

A Book of  
**Scaring**  
Originality

by Larry Singleton

**A Book of Searing Originality**

**Written & Directed**

**By**

**Larry Singleton**

## **SINGHULAR VISION PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS**

**Yeah, this book is dedicated to all the teachers who said I'd never amount to nothing. And all the people who lived above me in the buildings and called the cops on me when I was just tryna sell some crack to people in the community because I enjoy doing that. It wasn't even to save up money for my daughter or any specific purpose, I just like selling crack to people in the community and ruining everyone's lives. Haha. It's all good baby *baby*. Haha. JK.**

**This book is dedicated to anyone that bought it. I appreciate your support, and I really do not ever expect anyone to buy anything I write, so it's really special that you supported me. Thank you! I hope you enjoy it or get at least a couple of useful things out of it.**

**To quickly explain and introduce what this is: this book is a collection of essays, aphorisms, random thoughts, stories, ideas, and fragments. Kinda messy. It's a philosophy/comedy book.**

**Everything you're about to read is all fiction. Don't take any of this seriously. This is a work of fiction. Everything in here is entirely made up and not real. Don't worry about any of it or get mad about anything: it's all fiction. A character wrote it, not me. None of it has any basis in reality. Have a lol! Or maybe even a lmao! Or a lmfaoooo if you will. Nothing offensive or troubling here. Harmless fun really, that's it. Haha!**

**If you have ever read my work on [MeaninglessMagazine.com](http://MeaninglessMagazine.com), this is similar to that. However, none of this work has ever been previously published anywhere — it's an entirely new and separate work. I wanted to define some thoughts I had about life by writing them down, and instead of posting each thought individually on my website like I usually do, I wanted to make a whole giant collection of them for a book. There is something about a book that still feels much more permanent than stuff you find on a website. The internet sometimes feels like an**

**anonymous, unmemorable thing, and I intend this book to be read differently than stuff I've written before.**

**Thanks again for buying it, and I hope you enjoy.**

**“It is my ambition to say in ten sentences what others say in a whole book.”**

**- Friedrich Nietzsche**

**“Daylight turns to moonlight, and I'm at my best. Praising the way it all works, and gazing upon the rest.”**

**-The Style Council**

**“Life is such a fuckin' roller coaster, then it drops. But what should I scream for? This is *my* theme park!”**

**-Lil Wayne**

## **PART ONE: APHORISMS (SHORTER STUFF)**

## **Buy My Book When I'm Dead**

One of the funniest cruel little facts of art is that, if you are an unpopular artist and you kill yourself or happen to die young in some kind of tragic accident, you will then become popular. But it'll only be after you've already died and cannot benefit from this in any way. People have this weird morbid fascination with death and really seem to relish the supporting of people...but only when they're dead. People rarely support great artists when they are alive, that's just how it works. Even if you're not a great artist, if you happen to die people will take you and your work more seriously. If you want to be a famous artist, make sure you die first.

## **No One Knows**

People can make all kinds of predictions about stuff. There are economists and all types of different so-called paid experts who claim to know what is happening. Some people get paid thousands of dollars just to predict what they think is gonna happen. Some people speak and give long speeches for entire rooms full of people who are eager to listen to what this person has to say. We listen to our parents growing up, our teachers, our religious leaders, the police, the news. Everywhere you go, everyone has an opinion about something, and they think they are all right, otherwise they wouldn't be talking so much about it, would they? People will look at you in the face and give you advice about stuff they've never even done themselves, just so they can look like they know. People are more likely to pretend to know something than admit that they simply do not know anything about anything. To admit you are merely just a human being is somehow considered wrong. To admit that you might be just as dumb as everyone is seen as a bad thing, and no one wants to be thought of as dumb or wrong. Everyone thinks they have the answers about at least one thing, some of the time. But does anyone really know? Even me: what if this whole aphorism is nonsense and I don't even know about knowing. Maybe everyone knows something. Or not. Who really knows about knowing? Who knows where the wind is blowing? I think sometimes life is not about knowing anything at all really, it's just about knowing that you do not know. I think I respect people who are

self-aware about not being in the know more than people who think they're in the know. You know?

### **Equal Amounts of Contempt**

I can't be racist because I have an equal amount of contempt for everyone. When it comes to misanthropy, I am a communist, there's enough for each person. No one gets left behind in my system. No one is the main character of anything, we are all background characters. In fact, we're not even good enough to be background, we are nothing. Just bugs and Worm People (more on this later).

