same amount of power as larger antennas. The FCC is also considering a new standard for 5G that would allow for even higher power levels. This would mean that 5G antennas could be as small as a few millimeters across, but still emit the same amount of power as larger antennas.

MIND CONTROL

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seems to go away" Tracy Parks
that never ever
a bad dream
this is like
the US. Fifteen cu
members of the cu
wanted to le
at
del
bag
fall

Food Irradiation

TOP 5 C BLASTING



DARK DESCENT:

Racing

Restless

Withdraw

RUNNING

Too much stimulation

PAIN

unstoppable

56: THE FINAL ASSAULT



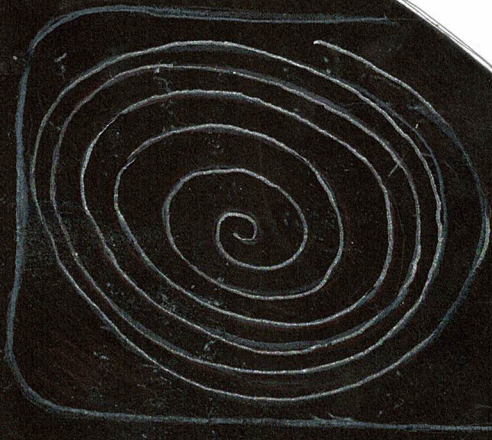
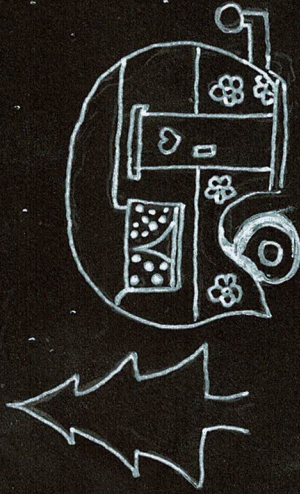
I don't know where
to go.

I look to the future
and all I see is
endless black

I enter a very
different mental space.
My entire world darkens, but
it feels different from the
depression and anxiety I know.
More sinister.

It is the darkness which
comes from realising the
problem is actually outside
of you.

misanthrope (-z-, -s-) *n.* hater of mankind; one who
avoids human society; hence or cogn. **misanthro'pi-**
C(AL) adjs., misá'nthropist (1), **misá'nthropy**¹,
ns., misá'nthropize (2) *v.i.*, (-z-, -s-). [F, f. Gk
misanthrōpos (*misos* hatred, *anthrōpos* man)]



**"It is no measure of health to be well
adjusted to a profoundly sick society."**
JIDDU KRISHNAMURTI



"Depressive Realism" is a theory that people suffering from depression may actually have a more accurate perception of reality than those with healthy minds.

That not everyone
shares the same level
of empathy as you.
That people exploit each other.

That evil exists.

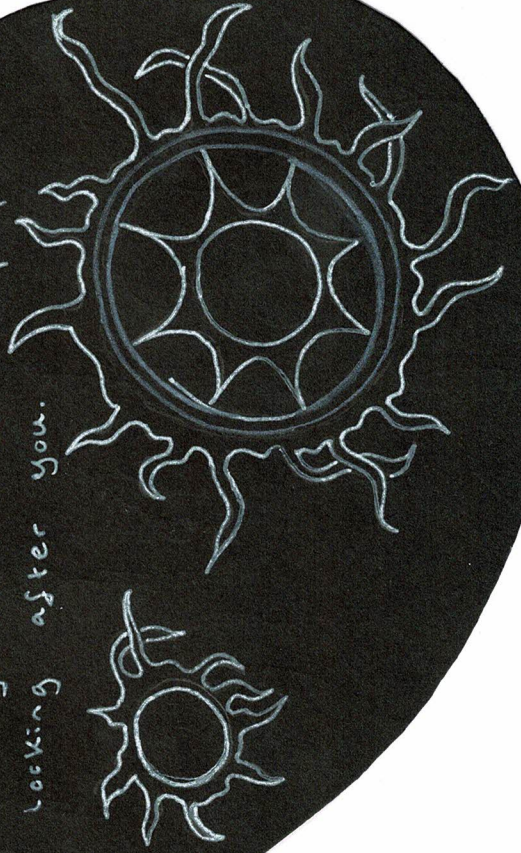
That hell is right here on
Earth, you're living it.

