

# Recovering Yer Splintered Self

Continual stimulus control will kill the real you.

Summer 2022

## Why isn't microdosing "self-care" working?

She's a long one. We're covering a lot today, including an intermission to tell you about some ways to take action against social shit we don't really want to think about, but the time is now. And, I'm going to fill you in on where we're headed next, in this brand new "season."

So let's get started and keep talking about resources we don't necessarily think about in all sorts of mental illness rehab. We know, we don't have the fucking money for it. We don't have the social support for it. We don't often have the stability for it.

But today, we're talking again... about time AND NOW SPACE in trauma recovery.

Or you know... just their necessity when you're living with a brain and body in order to feel all right, no matter if you have PTSD suffering going on or not. The fact is, we all need these resources as human beings to be doing okay.

SO, quickly, to touch on the already well discussed topic of time...

Point Blank, we need time for feelings to emerge and to be processed. We need time for thoughts to settle and to make any sense to us. We need time for grounding, healthy coping, and reframing events with nonreactive glasses.

Right? It just takes time to clean a house... The way that it takes time to clean a brain of bad thoughts, a body of bad energy, and a nervous system of strong, potent chemicals. We don't often get time in adult living, and that seems to only be getting worse these days with all of the overworking, lack of parenting support, personal relationships going off the rails, a random problems in the entire world that are demanding our attention in our own community, and generally our stupid fucking human social bureaucracy that makes everything very convoluted and slow while taking up all of your extra time.

Are you with me? In my world it's either having no time... literally, it's not uncommon for me to be so overloaded I don't eat, shower, communicate with people, etcetera, because of the combination of work and relational obligations. OR suddenly having all of this extra time because something cataclysmic has happened, and then we're completely lost at sea without the skills to manage the sudden influx. The flood season arrived and we've never learned to swim.

This is where a lot of that time Distortion issue comes up for me. Uh, also check out the Work vs Recovery episode I'm just throwing atcha in the Bonus material tiers for a whoooole lot more of that talk. I have a lot to say about time terror v. capitalism v. traumatic chaos.

But... Besides time, the other thing that we truly need is... equally mysterious and hard to come by. Space.

Pretty easy to understand - time helps, but the conditions of your time matter. Spare time in a prison cell or packed like sardines with a bunch of crusty assholes? Uh... that's like saying "you can have the day off, but you have to ride around in an overpacked bus after a football tournament that has no opening windows or ventilation system." Good luck with whatever you wanted to accomplish during that trip - pretty sure that time won't be well utilized.

So, time without adequate space is also not helpful for accomplishing an inward thing or for feeling better, let alone designing a life that you are aiming for. You're still going to be distracted or agitated. You need outward space to create inward space, not an overwhelming environment that's still pushing in on you, crushing your own thoughts and feelings.

Right? I know that's a bit of a flowery statement, but I'm going to bet you can FEEL what I'm saying.

Like, ball up your fist... That's how we feel under the pressure of the world "slash" particular triggers in our lives.

Open your hand... That's how we CAN feel - open, full of dexterity, and able to detect something other than tension. But we need space. Also, that's when your hand actually has some use besides pummeling you and everything around you. Just, uh, throwing that out there as someone who gets reeeeeal shitty when I'm feeling the consta-pressure.

So there's that. We need some mental, emotional, and energetic room from the outside to have our own versions of all three on the inside.

But also, I feel like I constantly mention... On a very practical level, the literal PLACES around you matter.

Yo being stuck in the same space regularly, being unable to get away from places that are upsetting or places you've been upset in previously / recurringly / historically? Whether that's a building, scenery, or a certain social sphere you can't get distance from?

Promise, that shit keeps your head perpetually spinning the same wheels like a one-person sweatshop. Promise. Environmental triggers ping your same old thoughts and emotions, and you'll never get reprieve from those shitty past events.

So, I know we can't all move all the time... but I do recommend it for new internal developments to take place, if you've been feeling stagnant or absolutely tormented by ghosts of the past in your home-region.

But the point today is... whether we're talking literal physical places or getting space from human energy or finding isolation from external pressures bearing down on your psyche...