### **Psychological Rape**

Much has been made of physical rape, because it is obviously the more blatant and violent form of it. But sometimes I do wonder if this is true. In the modern world, sometimes I feel that I am being raped every day of my life, but no one notices or cares because it is not physical, it is psychological. It is the trespassing of your personal peace without even touching you, the noise you are forced to listen to when you enter a store (that they call "music"). It is the loud and abrupt fart sound in an advertisement for a car you will never be able to afford that cuts off the YouTube lecture you're watching about a very serious and philosophical subject. It is the Amber alert on your phone you did not personally consent to, informing you that some child you had nothing to do with who lives nowhere near you has been abducted by his alcoholic stepfather for the fortieth time that month. All of these are spiritually damaging to the soul in the same way a real physical traditional rape would be in an alley somewhere or something like that, but there is no support group for this because it's all deemed appropriate under this hell we're all living in. There will be no me too movement for those of us who prefer to sit in silence and are audibly harassed by coworkers regaling the tales of what their dogs did the previous evening or what happened in traffic that day. I would argue that this slow, everyday torture is just as bad as a real stereotypical Jodie Foster pinball machine type rape, but people are convinced it is normal and we have no choice but to live under it. We have normalized the absolute worst, and now everyday we have to be okay



with the fact that if you walk into a book store, they can't even give you the decency to quietly leaf through what you want to purchase before you purchase it. They make it like Vegas in there, and you gotta hear some horrendous song that has nothing to do with anything you wanted to read about. You gotta hear Michael Bolton or Bryan Adams or some other nonsense (sorry there's not a more modern reference, all my knowledge stops at a certain point and I try not to pay attention to culture anymore), when all you wanted to do was have a peaceful read. And god forbid you want a cup of coffee in the cafe attached to the book store, you will be psychologically tortured even more with even worse, different music. It's like they're having a competition at the combination book store/cafe place: who can play the worst music for their patrons. The only recourse you have is to fight fire with fire: jam earphones into your earholes forcefully against your will, and blast music you prefer instead. Even though you never even wanted to listen to anything in the first place, you now have to pretend you're happy with your earholes being fucked by the world. How is that any different than a real rape? Your earholes and a pussyhole are the same thing, but sound is not tangible like a cock is, so they're getting away with raping us all every day. I personally hate it here. North American life sucks ass and is getting worse with each passing year. When people talk about how bookstores are going away because of online retailers, I think, "Good, I hope it happens. So I don't have to suffer ear rape in stores anymore. I don't know how many more times in my life I can hear Tom Sawyer by Rush while trying to read a book." Thank you for buying my books, please tell a friend so I can purchase land in Norway far away from everybody. Thank you.

### **Reincarnation Within Life**

I have often felt that reincarnation is real. Not in the traditionally described sense, but in the way that it is within the very same lifetime itself. What I mean by this is that each period of your life has certain stages. There is a life cycle of each part of life, and you can detect it being born or ending if you observe very closely, such as times where you lose a close loved one, or if you happen to suffer another particular tragedy. These are the obvious reincarnation periods of life,

because you change as a person almost immediately. But then there are also the slow changes that occur, the ones that are happening all the time you do not see. Your health, for example, is constantly getting worse day by day, until one day you are officially at old age. No one knows what age is officially “old age,” yet we all agree that it happens. This is a perfect manifestation of reincarnation within life: the old you is disappearing and replaced with a different person constantly, and you don’t always notice when it occurs. You’re not who you were yesterday, and that person isn’t the same as who you were 2 weeks ago, etc. People think you have to fully die to be reincarnated, but you’re probably being reincarnated all the time and you don’t even realize it.

### **Zero Swag**

People talk a lot about “fast fashion” these days. It is the process wherein a big company will figure out some fashion trend people seem to like, and then figure out a way to mass produce said thing for as cheaply as possible, for as many of their stores as possible. What this means is that the high quality clothing of the past just isn’t there, and these clothing items don’t last very long. In the past, real fabrics were used like wool, cotton, and leather. Today if you have to buy a pair of jeans, you are likely to find things that are half spandex, half polyester, and only a tiny little bit cotton, if at all. It is very funny to me that we now live in “the future,” yet we can’t even dress ourselves as well as people in the past. There is a reason why there’s a market for vintage clothing, and it’s because fast fashion has zero swag whatsoever beyond a couple of wears. I can always tell immediately when something is comprised mainly of polyester or pleather, and it is very ugly to me. Boomers got it all: money and jobs with upward mobility, housing, and now we’re being robbed of fashion.

