

TMFRS

LET'S MAKE SENSE OF YER STUPID FUCKING BRAIN

Society: A Failing Experiment

Continual stimulus control will kill the real you.

Summer 2022

Why are we ALL “going insane?”

So let's have an integrative conversation, huh?

We're not just revisiting old posts on ACEs and talking about time and space essentials of recovery willy nilly - this is going somewhere. Maybe even getting to the root of our life-ruining dysfunction, like the CDC couldn't.

For the next few shows, let's talk about

How we got here in the first place. Why we don't get better. Why we can't get our selves back up. Why we're only exposed to more trauma, every day that we wake up as members of a rigid, crumbling, controlling social structure... with the affliction of being born as social animals. And why everything outside is so outrageous these days in our two-sided battles. It all feeds back, don't worry.

We're talking the things you need to be okay. And to be a rational being.

Time, Space, Energy.

And the system that makes sure you get none of that. Society.

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So.

Let's run through those "made to be" precious resources one more time.

We've all chatted and probably personally experienced by now...

You need time for thoughts and feelings. We're great at automatic thoughts and emotions, but we're not actually inherently programmed to have novel inner experiences so often. Those exploratory missions are time, space, AND energy costly.

But at a minimum, let's say we get numbed out and one-dimensional without time to spare. So, we end up without the power of our best informational synthesis to develop working perspectives and accompanying inner vibes. And without both working, you can't make progress internally... so you can't really navigate life in the most intentional or meaningful way.

You literally cannot learn if you don't have time, because it requires you to have thoughts AND feelings - together. If you've ever wondered about why some brain changes hit you like lightening bolts and then you never go back... but other thoughts can run through the ticker a thousand times and there's no alteration... it's this. Your feelings have to be in alignment to seal the deal in your neural linkages.

This is real, not some woo-self-shit. Neuroscience tells us, we make new brain connections when we engage our feels - this is what makes something salient so we absorb and program it.

So, no feelings? No big changes in your head. You'll increase your likelihood of thinking further about that issue for longer, because it still seems "unsettled" when you can't also FEEL it in your core.

Uh, issues with obsessive logical thinking? Me too. I think it's this - you hide away the softer sensations about the issue but commonly activate the angry, outraged ones... and although that is A feeling, it isn't THE RIGHT ONE for the ACTUAL issue at hand - you aren't furious, you're in pain, Fuck. So ruminate in your fury all you want, but it won't lead to big connection making moments until you can dig a few levels deeper and acknowledge WHY that thing creates rage - it's probably actually pain.

Unfortunately... it takes time to go excavating.

Now, if you have disassociated the OTHER big way - you have ONLY feelings, uh, same. You'll increase your propensity for feelings the same feelings, but your brain might be stuck on a neverending cry-track without having the novel thoughts that would *snap* those braincells into some new understanding of the issue. So you got feels for days, but that's about it.

This is the hard work of dealing with our subconscious. We only know what's rising to the surface, but those red herrings often distract us for a long time while the real problem is shipwrecked down below.

So by having no time, we also can't have self- or situational- improvements. Because we can't make brain organizational improvements. We can't settle our old traumas. We can't heal our subconscious wounds. But we also can't really learn effectively. We can't problem solve. WE can't take new perspectives. We can't evolve.

We need TIME For all of those things. And we probably all know... in our social surroundings, ponying up to the expectations for being a "correct" sort of person... time is at a premium. Maybe you can get two weeks of it a year for yourself. Unless you have a family. Then, forget it.

None time.

And that's one of the things I truly feel for - if you're a motherfucker in any stage of your recovery who's committed to a very important social system such as a family or a cause you really care about. How DO you get better when you're always worried about everyone ELSE being good, in so many ways that demand so many additional, triggering, upsetting, and distracting behaviors on your part?