Without SPACE - a safe DISTANCE from your triggers or psychonoxious buttons being pushed - you're trapped mentally and emotionally, even if you *acutely* get the consolation prize of some time or room to yourself, technically.

Sitting in a parking lot or a bedroom isn't really getting space, when you report right back to the same trouble after locking yourself in the dark. Right? Going to therapy for 45 minutes of distance from diseased life circumstances helps, but... knowing you're walking right back into it might make the session itself feel claustrophobic and impossibly short. Even taking a weekend away isn't going to convince your brain to just forget about whatever it's obsessed over for months now. Your parts aren't going to feel miraculously safe in a hotel room. Your emotions aren't going to work themselves out in a day and a half, in between travel times.

Long story short... It's not really "space" when you still have the stress of ten men on each shoulder and shitty energy picked up from bad people and places coursing through your veins and brain cells.

We can get temporary physical space **SOMETIMES**. But even then, we carry the issues internally, snuggled riiiiight up in our present cognitions, emotions, and nervous systems.

And, uh, that inability to truly get away from whatever is fucking with you on a regular, recurrent basis?

It'll drive you fucking insane.

Or, you'll FEEL insane, anyways. Because you'll carry around this manipulating toxicity that causes you to lose control of your whole system over time as it seeps through your pores. Plus, you'll often continually ruminate on the circumstances that aren't working for you.

You really DON'T get time or space away from the issue - you're bringing the issue INTO your time and space, and corrupting your inner world.

Mental and emotional regulation goes out the window when you're worn down AND constantly under stimulus control. Stimulus control being something in your environment that's sparking a reaction in your head. But in this case, it's like someone taped over that "activate" button, perpetually creating the mental reaction, when that environmental cue is inescapable in physical reality... or if you've internalized it, so there's really no getting away.

But to get more straightforward here, let's stick with "yeah duh" facts.

Whether that stimulus is a human, a workplace, a house, a mindset, an energy, or another thing... you can't be influenced by it continually and indefinitely, and expect that your head is going to be able to do its own thing and thrive. You can't be seeing the same sights, feeling the same feels, all day every day, and think that your inner world is going to make brand new changes or improvements that stick. It'll just keep running the same programs every day, which are being opened by the similar details in your immediate environment.

Same input? You'll get the same inner operations and same output.

So... this is my way of saying, you need REAL time and space.

Not a day off here. An extra hour there. A five minute breathing session all over the place.

Those things can acutely, slightly, help. If you're under acute, slight, pressure... that's great! But I think we all know a face mask and some breathing exercises don't repair the problem.

Also, if you're like me... even during these "breaks" you're still under stimulus control, because your brain is too hypervigilant to ever let you forget that you're going back and troubles are still waiting for you on the other side of this "relaxation sesh" you're taking. So, you might actually be MORE anxious, waiting for the other shoe.

Nah. When it comes to things that are riling us up... We. Need. Distance. To make sense of things that are stirring up our subconscious, and even our conscious mind. Otherwise we tend to swim in the details on a loop that never ends, rather than adding up all the variables and seeing the equation as a whole, so we can set that problem aside and start on a new one.

We need bountiful time IN that distant-from-upset condition to let our nerves truly unravel. For our bodies to stop being so “on the ready.” For thoughts to be completed and let go. For emotions to rise and fall. To gain PERSPECTIVE on the situation - a close friend of both time AND distance, yeah? Hope you’re visualizing a train track extending from your feet into the distance, getting ever-smaller as it closes in on the horizon. Even if it just ran you over, that train doesn’t look so formidable now that it’s passed and miniaturized with time and space, right?

Perspective. It takes room to readjust your stance, so you CAN look at things from another angle. And that new view might be the one that helps you accept and release the distress.

Can you think of an example? Even a eureka “shower thought” is a perfect demonstration. Get away from the spinning details, get some time and space from activating the same brain cells, and a new solution pops into place.

*And I tell you this, having, you know... spend 6 or 7 months recently TRYING to use short, incremental, expanses of time and space away from the DDH - dead dad house - project with my brothers to keep myself sane. But finding... no, that didn't cut it.*

*As in, for MY brain, at least... I can't schedule an hour here or an afternoon there to escape from the triggering environment and expect any positive results. I can't send that train two feet away and feel comfortable that it isn't about to roll backwards over my ailing body again.*

So, those mini breaks and short stints of time and space away from circumstances that are fucking you up... you know... it's better than nothing. Some insight can be attained there.