### **Zero Swag 2**

A very obvious thing to point out is that the typical man with the suit and tie simply does not exist anymore as the norm. Or a woman wearing a dress and heels. Nowadays, when people wear these types of outfits, it is out of the ordinary. A guy who wears a suit everyday

now isn't seen as an adult like how adults of the past were. If a guy wears a suit, people start to wonder what the occasion is, or think he has to be going to a wedding or job interview. People just don't dress up for no reason anymore, and if they do they are seen as quirky or some other type of reason that has nothing to do with that outfit being their actual wardrobe. I think the reason why the hoodie has become the new suit, and why tech guys have made it the new norm is because we simply have no self-respect anymore. Men of the past used to take themselves seriously. Today, everyone kind of knows we are doomed and living in the worst time ever, and it has bled into how people view themselves. Why put in an effort if you can die any day now? Why act like it's Mad Men when there's no upward mobility anymore anyway? What are you trying to do, get a raise at the end of the world? What are you gonna do, spend money on the last sinking icecap or something? Just put on a hoodie and be an oafish blob like everyone else, that's what's cool now.

### **Zero Swag 3**

You can see the zero swag concept in how everyone is the same not just with fashion, but ideologically in general now. It used to be that there would be different types of people, but now everyone feels more or less the same. It doesn't matter what race or what gender people are, everyone is just kind of the same. They all talk about the same things, they're angry about either one thing or the other, they all watch the same "content" from the same algorithm, and no one really has any new perspectives. It doesn't feel like there are any new kinds of people out there anymore because there aren't really. The internet has sort of democratized everything. Even if someone feels unique or new to you, chances are you can probably learn everything they know too within a couple hours and a quick google search. It's almost like people were once all part of the same sort of amorphous blob, and then got atomized some how, and now everyone's split off into different areas, but we're still part of that same blob. You can see this clearly when you travel: the teenagers in Europe do the same things as the teenagers in North America. The adults argue about the same trivial politics and stuff that don't ultimately matter. The strikes that

won't change anything are the same. People like to say stuff like how the French are good at revolting and they're doing it right, but people are really just collapsing in the same manner all over when you look at it. Everyone is atomized, yet no one is an individual because people have become all the same. There are no unique points of view because we all share the same view now: the phone. That sounds very boomer of me to say, but it's true and you know it. Oh, what's that? Touch grass, you say? A phrase you learned on....the internet. Okay, thanks for echoing stuff you read online to prove you are an individual, I change my mind then, lol!

### **My Number One Hater**

I live to make my haters mad. I have many. But you wanna know who the greatest hater of all is? It is.....god. I know it's cool to say you're gonna end your life and stuff these days, but I simply refuse to kill myself, you hear that big man upstairs? I'm gonna live out this sentence fully, you can't stop me bruh.

### **My Options**

Should I date a fat unattractive plain girl who is very boring and does not make me laugh at all? Or should I go for the insane girl who is hot as hell, but....insane? These are your choices if you are a man in 2023 looking to date, that's really it. Woman you are not attracted to who you can probably build a future with, or beautiful woman who might make you die of a heart attack. Any way you slice it you are doomed. Sometimes I feel bad about being alone and a Dostoevsky figure (more on this later), but then I think it really may be the best option for a guy like me. I may not ever get married and have children, but it's like I am married to my own loneliness and spirit. The arguments I would have with a wife like a regular man are just my inner thoughts. Both take a lot of energy. Either way, I guess I made the right choice.

### **Cannibalism is Working**

I love the system of cannibalism. I think it works perfectly well, and the youth of today are immature and just need to grow up. If they don't like

how the system works, that's just tough beans! In my day we woke up at 4AM to participate in cannibalism. I worked my way up the mailroom, and before I knew it I was munching on the CEO's leg by the time I was 24. I was eating secretaries for breakfast. I was eating their limbs with ketchup and Tabasco sauce, I loved eating people. Some say it's immoral when we have access to real food, but I don't care, I love it. The system of cannibalism works perfectly, if it doesn't work for you you're just not a hard eater.....Whoops just rereading this now and didn't realize my error. Spellcheck, my bad. I meant to type capitalism. Same thing though really if you think about it though, am I right LOL.