Answer is... I'm not sure. You're doing everything you were taught was "right," but it leaves you with no time to do what's actually right for you, where you're at, right now, trying to heal, so you can be better in the long run for all of those people you love. And it all feels like a cruel, imprisoning, practical joke.

Especially because you're not only lacking time, you're inherently also lacking... the other two elements we need to even get a start on recovery.

Next up... Space.

Let's say space, at a minimum, gives you PERSPECTIVE.

This is where we're talking about "being caught in the weeds and dizzied to your own personal destruction by pollen allergies." In other words, being trapped under internalized stimulus control, huh?

You can't get away from the thing, the thing is always pumping itself into your system, influencing you to behave a certain way. Think a certain thought, feel a certain feel, cope a shitty way to cope. And under those conditions, you can't do anything different. You're trapped by your own brain, reacting to the stimulus, and limiting all the other ways you can react. Or better yet, the ways you could integrate all the information together more cohesively to intentionally *respond*.

Or. Think of it this way.

If you're up close to something, like 0 inches away, staring at a wall... you can't see that it's a wall. You can only see a blank, possibly dark expanse. That appears to be everything. If you take three steps backwards, you can see what the actual obstacle is - a fucking wall. If you take TEN steps backwards, you can see the broader picture... there's a door 6 feet to the left. Go through the wall. Take another twenty steps back, and maybe you realize you can go around the entire structure if you take this new, previously unidentified path over here..

Apply to all other instances in life, and I think you know what I mean.

When you're "IN IT" you can't see it clearly. Right? I think I call this "drowning in the details" a lot of the time. Your thoughts are splintered and overactive. You're flailing around a lot. You're unable to see the best method for removing yourself from the whirlpool. Because you're just trying to dodge churning rubble that's threatening to knock you out and finally sink you.

If you're, again, blessed and challenged by having a "traditional life" with a family, a social life, a home, and/or a typical office job...along with all the space constraints that come along with all of those necessary factors... how do you ever get space?

You're probably finding that humans are triggering, but you can't GET AWAY from people you're committed to caring about. Your job probably stirs up all sorts of shit, too... but you have to put food on the table under a sturdy-enough roof. Your larger environment, even - especially if you live in a high density area, a tumultuous "battleground" of radical belief systems, or a region that just doesn't fit with your personal values...

So you can't find space to calm your braincells to have broader thoughts... you're just living in a tornado of continual mental activation you aren't personally directing and suffering through the claustrophobic internal and external experiences.

And I think these days, with no one able to afford a home of their own in these parts... that space issue is only getting more damning. We're like a billion bombs, under pressure and waiting to explode... all shuffling around and bumping into each other as we stack ourselves to the sky.

So by having no time, we can't really identify what the problem IS or how we truly THINK or FEEL about it.. If you were just dropped in the hurricane without a lungful of air, the struggle might be over quicker than you could even realize your circumstances.

Without space, we don't have the perspective to see what the entire obstacle is and the best way to work with it. If you can't get an overhead view of the rough waters, you can't assess the best way to shore.

And energy? Gives you... everything you need to accomplish novel thoughts and feelings, perspective taking, and implementing the new method of action.

Energy gives you The capacity to do a single thing. To think, to feel, to observe obstacles, to TAKE those 20 or 2000 steps back, to go through or work around the problem.

All of these - I'll say it for the ten thousandth time on this show - are biologically costly behaviors. If we're feeling resource-scarce, they're not within reach. Our survival system would rather that we're physically preparing for the upcoming threat by saving any remaining electrons we might have... so your brain reorganization isn't going to be the big priority when shit's hitting the fan.

Meaning, without energy, we're unable to enact anything therapy-related, even if we're going to therapy. We can't make internal moves for ourselves. We can't even make decisions for ourselves - a very highly integrative and therefore expensive task. Let alone find the motivation to the FOLLOW THROUGH on any intention we DO manage to superglue together.