But I found that it's an attempt at self-care that results in off-site rumination when I'm “sortof” getting time and distance... technically... but you know, not enough of either. Not enough for my head to let some of those pissed off brain cell connections deactivate themselves so I can feel or think any differently. Not enough to stop worrying or trying to guess what other people are thinking. I.e. the way they're hating me today, and obsessing over the ways I'm not using my time and energy to their full advantage.

So, historically I found I was still just as anxious, stressed, and overwhelmed as ever from a certain situation, even when I was giving myself the gift of a few spare minutes in a far away, “should be relaxing like it always used to be,” place... I couldn't Save my Own Soul with half-measures.

Oh, but I've tried.

You know, like in this past year of family trouble.

Turns out, you can't "force-think" your way out of a disaster and into a better place internally when you're really still stuck in the same place externally. Telling myself "right now we have an hour drive before TECHNICALLY arriving in the physical hell conditions. So, hurry up and convince yourself that it's all chill, settle your beehive brain, and don't forget to breathe deeply."

Don't. Work. Not for long. Not to the depth that we really needed it to work.

And, yeah, I bet some of that sounds familiar. But, maybe for you, it's a job or a different family home or a romantic partner that you can't truly get away from, so you can let your riled up thoughts also get away from them. Hell, maybe it's a kid or a pet or a health problem driving you towards your less-than-best-self. Things you really CAN'T just quit and get away from.

And that makes us pretty... uh... how do you say... "ugly." Actually.

The thing being - it's not YOU. It's probably fragments of that majestic beast.

Splintered under pressure.

So, whatever the trigger or set of vicious circumstances you're trapped with, seems that it'll result in consta-agitation, systemic overdrive, and gradual loss of you, your self.

When you're mentally or emotionally belabored, you tend to rely on your neural "default mode" network, which probably has gotten whittled down to performing in your circumstances, while also probably worrying a lot about all the ways you're failing to perform in your circumstances. Then, seems you'll end up in some survival parts, or strengthening your "human role taking" personality bits... and all the while it'll encourage your body to react with stress.

At the same time, with the whole situation driving you towards "I didn't even recognize who I am anymore, I don't FEEL like ME" territory. If not, "I DO recognize who I'm becoming, and it's my (mom, dad, worst enemy, ex, drunk uncle, etc)."

So that's always fun to see along the way. Under inescapable circumstances, we resort to being the people we might really resent for good reason. And that creates a new reason to be upset that you CAN'T get space from... because your trauma parts are upsetting your larger self, while other parts cower and hide from those stressed out assholes directing the whole production.

And, uh... that's been my experience. Seeing myself become more like the parts of my family members that are the worst, the parts I'm trying to escape. But instead, my brain is reacting by filing its historical role - ponying up to engage with them the ways it always has - by becoming more like them, so it can fend off their attacks preemptively.

Want to know who has no emotions, tries to control everything in life, and believes intelligence mixed with self-destructive working is our unique path to safety? Know who has a shit temper and not enough cognitive control to keep it under wraps? Know who believes "demonstrating toughness" is a life necessity that also connects to worthiness vs. ridiculousness in the darkest hours?

My family. And me - around my family, or under the influence of my family. Even when I'm hating my family and trying to be nothing like them. Even when I'm taking supposed "time and space" away from them for a few hours or days after they've erupted again.

Uh...one of the most positive things I learned in the past year was how negative the stimulus control of my nuclear kin is for my entire brain, body, soul-thing system. In no uncertain terms, it kills all three. And I mean, to the extent that it's physically observable what's happening internally.

But there is another positive to report, besides receiving the clarity that I'm just not programmed to be a part of my family anymore.

Your resilient-ass system is waiting for you to get out, so it can rebound like Pippin. (Was he a good rebounder? Idk, this was my attempt at an outdated sports reference.)

Let's move on to something I do know a bit more about.