### **Himself**

Something you might notice in this book after awhile is that I always use the male gender as the example of stuff when I'm talking about something, and I never say stuff like "he or she" or "himself (or herself)" and so on. The main reason for this is not because I am intolerant or somehow have some dumb belief that women cannot do the same jobs as men or whatever other nonsense people get angry about, it is simply because it makes for very uneconomic writing, and I do not wish to say stuff like "they" because that's making other people influence my work or alter my voice in some way, which I refuse to do. I don't believe in bending my will for other people, but rather the other way around, I am bending reality to fit my needs. Another reason I am being so obstinate about this is because I find it gives my writing an older quality you typically find in books by dead philosophers, which I kind of like. It is always refreshing to me when you pick up an older book in a library and the year it was published says 1924 or something like that, you leaf through it, and there are outdated words no one uses anymore. It's amusing to me to think that was normal and people were walking around saying stuff like, "A coloured man," at one point to replace words like "negro," for example, but then due to how frequently language changes even the correction becomes bad and "coloured," also becomes offensive. This male gender language choice is just my way of making things full circle and taking things back to square one. So if you find this book in the year 2080 please

note that it was published in the 2020s, not the 1900s, and that this is not acceptable in my time, which makes it funnier. The humour might be lost on you at that point then though, because people might be calling each other XYZ and weird stuff like that in your time. Another reason why I am doing it this way is that I have noticed an overall hypocrisy among women in that they never seem to correct the example given when it's a bad one. For example, they would correct something like, "Why did you say HE for the doctor example there? Women can be doctors too," but they almost never correct the same example if it happens to pain them in a negative light, "Why did you say HE is being a whiny little bitch? Women can do that too, you should have said he or she in that sentence."

And finally, the other reason why I am using male centred language instead of complicating things with clunky language so everyone feels good, is that I don't think people should feel good. Feeling bad is fine. Some people tend to forget that you're supposed to feel bad from time to time, so that's my goal. I want to make more people who should feel bad feel that way. It also makes me laugh to bother people sometimes. So anyway, that's the explanation: if you want more gender inclusive language in a book you should probably write your own book, and I would be happy to not read it. Good luck.

### **Simu Who?**

It is funny to me that people tried to cancel Simu Liu, over old Reddit posts he made in which he claimed to be sympathetic towards pedophiles due to doing research for a role and understanding them more (and comparing it to homosexuality). I personally do not like him as an actor because he annoys me and I do not wish to see more of his face in my life, but I thought this was funny for two reasons: 1.) This is a perfect example of how Gen Z tries to cancel people; in an indirect, feminine way where you didn't even really do anything wrong necessarily, they just don't like you and try to get you in trouble over something that wasn't even immoral or illegal, it was just something you said. It's like they hated him so much (which is understandable, I don't like him either), they were just looking for something to get rid of him over, like a girl trying to figure out how to break up with her bad

boyfriend. And 2.) It's funny that his comments on pedophilia of all things is what they tried to get him in trouble over because his employers are all wealthy CEOs. If anything, the viewpoint people were trying to make him look bad for would probably be appreciated by those guys. Rich people are notorious for liking that stuff, and rich people are the ones putting Simu Liu in movies. It makes no sense they would try to get him fired over that stuff when his employers probably love it. They probably heard about it and called him into the office like, "Simu, my *man!* We didn't know you rolled like that! What you doing this Friday dog, you wanna hit up the island with us? Epstein is gone, but the party is still going on til the break of dawn!! We'll fly you back out in time for hair and make-up on Monday, don't even trip homie."

### **Liberal White Girl**

I was talking to this liberal white girl one time and she said something about how white women are oppressed also due to gender. But then she went on to say that, because they are white, they are also the oppressor first and foremost, which I thought was a very interesting dynamic. I was like, wow, that's so true...Whatever you say, lady. Oppress me, mommy. Let's take turns oppressing each other. I'll oppress you as a man and a woman, and you can oppress me as a white lady and a brown guy, we'll switch places every night so it's fair! Haha.

### **Gen Z Cancels Marx**

Hey, did you hear the news? Marx is no longer cool among young people. Gen Z doesn't understand context and they found old writings by Marx in which he used racial slurs to describe someone. In their quest to make everyone the bad guy, it seems as if they have turned on their own hero. What a twist! I mean Gandhi was a surprise to me too, but I never saw this Marx stuff coming. I thought they loved the guy! I guess that's what happens when Gen Z is on the case: they will google until they're blue in the face and find the one time you used the N-bomb in college or whatever, and write you off as a person completely. Oh well. Between you and me though, I gotta say...I still

like Marx as a thinker. He had some good ideas. The Communist Manifesto is still a great work, it's too bad they had to find out he was racist. So much for class solidarity, I guess. If you're racist then you're just racist, it doesn't matter if you popularized a whole philosophy. Oh well.