Also, let's accept that it's very energetically costly to 1) accept yourself for all your shitty times and festering wounds. I think we KNOW... there's a lot of energy that goes INTO those exploratory ventures inside your own body and brain... and there's also a lot of energy that's

RELEASED when you're in the thick of it. But also 2) to then support your Self when you finally stop trying to bury it.

"Self care your way through these challenging times!" we say. "With what motherfucking energy, I'm goddamn exhausted past being able to see straight by 4pm." we retort.

Plus, how can we care for our-selves, truly, when we've cut them up into pieces and hidden big chunks of them away? Sounds like more energy required to go play "seeker" in this game of finding lost parts, and THEN you STILL want me to go cook a nourishing meal while I wear a face mask and finally take care of my roots?

Alright, we'll see how that goes when I'm already struggling to get out of the door after a pot of coffee every morning.

So.

Without energy, you can't get out of bed, you can't do more than the bare minimum, you can't will yourself to care about the things you *know* you *should* do. Or to make huge moves. But you also struggle to even take care of bullshit tasks that we're continually bogged down with, like going to the fucking DMV, calling the bank, finding unaffordable housing, addressing all those stacking medical issues which are only provoked further by everything we've mentioned so far.

But that's...ldk, the cost of what we're "supposed" to be doing, right? You're checking all the boxes provided by the people around you, and the people around them, and THEIR whole social media network, too. Got some combination of a job, a family, an education, a home you can't afford or leave, a healthcare package that does nothing... You did the things, and you're doing good!

And yet... it doesn't feel good.

OR ELSE, you CAN'T do the things, thanks to a million impediments in those areas. Now you're still not doing good, because you're not meeting the requirements of the people who surround you - physically, globally, or mentally.

And with all of this going on... you probably resent people, LIKE ME!, who try to tell you to find this time and space and energy. To reflect and feel and find your secret triggers and work through them and don't forget... to *put on your oxygen mask first* - "Bitch, it IS on.... And this is STILL how I'm doing. WHAT TIME AND SPACE AND ENERGY fo you want me to tap into, THAT'S THE WHOLE DAMN PROBLEM. I'm suffering largely BECAUSE I'm lacking all of those basic resources , so how can they be the *solution* to my suffering?!"

Yeah, yeah, I know.

And that's why I want to talk about the REAL trauma perpetrator we're all struggling under or thrashing against. Why THE VAST MAJORITY OF US are not really "alright." And why we become little trauma-perpetuating machines under its influence, even though that's the last thing we want.

Society.

All of this is to say... mental health, really, is a privilege in our times. Having full use of your own brain. Of your own body. Of your own energy. Of your own time. Access to your own space. These are "privileges" in our world.

Most of us have to SELL our brains, bodies, energies, and therefore... soul-things... to get by. And those exchanges don't provide us with resources to acquire what we really need in return.

Because all of these we're forced to peddle are the things that we can't make back up for ourselves. Under traumatic circumstances AND in society. Which... I'm here to state - really one and the same.

You can't sell 40 hours of your week and buy any of that time back with a paycheck. All you can do is spend more money on conveniences to make the week a little smoother.

You can't sell your brain power AND expect to apply your thoughts to your own life, relationships, or recovery "when the day is done." Nah, Fuck, you're out of electricity to turn on the lights upstairs.

You can't learn to turn off your emotions to function during customer service hours AND expect them to come back online without any bugs or backlog after the shop doors close.

You can't move to a city, into a shitty apartment complex, to be close to a career that covers your health insurance so you can get into trauma therapy... OR live at home with historically abusive mom and dad so you can get a break from rent, in exchange for mental or physical health healing... AND find the space that you need to actually APPLY those therapies.

Saying...

ALL of our efforts to "do the right thing" based on the options we've been provided by social standards and societal systems seem to backfire. They only bankrupt us of the resources we

have as living, breathing animals. And without those resources, required to be living, breathing, animals...

Uh... we're dying.

As an entire species, we're driving ourselves into extinction.