Release of stimulus control and full system recovery

So. This isn't all doom and gloom. It's information to use to help yourself.

The GREAT news being... your brain and body don't LIKE what's going on when you're losing your self to some continual pressures - they WANT you to get out of there and return to whatever YOUR version of homeostasis truly is. So, I mean, yeah... they'll *battle* you until you do, making your life more hellish when you aren't listening... Holler, anxiety, depression, and failing health... but ONCE you DO leave whatever is churning your insides, everything changes pretty quickly.

But, one more caveat.

Let's say, "pretty quickly" can mean that you'll first get overwhelmed as your buried thoughts and feelings come racing to the surface once the oppressing influence has been removed and your full spectrum of brain cells is available to you again. That stimulus control has a tendency to tamp down your available neural connections, so you only rely on a few. Depression. Once it's lifted, your head might explode with brilliant colors in every direction like fireworks.

But... that may feel a lot like ADHD/OCD/panic that comes when you leave a situation you're programmed to endlessly devote yourself to, and suddenly have alllllll the cognitive energy in the world to race down those winding pathways.

So you'll get brain cells battling each other, and the emotional tides that come with, as one side of you says "Huzzah, we're gone!" and the other side says, "But what does that mean about our safety and entire future?" Launching you into a thousand directions OR to one extreme polarity. Or both.

Uh, it's a back and forth fight inside of you, characterized by extreme highs and super low lows. Seriously, leaving abuse behind is rough. That's the whole "mind control" / "brainwashing" part of it. Happy to talk about it soon.

But after THAT upset when you first get time and distance from Whatever's Eating Gilbert Grape, is rapid relief. For me, at least.

When you stand up for your Self - for what you really believe, value, and won't entertain anymore - and get the fuck away from "anti-your functioning brain" circumstances... shit changes. Gotta get away from a situation to feel or think about it clearly - then it all snaps into frame at some point - I think we've all probably had several personal examples of that, especially leaving bad romantic relationships, right?

It's painful and you doubt yourself... until the day that's just not the case anymore. You get the opposing thoughts worked out, better understand what seems to have happened, and decide, "I was really stupid then, I don't know what I was thinking, but I wasn't able to see this the way I wish I could have. Glad I learned that lesson now, but I guess I had to go through it to come faaaaaar out the other side."

Right? It just takes time and space, far away from the stimulus. A few months or years later, you don't give a shit anymore. "That was just a bad match, wish I had noticed it when I was swimming in the arguments every day, but my brain was too consumed in the shit details."

Fair example?



Well... here's an example from right now, in MY real life.

Since November 2020, I've been in a psychonoxious set of circumstances, trying to emotionally support and physically work with my brothers but finding it impossible because they don't want to (in any way) work with me.

I felt like I couldn't leave the area, it was the "right" thing to do, per traditional values that abusers love to program us with, so that we can never leave them no matter how they treat us....

But I didn't want to be there. I MADE myself (quote) "Power through." Which, was a potent lesson, at least.

I felt like I couldn't go on my own adventures, I needed to be around whenever they actually started working on the DDH... which took almost a full year of inaction. Then I couldn't take time away from being at the house, but it was killing me from the inside and outside, while also making it impossible to work towards my own goals - like school or this project. I felt like I couldn't leave the family, but you know... they really want me to, and deep down, something wanted me to, too. So, since my dad died I felt like I couldn't leave the area, even though I had vowed, "I'm heading south for the winter," like Mischief Brew declared.

So I stayed, even though I knew, under no uncertain terms... I probably would not fare well.

Knowing that... and KNOWING allllllll sorts of things about what my brain was going to be subjected to... The whole time, I tried to take care of my head. I tried to get time and space. I tried to utilize every second of them. But there's only so much you can do when you're being lit up every day - through direct interactions OR through their pointed silence.

I gave myself the resources that I could... but it wasn't ever enough. Because this distress was INSIDE me, programmed since BIRTH. They were just stirring the pot now in the present, but the ingredients were with me all along. To make matters worse, my attempts to try to UNDERSTAND the situation - to logic my way through it, because my emotions were long gone - meant I lit a fire under that pot every day.