### **Just The Tip**

I had to break things off with my girlfriend last night. I kept noticing that every time I wanted to make sweet sweet love to her, she would always ask me for a tip. At first it was fine, and I understood why she would ask. But then it became *constant*. Literally every single time we would make that sweet sweet love, she would ask for a tip, and she would get really aggressive too. "10%? 20%? Please? Just a tip. I need a tip. Press this button to cancel the tip. Oh whoops sorry, not that button, I meant the other one. The one you pressed makes you put in the whole thing. That's not a tip, that's your whole life's savings. Whoops, my bad, haha." Now I am broke, living destitute on the streets, and my ex-girlfriend is living off all my money. All because she wanted just a tip.

### **The Seagulls**

The other day I was in a parking lot waiting for a movie to start. I was smoking a hand-rolled cigarette with half tobacco, and half a gram of Moroccan hash to relax before the movie. I like doing this instead of smoking regular weed sometimes because the nicotine gets me focused and re-energized, and the hash relaxes me a little without getting me too high to properly concentrate and enjoy the movie. It's really the best of both worlds: something to take the edge off, while also retaining full concentration levels. As I got to the last portion of it, the unexpected happened. A lady pulled up beside me at the parking lot, and got out of her car. She then retrieved a plastic bread bag that looked old and nearly empty. Then she walked over to the group of seagulls in the parking lot, and started throwing handfuls of whatever it was she had in that empty Wonderbread baggie. It appeared to be some kind of actual bird food, not leftover breadcrumbs, but bird food she bought specifically for this purpose. After a couple minutes of this,



the lady went back to her car, drove off, and left me and the seagulls there in the aftermath of this weird decision. I did not really care for this moment at the time it was happening, because the woman had slightly ruined my peace and contemplation. But the more I thought about it later, the more I enjoyed it overall. I liked it because of how it made me run the gamut of emotions in such a short span of time; I went from being alone, contemplative, to surprised, slightly fearful, curious, shocked, a little scared, and then finally relieved.

### **Collateral Capital**

I saw this dead girl in a car crash on the way to work this morning. Her car was a complete wreck: she had slammed into a truck. There was debris all over the damn highway, and the front half of her car was crumpled up, it looked like someone balled up a piece of tinfoil or something. I'm not the type of person who stares at tragedies on the highway, because I generally mind my business and just want to get to work. But traffic was moving so slowly I had no choice but to take a look: they put a thin white sheet over her body (most likely dead, but I couldn't really tell) and left her there. Her lil Ugg boots were sitting outside the car. Another casualty of capitalism. The cruel irony of this is that I bet she was on her way to work or some other dumb thing she probably didn't wanna be doing that morning. Now she's dead.

### **The Fun**

It's important to keep silliness in your life. One should treat silliness & whimsy with the utmost importance. The act/art of being silly is incredibly important, very meaningful. Some may say it's necessary to devise a system or set of rules in order to manage chaos. That is true, but it is also true to recognize the complete absurdity and meaninglessness of any system you might invent. The very nature of a system is silly; rather than conquering silly, one must join it. Own it and be proud to be part of the absurdity you were born into. Like a water droplet landing into a cup of water — it was always part of that liquid to begin with, you're just going home. The goal is to reunite with the nonsensical nature of life, being harmonious with this great retardation around us.

## **Candy Store**

I like to go to the candy store near my home. It's a special European place that has lots of stuff you can't find anywhere else. In fact, it's better than being in any one place in Europe due to how much variety is there. I go about once a month and get lots of different types of chocolates, cheeses, bread, coffee. It is wonderful. I keep it in my life as a matter of religion. It's for my health and one of my reasons to be alive. I would strongly suggest everyone do this or at least have something like it that isn't harmful and just dumb fun. You need something in your life that's a reason to leave your home and get up in the morning that isn't work, family, or anything serious. Just life for the sake of life and fun. There doesn't always have to be a great big event or grand purpose. The important thing can also be dumb.

## **Greatness**

We talk about the "flow state" a lot. Many people talk, few understand it — this is because only Great Men can get there, it's not for everyone. It is considered the highest possible level of creating attainable if you're an artist. The Flow State is highly coveted and revered by people who will never get there, and people who think they have gotten there.

It is where the Great Works come from. Great Men know intuitively that real art, the Great Works, all come from beyond; not by the actual name on the final piece. It's not who you think, real art is never by the author it says on the cover. It comes from beyond, another place entirely.

This Greatness comes from another realm; it is less about having ownership over your work, and more about being a custodian of your health and mind, being ready for Greatness when it hits you like a truck, listening to the universe when it's calling out to you. Sometimes it does that, but most people are too stupid to hear it.