First, in our brains. Which are born into terror, told they're unacceptable, rapidly splintered, and then unable to pull themselves back together.

Then, our bodies follow suit... if not running the same exact obstacle course concurrently. Goodbye emotions, goodbye energy, goodbye physical fortitude.

Together, we can't make a vertical move without a working thought-generator, access to emotions, or a functional meat robot to do our bidding.

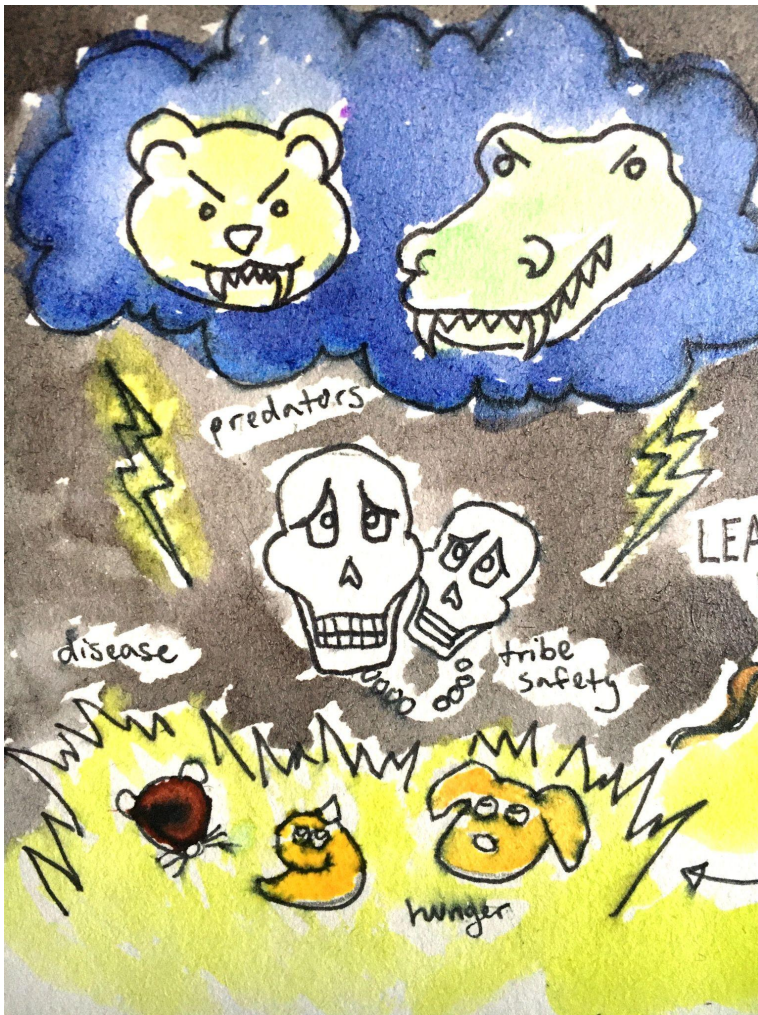
And if you really want to go there, our self-soul-spirit things are obviously fucking pissed about all of this. Because, inherently, they know that none of this is what the "life on earth" experience is supposed to be about.

Because we aren't really living life on earth. We're living man-made hell on earth.

As usual, when we really look back and give things a dose of healthy consideration - it's obvious that we're completely out of alignment with biology and the much larger powers that be, like... chemistry and physics - as we try to force our species' will onto ourselves and each other.

Humankind has been beating, neglecting, dismissing, and holding the masses under stimulus control with unrealistic, untethered from the laws of everything we understand about life so far, uh, forever. But I would say, increasingly, as we've continued our resentful attack against the planet while trying to create this world.

By "this world," I mean the human world.