I carried the family trauma, their abuse, their feelings, and their bullying WITH me. So, even if I wasn't immediately there, I was still internally there.

But like an idiot, I stayed. And it slowly broke me. Not positive on this order, but I'm going to say... First, emotionally. Then, physically. And lastly, my head just got too fucking tired to keep up with managing the other failing systems with attempts at "reasonable understanding" anymore. It held strong for a long time, but it took too many beatings.

Turns out, I'm not super mentally ill anymore. My head is the strong one in the pack. But it can't work two jobs, manually work at a third unpaid one, handle a master's program, unfettered family abuse, and abnormally high "general life" stress all at the same time without getting a bit limited in its available methods of operation.

Pieces of me had to get parsed out, deemed "not immediately the most valuable for survival," and tossed aside.

Until, you know... finally finding that time and space. By removing myself from the situation and then removing the situation from my self.

And... to take a long route to get to the ultimate point... THAT'S why things are changing around here rapidly now.

Because for the first time in a long time, I can see straight again. And, to be honest with you, because I get a lot of that "I'm not allowed to leave-suffering" out of the way already, on my three week break from the DDH when I helped my friend and half-moved to Atlanta.

*That period helped me to do a lot of processing already, so this return to having time and space felt like it had been pre-cooked already. It marinated teh whole time I was still up north, as I studied these buttholes. It got seared on both sides when I took a short break in my healing place - the southeast. And the meal was complete by the time I revisited the DDH, did what I needed to do to stand up for myself, and came back to Atlanta the final time.*

*Because it had been a stepwise process, which felt fucking terrible at the time... please don't think that I enjoyed any of this dragged out shit-throwing contest... But half of my brain cells were already put back together, so I didn't have as much work to do when I finally returned.*

If I can be straight with you - or gay with you - I don't care - that three week period when I was half-in, half-out of the situation? Technically not in Illinois, but OH MAN, you'd better believe my thoughts and fears still were... That fucking sucked, it melted my head. All those abuse narratives were rising up, stating "you're not allowed to leave this situation or family, even

though it's straight fucking abuse." And it created a lot of panic, self-doubt, and overactive thoughts.

Got a lot of mini essays from that time describing the process of leaving abuse and deprogramming yourself, but I'll warn you that they're written from a lot of silenced parts who started yelling once they got the room to speak.

But THEN, Motherfuckers. THEN, after going back and facing the situation one more time, stating my boundaries and walking away when they were purposely disrespected in a flurry of unhinged screaming... THEN my brain really HAS settled itself up fairly efficiently.

And that's the good news.

Sorry it took so long to get to it.

Let's talk about regaining access to your self

I've been away from the DDH for 10 days. Away from the broader triggering environment of northern Illinois for all of 3 days. And I (Think) I'm thinking so much better, already. Definitely feeling better - feeling AGAIN. Feeling like ME again.

And really... not feeling the stimulus control concerns anymore.

It really seems that with time and, importantly, DISTANCE - space where you're allowed to exist with yourself - you can see the forest for the trees, rather than spinning in circles running into individual trunks. My brain has already taken the shit details it was ruminating on indefinitely for months, and now neatly simplified, compressed, and summarized them into a much easier to carry set of baggage. It happened almost instantly, before I even made it back here.

Also correlated exactly with Mercury going direct. But you know. Another talk for another time.

Anyways, a solid PERSPECTIVE became suddenly available to thinking fat sack, rather than ten thousand individual PERCEPTIONS that hurt to keep replaying but never quit. And I gotta say, it all feels very much like slamming this book shut, chapter "TWO FUCKING YEARS OF FAMILY OF ORIGIN IMMERSION" wrapped. Added to the index. And set aside until it needs to be referenced again.

Before now, I was buried in the individual sentences, the cited sources, every piece of evidence, and all the ways that evidence suggested MORE implications to explore endlessly. I LIVED in those books.

I was overanalysing and overthinking my way through the whole series, but none of my thoughts ever mattered, because the information was illogical and unimpressible. You can try to find the reason in unreasonable events, but it'll just exhaust you. You can try to positively influence rigid people, but they'll just force you in their unbendingly negative direction.