It is about allowing yourself to be taken over, possessed by a spirit of art using you as a host. You are not the author, you are just a channel for what it wants to be and say to the rest of the world. Be

grateful you were the one chosen, but don't be prideful because you really did nothing other than accept the call.

The Greatness is a jolt of energy in which you try to capture lightning in a bottle. It is that which is impossible, the attempt at catching all of something as it is in the process of slipping away from you. It is disappearing from thin air while you are catching it. This is why Great Art is Great: whatever that was able to be captured in such an impossible manner should be deemed a miracle by default.

In order to achieve this state one must focus on the possibilities, never the limits. It is about momentum, being the snowball that never stops, and has a forceful attitude the way it's progressing. It doesn't care if it could be wrong or causes harm, it moves, moves, moves. It is a special type of madness. To be feared, but not shunned. Embrace this madness, learn to play and dance with it into pure genius. The madness is a lightning bolt electrifying you with energy for an uncertain amount of time, it is a type of god given caffeine.

Your madness should shock you a little, use it well while it is there. Use more commas, more run on sentences, deal with the aftermath later. In fact, don't deal with the aftermath at all if you don't want to, don't even edit anything you're embarrassed about, just keep going. Don't look back or stop to check anything, just keep going as long as you can. Run until you are completely out of breath.

It should feel as though you are having heart palpitations — in a good way. You may or may not make it out alive, but that's not the point of Greatness. What really matters is that you keep going, you owe it to everyone around you.

### **Free Speech in Writing**

One of my favourite aspects of writing is that I honestly believe free speech is only really present in the written form anymore. You can certainly still say offensive things or push the envelope however you want on podcasts or videos or whatever, but because of how accessible these things are to most people now, you can also make people look bad easily as well. It is very easy to take someone out of context with a video or audio clip, and make them seem worse than they really are. In comparison, writing is something that takes more

time to truly engage with, and as a result the people who take the time to actually read what you have to say are less likely to be offended or misconstrue something you have said. Or if they read your work a lot, they might be likely to get your sense of humour and you are able to win them over in that way. The other thing about writing is that most people don't really read anymore, so the people who do read what you have to say are more inclined to be actually slightly more thoughtful than the average person scrolling through Twitter or Instagram (not that I think reading automatically makes a person smart, but that's another topic).

Of course, even in writing you are not really safe from people who wish you harm in the manner of "cancelling" or "this you"-ing, and someone can always screenshot your work to share to wider audiences of people you didn't really intend on being noticed by. Writing is not a perfect medium for expression by any means, and you are still vulnerable to enemies, but I do believe that you have more of a safeguard from this type of behaviour in general if you're a writer. Free speech might not ever really be something that is ever truly awarded to the average person anymore, because you always have to watch what you're saying in some manner to preserve your resources (unless you're already incredibly wealthy), but writing is one of the last real places you can say what you feel.

The only real downside to this (aside from people potentially screenshotting certain passages of your work, as mentioned) is that whatever your message is won't be reached to as wide of an audience compared to other forms of "content." However, like I said, this downside isn't really a downside at all if you think about it because you are more likely to attract quality people who are in on the joke, so to speak. I think, generally speaking, with most forms of content now, no one is really listening to you even if you have their attention and it seems that way. Because most people are dumb and just sort of absentmindedly take stuff in passively; when people watch movies for example, they have their phone out, or they're doing something else. The movie's a background thing they're not really engaging with until it's time to and something important happens, at which point they have now seen the controversial moment or whatever it is they're supposed

to notice. With reading, it requires a bit more logic, interpreting, and engaging of something contextually in its entirety. You arguably won't really be able to understand a passage of something in the same way you will be able to get the gist of something from a 2 minute clip, and so no one makes the effort.

I have always enjoyed being able to do very offensive things in writing for these reasons; almost no one is paying attention anyway, so you can pretty much get away with what you want. It doesn't really matter to me if I'm not getting the same attention I would from making a video of the same type of joke, because the format of it would change and it wouldn't be the same thing necessarily. When something is written the offensive nature is less offensive, to a certain extent. Because you have to use your brain to read it, it kind of feels like a private joke instead of something on TikTok where a girl is shaking her ass in your face, showing you her gaping asshole, and it's set to loud music, etc. Writing to me is a classier version of doing the same thing, and people have forgotten that to a certain extent.