Not the entire world. Not earth. Not nature. By definition, we've been toiling around in conditions that are the exact opposite of nature. Because we completely removed ourselves from nature. Tried to remove it from our cells, by stating that we don't require the same resources that all other life has developed under. Just "be a human." Don't worry about how ALLLLL other animals exist - there's nothing to learn from them, even though we all evolved together with essentially the same systems. THEY are weak. WE are strong.

And that's why we have to be distant from the free time, free space, free energy where the wild things roam. We went out and built walls around our supposedly "safe" little lives. Declared ourselves "above all the constraints that affect other working, living, beings." Decided that WE KNOW how life SHOULD BE for EVERYONE.

Nay, how it HAS TO BE for everyone... cuz, uh, for all intents and purposes, THIS is the world you can access. So now you have to play by its rules.

And everything went to shit from there.

We just don't see it that way, because we don't know any better. Born, raised, and dying in the cage that we misunderstand as "safety." As "the right thing." As "Progress." And meanwhile, it's corrupting everyone from the outside in, which bounces back to ruin us from the inside out.



We claim ourselves higher, elevated above everything else on the planet. Because we've... made stuff. Come to understand what we've been able to understand so far. Organized ourselves. And to some extent - cool. We've definitely banded together at some points to make a more functional earth for a species that doesn't want to live with that old model.

But we decided, in doing so, that we are better than those lowly animals fighting for their meals - utter savagery from these poor, idiotic beasts who live outside, wandering around, following their instincts, having non-standardized days, uncertainty, and shit to regularly figure out or die trying.

So... let's cover the counterpoints real quick. Was human society more brutal at other points than right now, if we're talking prevalence of brute force? Yeah, sortof, I guess some see it that way.

But... how is that the argument here? "Let's compare human history to human history, excluding recognition of any other history." Let's take this horrific, ego-driven, power-hungry species... and

compare IT to ITSELF, back when circumstances were very “up and coming,” self-concepts too big for their britches, compared to what humans eventually went on to accomplish...

And then, look! We're doing great.

Just... don't look at the billions of years BEFORE humans. Let's focus on this most recent not even 1% of that, and proclaim that there's no other way.

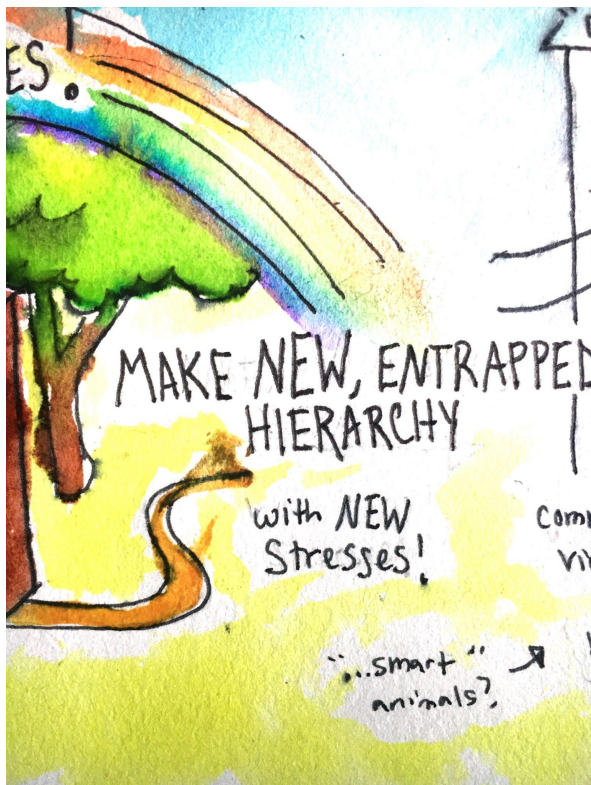
If you DO try to compare our special species to other animals... let's address it like apples and oranges even though we're all essentially the same. And let's make some broad or highly specific references to the savagery of wild things. You don't want to be out THERE! Things try to EAT YOU!

Well 1) I'd rather be eaten for the purpose of another animal meeting its basic needs, than slowly fed off of, for the purpose of a billionaire going to space.