Now... having escaped, my brain had a different opinion... "meh, tired of thinking about it all, let's sew that sucker up and get back to other thoughts. Or, hey, how about some feelings, since you turned those off as a protective measure a long time ago?"

And the rumination finally ended. Trying to think myself out of a four-sided brick box finally, over. That's a clever nod to the construction of the DDH. Just saying. My metaphor game is back.

Anyways. I guess it's pretty predictable, actually. I knew all the pieces of the story, I just needed the final strings to tie the whole plotline together. Once I got them, "Oh, both of my brothers only care about money and avoiding their own misery at any cost, but let's not forget that they're built by the same designers as I was, so I CAN completely understand why it comes out as illogical bursts of toxic masculinity in one of them and self-fucking, defeated passivity in the other" it was a done deal.

Seeing a head give itself closure is pretty neat. I did a lot of background work leading up to this, I'm pretty sure... but it sort of self-assembled and tied the final knots on its own. Minimal mental effort. What a welcome change.

And I want that for you too, Fuck.

Before, thoughts of my self or my purpose were well hidden beyond this diseased fucking forest while I battled individual trees, roots, sticks, and leaves. Getting back to a place where I can view this scenery as one unit, far too large for me, personally, to cut out all the spots ravaged by internal rot?

Man, that really makes it clear where you should ACTUALLY be placing all your attention.

Helping individual trees that have a few pests to iron out, but haven't been stubbornly engulfed in remaining "part of the forest" to the extent that they'll drop a branch on your head before they acknowledge the bugs.

And hoping that helping those trees contributes to a healthier woodland, overall.

That's another prompt to consider if "unwilling to change" personal circumstances are dragging you down, while other circumstances that are hungry for help would most certainly be improved by lending your time, space, and attention.

Just saying. I could have made a much bigger impact in this community if I hadn't gotten so overwhelmed by one that has never listened to a word I say.

But that's why things are changing outwardly along with my newly under-control insides.

Let's take a break here, if you've got enough to think about... or continue, if you're ready to hear about what this means for the rest of our tenure together.

*In the meantime, while you decide if you have the time and space for more out of my mouth, I'm going to tell you about ways YOU can start helping situations that DO have potential for change.*

*Told you I was working on it, juuuust need the spare brain cells to get to work.*

*First of all. Gun control. 500 and something mass shootings in the past 6 months that we're just fucking hearing about now? A lot can be said about the trauma of toxic masculinity behind this societal trend. From my understanding, we can see these people as sad, scared, unaccepted little boy parts masquerading as the only examples of "men" they've seen before.*

*But... also from my understanding, we can do something about this on a national level. We can report the NRA to the government for funding political activities as a nonprofit entity. Ya know, if enough of us do it... maybe it'll do something. Maybe not. But if we all assume "maybe not," then there's no way we'll accomplish a thing. Let's watch out for the bystander effect, and let's make sure we're contributing to the problem at hand.*

*Check the episode notes on Patreon or the Platform you use to listen to find the links you need. But I'll tell you, there's an easy to fill out form, a template with words that you can paste right into it, and an email address to send it to.*

*If we're wasting our time, fine. But let's waste it in a way that might make a difference, rather than doomscrolling about it. Yeah?*

*Here's an emailable form and the address where you should send it.*

*<https://www.irs.gov/pub/irs-pdf/f13909.pdf> send to [eoclass@irs.gov](mailto:eoclass@irs.gov)*

To fill out the form, you can use this information as a template.

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/19za4QqQrxw1ZZRNBgQuCs43XyV18ohH6C7Yk0LCshAg/edit?usp=sharing>

*Secondly, abortion access? Do I need to say more? First of all, make sure you goddamn vote. Never thought I would say those words. But if there's so much effort to stop us from voting, I guess it has to matter, afterall. Right?*

Check out the YellowHammer Fund <https://yellowhammerfund.org>

*Here's their deal:*

*The Yellowhammer Fund is a 501(c)3 abortion fund and reproductive justice organization serving Alabama, Mississippi, and the Deep South. We envision a society in which reproductive decisions are made free from coercion, shame, or state interference, a society in which individuals and communities have autonomy in making healthy choices regarding their bodies and their futures. We commit ourselves to community education and empowerment, policy advocacy, and the development of systems of mutual aid to ensure that our friends, families, and neighbors never go without the things they need.*