And that there is no escape.

It is the darkness that
comes from losing faith
in all things.

That the sun will rise
again.

That you will live another day
That you can trust the people
looking after you.



It is a darkness
that leaves you questioning
everyone and everything.
Likewise, everyone is questioning you.
You feel the other patients in the
waiting room looking at you, even
though their faces are a blur.
People ask how you are, then stop
replying when you tell them.
You feel like you're repelling
everyone.



"I long to live among people who know
there is a war on.

A war against life.

A war against spirit.

The war against life does not have
borders, and at whatever point of
capitalism we live in,

wherever we are in the world,

however privileged we are told we are
or however underprivileged we are
told we are,

we are all of us wounded and scarred
by it." velvetteeparate



FACELESS

The line between healthcare
and retail,

Patients and customers,

People and items

Dissolves like a tablet under
my tongue

Barcoded,

Searched,

And medicated

Patients step onto the
hospital conveyor belt the
day they are admitted.

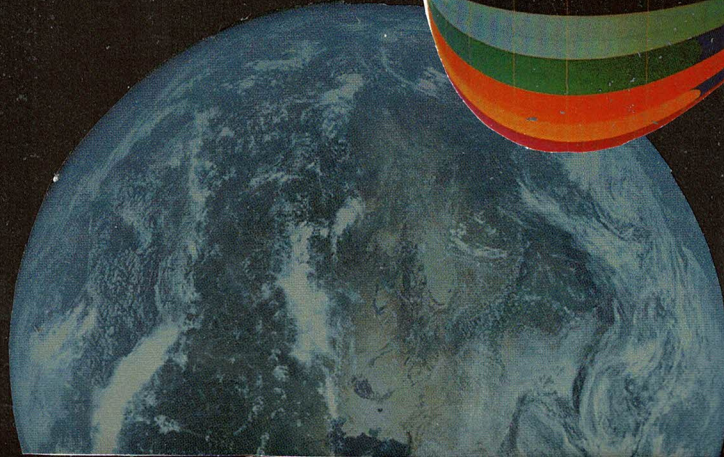
It is 8pm and I sit in my
room. Voices reverberate the
corridor as patients collect a
ticket and wait like a herd
of cattle for their medicine.

They then inject a pill
produced in a similar
fashion and off
they trot.

*"She's ripping wings off of
butterflies."*

Paranore, "Brick By Boring Brick"

Maybe my psychiatrist
is right.
Maybe I have lost grip with
reality.



"I feel all shadows of the universe
multiplied deep inside my skin."

- Virginia Woolf



The Mirage *

I am addicted to ideas:

The clothes I see online and the outfits I put together in my mind. Art projects.

Revamping my room.

My mind wants to do more in a day than is humanly possible.

A manic jockey whipping a weary horse

I can't keep up.

My purchases hold the promise of happiness,

A happiness which slips through my fingers like sand

Shortly after they arrive.

Sometimes, they are not even what they looked in the photo.

That is when I realise the imaginary world through which I live...

RUNNING

I'm out of control.

A puppet pulled by invisible strings.

I wasted this fresh autumn day in a trance

Hypnotised by the computer

Shopping like a good consumer

It takes me the entire day to settle on my purchase.