But 2) here's my question.

IS NATURE more brutal?

Because my take is... “no, it's just a different kind of violence.” An optional, acute, sort. Rather than an obligatory, chronic, kind. The difference between our favorite stereotype “being hunted by tigers on the plains,” and the more modernly accurate version “being farmed by mankind in a cubicle.”



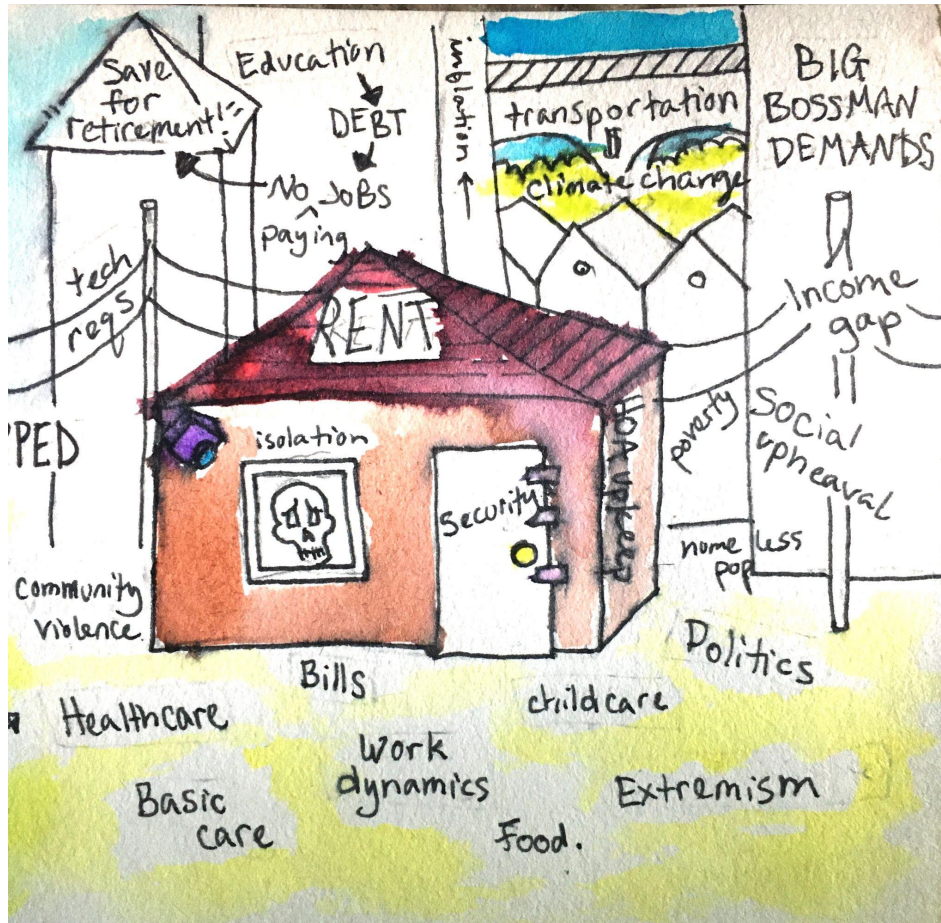
Truth is. I'd actually rather be eaten or beaten to death by the age of 20 than to be mentally beaten to death... really, dead by the age of 25-35, but forced to keep living as a zombie until 85.

And that's the special brand of brutality we've settled on as a species.

We took ourselves out of the *scary world of nature* - which, totally, includes death and struggle and survival effort and uncertainty, no doubt. But we instead... created a fake, alternate, world just for us... where we can avoid the majority of the acute threats we'd

otherwise face in the woods... and establish this false sense of stability, via being able to order the same Big Mac around the world...