*Gotta few bucks? Throw them at an organization that's helping, not an organization that's nickel and diming you to deliver your food or some shit. Cool?*

*I'll donate 10% of whatever I earn from Patreon in June to prove the point. I'll find a way to cut back on bills to make up for it - just might be frozen vegetables instead of fresh for a minute.*

*Let's all do what we can. Our voices and actions matter right now. They might not if we keep letting this slip.*

*Alright, enough doom and gloom. Sorry, wish we didn't have to talk global trauma. But ignoring it isn't working.*

*Be sure to check those links. Tag or DM @traumatized.motherfuckers on Instagram with a picture of your emailed form or donated dollars, share the links to everyone you know, and I'll actually be tuned into it enough to reply back.*

*Spoilers, gonna be getting new merch to give away soon, too. Get involved, and I'll get involved in sending you some shit. Right on? Right on.*

*Also, want to shout out that I'm getting these outreach opportunities from a podcaster I really love and respect, Jessica Lanyadoo. If you have other world- and human rights-saving organizations you want to share with the Fort, send me a DM. Happy to spread the word.*

*Now let's get back to the post.*

So THERE, Fuckers. Things are clear now. I got off my fucking purpose, because I got away from my fucking self, because that shit has NEVER been allowed around my family.

Being around them stunted my ability to use my own brain to its full capacity. My parts got all screwy. My soul sortof died. And then my body and brain followed suit.

Fun lessons.

So, from all that... here's a very brief synopsis of what we can expect 1) when we're stuck in a situation that's pinging noxious pieces of your brain day after day, especially historically noxious pieces that amount to "worthlessness." 2) when we FIRST leave, I'm sorry to say that it temporarily gets a little worse as it gets better. And 3) then your system has enough time and room eventually, to really SEE the whole landscape as it also calms down after the dizziness of being wildly upset all the time.

Your self and your brain reunite, and together I think they create like a two sentence summary narrative that you DON'T compulsively re-expand into an encyclopedia set - because you know the material in all the books by now, and you can integrate that into your everyday life without hours of cracking spines.

Your brain-soul-combo-thing decide you know our history is THERE, but we don't need to LIVE in it forever. Done being angry. Done trying to rationalize it. Done. Ready to write some new books.

And that's the power of time and space.

Sounds better, right? It is.

That's where I'm at right now. Still recovering from exhaustion, physical illness, and some future abuse premonitions' stress for sure. Still with a lot to say about the in-between times when I was "one-foot in, one-foot out, survival terror without a family unit for the rest of my life" shaking me all about.

BUT, really glad to share with you - brains and biology, overall, are pretty onboard with our resilience goals. They want to recover. They don't want to stay down and dysfunctional. They're inherently trying to pick us back up and keep rolling. They just need space and time to do it.

Quick point - in all of this I'm NOT saying AVOID problems to give yourself time and space. I'm saying "use your boundaries" and in some instances, boundaries won't work... and that's when some of us use physical separation - space - to enforce them, and protect yourself.

Time and space CAN be achieved peacefully with boundaries. But only if the other party accepts the concept of boundaries. If they can't, you can't have the resources you need to take care of yourself. And you might need to be ready to walk away, before you're too disheveled and defeated to make that decision.

After that, you might find the spring is back in your step pretty quickly.

So. I guess at this point it's hard to say if this is long term, hard earned self-improvement and a sense of self-worth that's driving rapid improvement... or just the fruits of instant relief being away from people who hate me.

But either way, it's bringing up lots of forgotten parts of me, having this time and space to function on my own. Brings the kiddos out, who've been hiding from bullying family members for a long time now. And I'm guessing that's what you'll find on the other side of your own diseased family forest, too.

Give yourself room from whatever is bothering you, and watch the younger versions of you pop up, look at your modern life, and go "wtf have you been doing, you forgot what matters bitch, let's find a better route to wander." And a new self directed motivation apparently kicks right in.

Sigh.

So.

Welcome to season 8.