### **Don't Do What Feels Bad**

I've noticed that a very obviously dumb thing people do is engage in activities that are harmful to them, and then wonder why they feel so bad. I know this sounds really dumb to write out, but it's just another one of those things that is true, and happens anyway. There are various examples I could give you, and capitalism in general is probably the easiest and best one: everything is broken, and people complain everyday...yet we all continue to support this system instead of taking a stand and all deciding to quit our jobs and not participate in it any further. Yes, I know it's more complicated than that due to mass organization on that level worldwide being highly unlikely, but you can see where I'm going with that.

Another obvious example would be regarding drug addictions, or bad habits in general. It is astounding to me that so many people have unhealthy behaviours, know that what they are doing is bad for them, and again....they continue to do it every day. It is a very dark and insidious type of sickness in that these people know they are making the wrong choice, but they cannot stop doing it. It doesn't even feel

*good* anymore, they just do certain things to feel normal, and they keep doing it to maintain that level. So the cycle continues and then they feel guilty for not getting better, and so on. The solution is so obvious and would be so easy to change things, but they don't want to do it: simply just stop doing what makes you feel bad for long enough to realize that it's bad, not the only way to live, figure out something better, and then live better. It's really that simple. It's kind of crazy to me that people will figure out one thing that works at an early point in their life, and then they'll just do that forever. Instead of figuring out multiple things that work and attacking a problem from various angles, they will stick to the one thing they figured out at 14, and never mature past that stage ever again.

The problem is that most people who fall into these destructive patterns don't really want to put in that first week of pain that will lead to the overall pleasure that comes from self-improvement. Excessive weed use, for example, is one that people will engage in for extended periods of time despite not even getting high anymore, for the sole fact that without it they won't be able to fall asleep for that first week. These people could easily get into exercise, and working so hard at something else it helps them fall asleep easier, but they choose to cope with the idea that they need their weed to fall asleep, and they keep repeating the same retarded behaviour. Some people do this for years before they figure out their mistake, that's how dumb people can be.

A sad reality about this concept is that whatever substance they're using or addiction they're succumbing to also happens to be clouding their logic at the same time it is giving them their dopamine. So it's like the reward centre in their brains are conflicted with the bad thing that is actually ruining their life making them feel good at the same time. It's like some kind of weird S&M relationship that a lot of people are not aware they're in until a lot of time has gone by.

You can also see this pattern in other areas, not just with regard to substances. Poor dieting and consumption of terrible media is another great example of what I'm talking about. People will sit and watch 13 hours of some TV show in one day, something that wasn't even possible to do at the time the show was originally aired (and not

intended to be consumed that way), and then wonder why they feel so unhealthy. They're not lifting weights, they're not going for walks, there's no exercising happening, and yet they use exercise words like "marathon" to describe their viewing habits. It's sick, twisted behaviour that is doing them damage, and they paint it like it's a positive thing. Disgusting.

I think what happens to a lot of people is the dopamine in their brain becomes so fried after awhile they only really know one way of life, the way they have personally chosen to create for themselves. They get so used to feeling terrible on a daily basis, they don't realize another way is possible and they've normalized feeling bad to such an extent they're unaware of it. The best way I have found to get out of this is to just completely remove yourself from your regular life, and dopamine detox/fast from your entire way of life for awhile. This is the only way to truly reset your brain and give yourself some perspective; you need to distance yourself from your regular life and routine. This doesn't just mean substances, I mean everything. Take a break from living your life the way you usually do it for awhile, and I guarantee you'll see differences. You might hate certain things in your life, and only realize you hate them once you've given yourself this type of clarity.

There's a reason why Nietzsche liked walking so much, and why fasting is such a big thing in religion: both give you time to think and distance yourself from your regular thought patterns and life.

## **Two Friends**

There is a funny experience I've had a few times in my life. One of those dumb little moments I'm sure you've known yourself. The type of thing that happens, you don't think about it too much, and even if you do you move on fairly quickly because it's not that important despite being slightly thought provoking.

There have been times when I walk past two people meeting up, who are greeting each other in public. The warm feeling of recognition comes over them, and they are happy to meet their fellow man and comrade. There is a knowing sort of love there. But none of it is for you, you just happen to be there when it happens.

This is something I find humorous, and can't quite place why. These two people in this instance are humans together, members of a tribe. And you are not. Even though you're near them, you're the same species, you are nothing but a passing obstacle in the way of their camaraderie. It's as if you're a little monster, you're inhumane and getting in the way of humanity.

Whenever something like this occurs, even though I have my own friends and tribe, I feel naked. For a brief moment, I feel like I'm nothing. There is a flip side to this as well; I wonder how many times I may have made someone else feel bad in a similar manner. Why is there always one person left out in this scenario? It should be that all of humanity is friends with each other. No segregation or shunning, everyone is known by at least one other person at all times. But it's not like that. In life there are times you are anonymous among groups of people who all know each other.