But, at the cost of... you now... being continually surrounded by chronic, often invisible internal threats we can't often avoid. Hell, we can't even accurately IDENTIFY them. Don't have the time to have non-automatic thoughts, don't have the space to get that big picture perspective, don't have the energy to figure out another way to be.



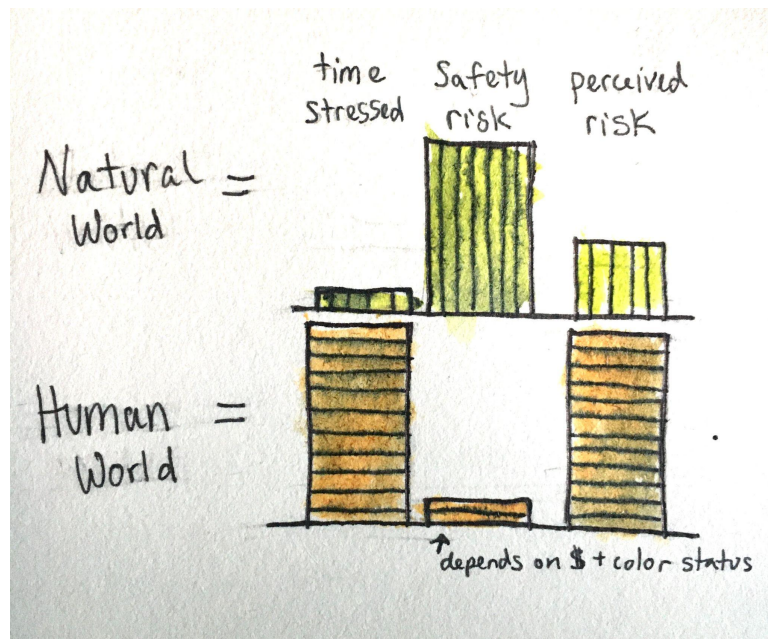
We scream into the mirror or into our family's ears or into social media microphones about who and what the problem is. Fighting with each other in a fake world where we don't have the foundations of a physical existence available to us. But we're missing the real enemy. The force that keeps us trapped and in a lifetime of pain... which we're gaslit about. The system, itself.

We're told...

We have nothing to complain about. We have it so easy. We're taken care of. We're the "advanced, enlightened, superior" species, living the most cushy experience. The only entities we have to blame for our unmet needs is 1) ourselves or 2) that guy, over there. The one in the *different colored shirt in a different colored state or a different colored meat suit.*

And so, we attack either. Or both. Misdirecting our biological and psychological angst at the first moving object.

Always on the lookout. Always waiting for another shoe to drop. Always expecting the worst, in this broader system that keeps insanely telling us we're safe... just trust it and don't look behind the curtain...



For almost 100 years. As we lose our selves. Lose our emotions. Lose our own thoughts. In essence, lose our willpower, autonomy, and sanity. Lose our free will. And keep dancing the ways we were taught, like corpses on puppetstrings, as we pass the buck onto the next guy. Bringing new workerbeings into the system, spreading our unfixable internal angst to everyone, and trying to manhandle this establishment in ways that feel like they'll help US... when in reality, this system is only built for .1% of us to thrive.

We weren't designed to live like this.

Our brains can't make sense of it. Our bodies are decomposing with us trapped inside. Forget any talk of "spirit," this is a soulless, hardened, detached from anything besides materialism, jungle.

The only thing that COULD help us reconnect with any of those system components to heal ourselves and help the overarching shitshow is... ruined. Nature, where we COULD find time, space, and rebuild our inherent energy (rather than filling ourselves to the brim with toxic, negative, exploitative human energy every day) is literally burning to a crisp so we can keep developing our disease-imparting system as we sit on IKEA furniture.

And we wonder why things seem to have reached a breaking point.

Why there's been SUCH an uptick in mental illness.

Why we're turning to interspecies aggression on a micro level, as well as the obviously-worsening macro level.