I mentioned once long ago, I change the season number when I've learned something important that's changing how I approach things.

This time, the new intention for season 8 is getting away from the person I became under stimulus control of family narratives, obligations, over-reaching and unreasonable expectations, dismissals, and blatant emotional abuse.

That person was drowning in overthinking, defensiveness, shame, guilt, and self-humiliation. That person tried to use mental capacity to avoid confronting obvious problems. That person was a cardboard cutout of the full me.

And I want to get back to the full me, if that's alright with you.

Back to where I was when this whole thing started. Broad thinking, allowed to be emotional, fucking weird and integratively woo, smart in a way that doesn't overpower the conversation, and more concerned with the suffering of the world than the suffering of a few individual jackasses I personally know who create their own problems, only to punish everyone else for what they've made.

Sigh again.

Let's get back to talking - as we honestly would in real life if you knew me. Yeah, there are facts and intellectual debates for fun. But they're interspersed with emotional readings, out-there interpretations of life on earth in human meat suits, and dick jokes. Plus... a whole lot of discussion and outrage around societal trauma, social abuse, and capitalist programming, which all trickle down into our personal PTSD too. Topics that keep getting more relevant and necessary to discuss, because OUR trauma IS related to what's happening in the world, in both directions.

So let's get to it. No more one-dimensional, "this is what's allowed of me, and what I can barely muster myself," podcast host. Who's only good at being smart & working herself to the bone, but otherwise has nothing to give anyone.

Let's move from an abusive family focus (sorry, seriously was trapped IN that topic and ON that topic) some much larger and more integrative ones.

We know how your BRAIN interacts with events on earth.... But, now... How does your SELF fit into the world? How has that world pushed, pulled, and sequestered your true nature? And what can we do about it, as a collective of selves who aren't chill with what a lot of other reactive,

reductive, “trapped in their own fear and dysfunction,” shells of selves - are trying to force on the rest of us these days?

Let's get into a more diverse set of topics, less academic and theoretical, more life applicable. Especially, during a time when real life feels more like we skipped a few versions of the multiverse and wound up in a dystopian, anti-man, gun totin', socially unjust, headed back towards explicit human exploitation, hell.

THIS is the new season of traumatized motherfuckers -

- Reconnecting with our full systems - reintegrating ourselves mentally, emotionally, self-fully, and physically.
- Acknowledging that even with all the psych details and skills in the world, we're still missing something that keeps us regulated and ready to act like our selves, instead of taking on the shit-energy of others. And what THAT really is. And how to work with it.
- And pulling all our conversations so far together, together. So we can actually deal with what's going on around the planet, not ignore it or trauma porn or pray about it... but, to actually make a difference in it.

We're going back to parts, emotions, energy management, understanding brains under pressure, intimacy and vulnerability issues, and... societal trauma trickling in under our front doors, forming the families that formed us... and how those abusive families formed Fuckers who are now putting the world even deeper under water in response.

Uh, literally and metaphorically.

*Hate em or hate em, they're traumatized, too. Just bent the other way, into a victimy mindset.*

And, then, with our selves reintegrated again, let's take action.

After the solid year of my life being lived under oppression... first with my mom, then with the grief of Archie passing, and then with my brothers... This season will be one of expansion. And that includes expanding our efforts together, to protect people who have even less resources than we do.

We have the power.

We just need the time and space to get out from under the weight of our own brains sometimes. From there, it's a cinch. We're designed to stand up stronger and smarter. Just gotta escape from the tiniest cages in the zoo first.

Grab your brick.

Motherfuckers rise up.

I'll be here, all season, slinging my realer self than you've seen in a while. Accept or reject it. But make sure you find what you need to get in touch with your own Self, in case there won't be a better time to make your move.

Hail the real you. Hail the only thing we can't get back if we give them away - time, energy, psychological space, and our full persons.

And hail your resilient biology, returning you, your Self, to homeostasis... if you just stop ponying up to situations that are triggering it into a continual survival mode instead.

Hail Ambassador of the New World Order, King Archie.

And cheers, y'all.

Hope it's going to be a sunny season for you.

If not, maybe stop trying to save diseased trees that keep propagating and passing their sickness around, instead of healing with you.