

Part I

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If I could understand what is happening to me, I'd be a lot happier. It's all so random and arbitrary. I fail to see the connections.

I hang on each day by the thread of reason.

I create these voices that talk to me all day. I will continue to use them and be used by them until I no longer need them. I'm talking to them. They are talking to me.

Maybe my consciousness is now in my speaking. I just don't know what has taken over. Maybe it's a response to this noisy environment. My right ear is plugged up.

My mind is like a bad child that never does what you tell it to do.

Whatever it is I think I am doing, I wish I would tell myself what it is.

My rational mind can't understand my illness, but I can dismantle it.

I'm the guy everyone talks to, but they don't know it.

I'm the most disconcerted guy in the state of New Jersey.

You're reduced to nothing by what? Your own thinking.

I'm the man who loved women who didn't love him.

When I was younger, I was wrong--So was everyone else. Now

I'm right and everyone else is wrong.

Words generate actions. Actions generate words.

At home, I talk to myself for hours. I am desperately in need of someone to talk to.

Psychiatrists are benevolent, ignorant torturers.

I'm waiting for some woman. I've given up looking for her. I'm just waiting.























































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A man with his reasoning can't discover a woman's emotions, but a woman can easily discover a man's.

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