Why we can't seem to individually be okay - let alone coming together to make this hellhole a better place... Sorry, a sustainable place that isn't going to collapse in the next few decades, socially, resourcefully, and infrastructurally.

And, I don't know, all in all... the whole human ego is pretty funny to me as a confused fucking alien.

THIS "marvel of human ingenuity" - this concrete and metal world where everyone is imprisoned for the benefit of a few at the detriment of everyone else - THIS is what you're so proud of? THIS is "progress" and "living well" to you all?

It doesn't seem like it, considering everyone is breaking, the place is burning, and alllll the supposed "overseeing, governing 'theys'" still can't get over their shit long enough to come up with a single solution.

Meanwhile, with every individual stuck in some set of circumstances that are rotting them out from the insides, hollowing their cores and drilling tunnels into their brains. And feeling totally helpless to impact ANY of the situations at hand, because they can't even get the basics of being alive - the MEDIUMS OF LIFE - time, space, and energy - to change their own lives. AND THEN we have the ever-looming knowledge that this whole steamliner is going down, while we can't even get ourselves to leave our quarters anymore, on top of it all.

And in the past few years, with all of this at play, we wonder why we can't seem to stop feeling completely insane.

Because... under these circumstances... Working against our biology, physiology, biochemistry, and the laws of the universe... contained in unnatural settings that prolong but deteriorate our lives, which become cages all their own.... We ARE driving ourselves completely insane.

Or, at least, society is.

Knowing that what you're forced to do every day is totally illogical. But having to do it anyways. While everything inside of you is shrieking. And having only a new onslaught of shit to sort out, externally, every day. While being informed that this whole ride is maybe coming to an end, worldwide speaking.

But don't stop doing what you're doing.

How WOULDN'T that holding pattern, constantly demanding your energy while you beg for one extra ion to work through some problems of your own... drive you to the point of insanity?

We don't stand a chance.

And now that we've separated ourselves completely from everything natural, aligned with our bodies, brains, and energy systems... had it drilled into our heads that this is the only possibility and contributed to those establishments growing more... we don't know a way out. IF we even have the wherewithal to look up and see that we're trapped in a bullshit world which has been developing bullshit brains, in the first place.

But even if we did... at the end of the day as a member of this prevailing human species... we don't have the privileges of time, space, or energy to get ourselves right, to stop fucking destroying other rats in the cage, or to figure out a way to escape from the zoo, anyways.

And that's where we're going to pick up next time.

What happens when we're not only removed from the natural world. But when we're placed in increasing numbers of containers within that artificial setting. The terror inside those cages only climbing. The governing rules always changing. The faceless keepers holding back more pellets for themselves all the time, while demanding that you aren't spinning your wheels fast enough. Altering the distribution of resources so the populations scramble in competition with EACH OTHER, instead of uniting to battle the hands that don't-really-feed.

And uh, how that situation only gets worse when all of those trends are handed down from outside the cage, worming their way into your personal clan, too. Every rodent against every

rodent, because it's a rat eat rat world out there. If the outside world can't be controlled, then every individual in this micro-habitat will be.

You might call those socially-learned handouts ACEs around here.

When society fucks your family, your family turns around and fucks you. Passing down the same lessons. You don't get time, space, or energy for yourself. Because they can't get the basics of what they need, either. So they'll use YOU as a source, bottom-up... if the system isn't distributing it from the top down.

And then we allll wonder where the connection between systemic failures, personal tumult, childhood trauma, and downstream dysfunction that looks a lot like the continuing systemic failure comes from...

Wonder why the CDC didn't want to address it. Huh?

Huh.

Let's come back and talk more about life in concentric cages, Fuckers.

Until then... Hail your self.

Hail the elements of life - time, space, and energy - that we all run on as biological beings.

Hail the changes you WILL make, if you're afforded these basic needs.

Hail Archie.

And cheers, no matter how you've managed to get by under artificial circumstances in an environment your biologically-constrained system was never designed to exist in.