### **Inspiration Doesn't Matter**

Sometimes I have to remind myself that inspiration, and whether or not I personally feel like working that day, is completely meaningless to the end goal and work itself. How I feel the day I make something is immaterial in the grand scheme of life. I honestly believe that in some ways, the same type of work would get done regardless of if the artist was "inspired" or not. That doesn't matter, it only matters that you actually do it and don't wait for anything. Inspiration is a myth.

### **Mysteries**

There is a certain way mysteries are often portrayed that may not always be true. It's the classic scenario in which the detective is actively searching for the clues and *pursuing* the case. The mystery won't get solved unless this detective goes after it.

But then there's another, less popular way mysteries are portrayed. Where the main character is just stumbling through the mystery, and it gets solved anyway. Films like *The Big Lebowski* and *Inherent Vice* are both great examples of what I'm talking about. The main character in both films isn't even a detective, or at least not in the traditional sense. Doc Sportello is barely a detective; he works out of a



doctor's office. His pursuit of the Shasta case isn't so much about what he finds, but about what finds him. In other words, even if he were to stop searching, the case might still get solved.

I believe this is a great example of what a mystery often looks like in real life, and why I enjoy the two films above so much. Real life is not like a typical mystery movie — we aren't detectives. There's no "case." In real life stuff just happens, and that's it. Not everything gets "resolved." I like this type of mystery more because it feels more real. In reality you often do not seek out new and revealing information, it is organically dropped on you, and you may be lured into solving something accidentally. But it might not be like a detective pursuing a case, the mystery is pursuing you.

In some ways that is the better approach. Letting life and its mystery do its thing rather than force something that doesn't want to come to fruition yet (which is a perfect explanation of those who are wrongfully accused and convicted for things someone else did: the justice system "forces" mysteries to be solved regardless of timing being right). The more you try, the worse some mysteries get.

### **Male vs Female Horniness**

Something that has always bothered me is women who think they understand what being horny is like for a man. It is something they will never ever truly understand. For a woman, desire is fun. It's a good time and a healthy part of a balanced breakfast. It's all fun and games for them, in fact, it's so fun for them they can literally profit off it in ways guys just can't. There are male sex workers too, but women can make money in even lower levels using their sexuality without having to resort to big steps like Onlyfans that most guys just can't. It's just different for men, women are people who can make itineraries for sex at one point of the day, and then go on to do other things that have nothing to do with what they made. They are able to compartmentalize in that manner.

For a guy it's different. Sexuality is like a sickness. It's not something you're proud of as a guy, it's something that disturbs and shocks you that makes you less of a man. For a woman, they own their sexuality and it makes them better people probably. For men, it

makes us worse. During puberty it consumes our hormonal brains, which is why most teenage boys are so goofy and immature, because it's all they can think about. For men, sexuality is a torturous thing, like a disease we have to work on beating (off, haha).

I am 31 now at the time of writing this, and I am happy I am no longer a younger man. In fact, I look forward to the day when my testosterone and that side of me is almost completely gone, so I can focus properly on other things fully without having to let thoughts of that nature disrupt my life. I have acted in ways that were incredibly foolish in hindsight, and I am glad it didn't end up with me getting someone pregnant or losing my life. When you're a guy it sometimes feels like there's a smart version of you being clouded or haunted by a dumber guy intent on a whole other path, and he can destroy you if you're not careful.

I don't think women realize how difficult it can be for men, and I wouldn't wish this on anyone. This is something that bothered me about the cultural conversation surrounding the me too movement, and what was missing from it: male sympathy, as funny as that sounds. No one talked about how men who are mostly good people can sometimes be hijacked by their own desires that make them demons. I am not excusing poor behaviour, I am just saying that society needs to address the fact that men suffer too instead of pretending that we are sexless eunuchs. It feels like society has swung so hard in favour of women in the past few years that it's now impolite to even talk about male sexuality anymore. The government must step in and assign prostitutes for every man as soon as he turns 18 in order to learn what sex is in a healthy manner; sexual education from a frumpy teacher who hasn't gotten laid since Richard Nixon was President should be a thing of the past. We need to properly educate our young men in ways that are modern and work, or there will be a Me Too movement in 3017 as well probably.

In some ways, I look at sexuality now like it's a disability or a curse. I guess you need it to a certain extent, because that drive is there to tell you to be a better person and motivate you to do real things. But in today's world, it manifests itself in just getting laid or