I am finally content

I savour the moment, for it

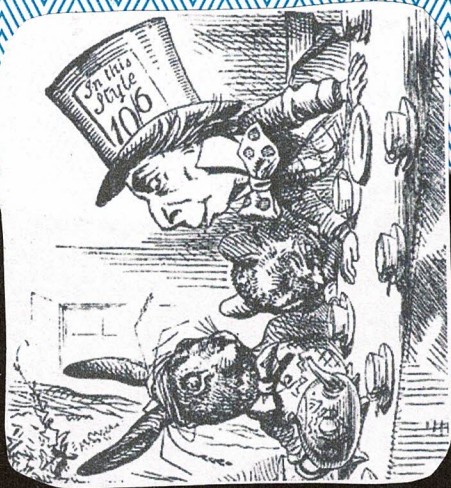
has the lifespan of a butterfly

Soon the emptiness will creep in

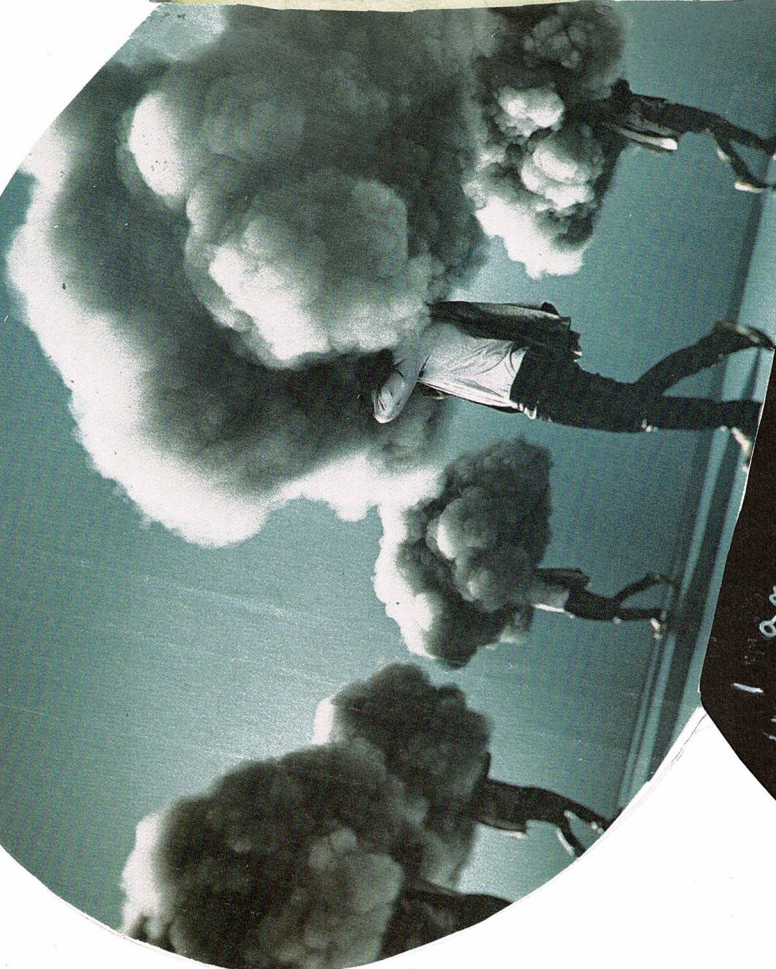
The discontent that defines my Life

And I will be back on the treadmill of endless doing and buying.

IF YOU REPEAT A
LIE OFTEN ENOUGH,
IT BECOMES ~~TRUTH~~
POLITICS



I am now hung-over from
the computer.
I barely manage to eat and
brush my teeth.
My head aches,
My heart's through the fog.
My stomach is doing summersaults.
My breath is queezy.
Finally I put my strained
self to bed, but I lie
awake feeling like



this night may
be my last.
I can't go on like this.
I gave me, but get an psychiatrist
I hang up.
"It's just you and me, I tell myself.
After suffering for an hour, I fall
asleep.

I dream that my adopted mother
found her blood father and it was
Vincent van Gogh.
Genius (and insanity) was in my
genes.

I have no idea how such a
dream emerged, but it was
a welcome relief from my
usual nightmares of terror,
war, disaster, entrapment.

I wake up at sunrise and begin
the new day like the last,
Escaping into busyness, for what
monsters,
deep in my subconscious,
may pounce if I stop?

#Complex PTSD: Flight
type

... But still
in moments of
courage,
or insanity,
my heart opens
again.

